

HTTYD: Watching The Movie

by Thorongil82

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Summary: Events that shouldn't have happened lead to a near-death situation. Now to right the wrong I will transport the Vikings and dragons to the G.M.A.D. lair to watch the movie and show what should've happened. But will it work? My first Fanfic.

1. Events that should not have happened

****A/N:** I wrote this chapter mostly overnight so it might be a bit sloppy. Sorry if it is.**

****As** it says in the summary this is my first fanfic. Any constructive criticism is welcome though I would be happy if there isn't any flames.**

****Also** I will be heading overseas for 2-3 weeks in 11 days. I will try to get as much as I can done before I leave so if it is finished before then that would be excellent. If not, then that is why there won't be updates for about a month (unless I get lucky). I have exams next week so it probably won't be finished.**

****Hope** you enjoy...**

Disclaimer:** I do not own How To Train Your Dragon or any of the characters in that film. That is the property of DreamWorks.**

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><p>Chapter 1: Events that shouldn't have happened.

"Da da da, we're dead" complains Hiccup as Astrid runs out of the cove, heading back towards the village. "Whoa, whoa, whoa. Where do you think you're going" Hiccup asks as Toothless wanders off to the pond.

Toothless' snaps his mouth in the water, grabbing a fish and swallowing it. Hiccup goes over to him and kneels beside him.

"We need to go after her, bud."

Toothless looks at Hiccup with his head tilted. "_Do we have too?_" he growls. "_Why do you think the blonde one is going to change?_"

Of course Hiccup doesn't understand Dragonese, instead he just scratches Toothless' scales, making him purr and move closer to comfort his rider, sensing his distress and confusion.

"Then again, if she does tell everyone it'll sound too farfetched and they won't believe itâ€¦ hopefully" Hiccup dismally adds at the end, sitting down at the water's edge. "I don't know what to do. Should we chase Astrid down and try to convince her, or do we leave now like I planned to do anyway?"

Toothless curls his tail around Hiccup, comforting him and laying his head on Hiccup's lap. "_I will stand by you, whatever decision you choose,"_ Toothless purrs, relaxing despite the potential danger for them both.

"Hey Toothless, how 'bout we go fly around Berk?" asks Hiccup. That got a reaction from Toothless, the Night Fury quickly jumps up and looks at Hiccup, eyes wide with excitement whilst flashing his signature gummy-smile.

"I'll take that as a yes" chuckles Hiccup, laughing at the dragon's reaction. "Hopefully the flight can relax me enough to make a decision. And if we choose to leave then it could be our last flight here."

Hiccup explains as he mounts on the saddle before taking off.

Both dragon and rider fly, glide mostly, peacefully around the island of Berk, enjoying the feeling of tranquillity as more time passes. Toothless is completely relaxed, flying through the sky whilst in his element. Hiccup, though enjoying himself, is still troubled by the choice he will need to make. "_I didn't think it would be so difficult to choose. Not even our flight is making any difference._ Suddenly Toothless looks around frantically, suddenly veering into the fog of Helheim's Gate.

Time skip to the duo landing back in Berk (same scene for meeting the Red Death as in the movie, except without Astrid)

Night has fallen as Hiccup and Toothless land in the cove, Hiccup quickly hopping off and contemplating what he just saw.

"So that's why you guys raid us," began Hiccup. "You need to feed that gigantic dragon, or else be eaten yourselves. It acts just like a beehive, with that thing as the Queen." Hiccup is pacing back and forth frantically, still shocked by the sight. "Well, at least I achieved one thing from that flight." Toothless looks curiously at Hiccup, waiting for the decision.

"We will stay. We can't leave now knowing why the dragons are raiding and with that giant dragon so close, explained Hiccup. "Though that

means I still need to go to the arena tomorrow," he sighs. "Guess I'll just have to try to convince them all tomorrow that you guys aren't as dangerous they think."

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><p>"Today, my boy becomes a Viking." Says Stoick, his loud voice carrying through the entire crowd. "Today, he becomes one of us!"<p>

Cheers erupt as the Vikings get ready for the final exam. Hiccup the Useless will kill the Monstrous Nightmare and be one of the village. Or so they thought. Hiccup knows he cannot and will not kill a dragon, at least not this one. _At least it seems like Astrid didn't tell anyone about Toothless,_ Hiccup thinks. _That or no-one believed what she said._

"It's time, Hiccup," Gobber said cheerfully. "Knock them dead." _I just hope no-one is actually dead after this, Vikings or dragons, _prays Hiccup as he enters he arena, the crowd cheering loudly in support. Hiccup looks at his father Stoick as he takes his seat outside the arena opposite where Hiccup is standing now.

Small time skip to when Toothless is caught by the Vikings

"No, no no no no no!" cries Hiccup as he struggles against Snotlout and the twins, Ruffnut and Tuffnut, holding him back, as Toothless is pinned down onto the cold, hard surface of the arena. "Just please don't hurt him."

Rage is all that anybody can see when they looked at Stoick's face. He is beyond furious at his son, shooting daggers as he glares at him. When he looks at the Night Fury the hate increases. Toothless glares back with an equal will and fury, yet he sees the slightest bit of fear in his eyes, fear of the dragon that would have killed him if not for Hiccup's pleas. "Bring the traitor forward!" bellows Stoick. Spitelout goes over to the three that were holding back Hiccup before grabbing him and placing him roughly in front of Stoick.

"How could you do this to us?!" yelled Stoick. "How could you betray your own people?!"

"My own people â€" began Hiccup before a voice he dreaded to hear spoke up.

"I told you," came a voice beautiful to Hiccup, yet it struck him like a blow to the heart as the owner pushed her way forward. "I told you all that Hiccup had befriended a dragon, but you didn't listen to me," Astrid said, looking at the crowd that had gathered in the arena before glaring at Hiccup last.

Hiccup was looking straight down at his feet, close to feeling heartbroken. The love of his life had led the way to his downfall, and he knew that his punishment, however deserving, would be severe. He would most likely be traileed for high treason, but his punishment would be chosen by the Elders and Council. Toothless on the other hand, there was nothing stopping them from killing his best friend right now. There was no way that he could see out of this predicament.

"I'm sorry for not believing you, Astrid," Stoick apologised, quite calmly considering the situation at hand. "You will be rewarded when this is over for your bravery and honesty." Astrid's parents were beaming with pride as this was said. "As for youâ€|" growled Stoick, his anger returning, "You have shamed this village. You have befriended and sided with the enemy. This is an act of high treason."

Hiccup started, "Dad we don't have to kill dragons â€"

"LIAR! TRAITOR!" This was shouted in outrage by the crowd, having enough of listening to Hiccup's 'excuses', the memory of the destruction he's done in raids all too clear in their minds.

"SILENCE!" shouted Stoick, the villagers going dead quiet, before addressing Hiccup again. "You sided with the dragons, when they have killed hundreds of us!"

"And we've killed thousands of them!" Hiccup shouted back, surprising everyone. "They're just defending themselves from an even greater threat."

"Why do you keep trying to defend yourself and those devils?"

"They are not devils! If my father would just listen for once â€"retorted Hiccup.

"I have no son," said Stoick, sending shockwaves through the crowd. As if in answer, a piercing flash of lightning and a mighty clap of thunder struck. Many people looked up in surprise to see a cluster of storm clouds looming overhead.

"That's strange," said Gobber, "Weren't the skies clear just before the exam?" Many people nodded their heads confused before looking back at the chief, seemingly unconcerned. Most of the Vikings convinced themselves that Thor himself must have come to punish Hiccup personally.

"You will have to await trial in the prison. As for this dragonâ€|" paused Stoick, adding more effect to the situation, not that it needed much more, "â€| it has done too much damage to the village to warrant keeping it with the others. It will be executed right now."

Cheers erupted from the crowd while Hiccup looked crestfallen. His best friend was going to be killed and there was nothing he could do to stop it. The celebrations were cut short and fear replaced it as lightning began hitting the island, dangerously close to the village outskirts.

"Hiccup, this is your chance to redeem yourself somewhat," continued Stoick, "If you want to have a decent chance of living here for longer, than you must kill the beast."

Hiccup was furious. "WHY WOULD I WANT TO LIVE HERE ANY MORE?! NO ONE HERE CARED FOR ME EXCEPT FOR GOBBER! AND NOW YOU WANT ME TO KILL MY BEST FRIEND? MY ONE TRUE FRIEND?" Hiccup's sudden outburst shocked most of the village, who then looked at the impending storm to find

the clouds swirling above them.

"Stoick?" Gobber called, grabbing his attention. "That doesn't look natural," as he points with his hook to the sky. Stoick looks up and upon seeing the range of the clouds and lightning actually looked scared for a second. _What did Hiccup do to get Thor this mad? _Thought Stoick ludicrously.

Hiccup, seemingly unfazed by the storm, continued his rant. "YOU SAID IT YOURSELF, STOICK! I AM NOT A DRAGON KILLER AND I NEVER WILL BE! SO WHY WOULD I KILL ONE NOW?!"

"You had your chance. So be it. The dragon will die by my hand." Stoick announced, grabbing the axe offered to him by one of the Vikings.

As Stoick walked up towards Toothless, axe in hand, the heavens unleashed their fury, lightning striking the heart of the town. Buildings were alight with fire as the villagers fled, scared and confused. "Why is Thor made with us?!" they cried, having no understanding for the newborn wrath.

Stoick marched on unfazed, ready to strike the beast down for good. "This ungodly creature has caused too much destruction. Now he will pay for his crimes," flinching only when the arena started to be struck itself.

"I don't think this is what Thor wants Stoick," cried Gobber, desperately trying to get Stoick to stop.

"I don't care, Gobber. I'm going to end this now!" yelled Stoick.

Most of the people in the arena were trying to find a way to shelter themselves from the storm while still trying to be close enough to watch the spectacle. Hiccup just crawled up in a ball near Toothless (who was still being held down), too scared to move because of the storm and wanting to stay by his friend till the end. As Stoick started to raise his axe, everyone's head looked up as the all-too-familiar whistling scream started to cut through the air.

"There's another one?!" cried Stoick, unbelieving. _Can this day get any crazier?_

His thoughts were answered as the Vikings just noticed a figure riding the dragon as it broke through the clouds heading for the arena. What shocked them was that the rider pointed something to the sky, before lightning struck both him and the dragon. They didn't have long to ponder this though as the dragon, seemingly unharmed, shot a plasma bolt while the rider redirected the lightning, both heading to the arena. Both strikes combined into a powerful energy blast which exploded on contact with the cage overhead, a massive shockwave throwing everyone to the walls except Toothless. The Night Fury reacted quickly when the Vikings pinning him down were thrown off, catching Hiccup and protecting him from harm as they stayed in the centre of the arena.

Those that got to their senses quickly saw the rider jump off the dragon, black as night, and roll as the person stood over Toothless

and Hiccup, a sword in hand that was crackling with electricity, light grey blade with an electric blue gem near the in the top of the hilt, shining brightly.

That must be what he, if it is a man, pointed to the storm, thought Hiccup as Toothless started to rise.

The figure's dragon was clinging to the remains of the cage over the centre and, at the nod of its rider, discharged many thunderbolts in a ring around Hiccup, Toothless and the mysterious figure, preventing anyone from getting to them. The person, hooded in a black robe so no-one could see his features, put the 'lightning sword' into his right hand and from his hip drew another sword in his left; this blade was as white as marble with what looked like a silver edge, the shape and make of the blade and hilt was similar to the other one and had a black opal in the hilt, the colours flickering mystically as you watched. But then the person's left hand started glowing in a pale blue light, the sword glowed in the same light, flickering like fire, and the opal looked as though the colours were swimming like Arvendale's Fire.

"WHO ARE YOU?!" shouted Stoick. "WHAT ARE YOU DOING WITH THAT TRAITOR AND THOSE DEVILS?"

"Vikings of Berk!" a male voice came from the figure; soft and calm, yet powerful, freezing everyone in their spots.

_Guess that means that he is a man, _thought Hiccup. He noticed a third sword across his back, slightly curved in its scabbard with a dark red diamond in the hilt, but that was the least of his concerns. Hiccup was curious as to why the man was protecting him and Toothless.

"Something has happened to change the course of this world," the mystery man continues, incredibly calm considering the anger and tension of the village. "Because of this, the recent events have been tampered with. I am here to show you what should have happened and what will be, if you allow it to happen." He slowly crossed both swords over his head, pointing upwards. The grey blade started sparking furiously with electricity while the white danced as the blue light grew stronger. The same light started swirling around him quickly like a small gale, picking up strength.

"What are you doing?" asked Spitelout, edging closer to the electric field.

"Everything will be explained shortly," replied the figure. "For now, let's just say we're going for a quick trip. NOW BUD!" His dragon fires a plasma bolt straight at the swords at his riders signal. At the same time the lightning and blue light of the swords fuse together, combining with the plasma bolt and swirling light when it makes contact creating a piercing white energy on the blades. The figure, before anyone can react, slams both swords on the floor of the arena, creating a mighty force of energy as the white light envelops the whole island. When the light disappears all the Vikings, along with the dragons of the archipelago, had vanished into thin air, the storm disappearing with the light.

* * *

><p>AN: I wonder who this mysterious person could be ...
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For those that were wondering, the blue light on the white sword and swirling around the figure is an aura-like magic/technique (similar to how Lucario uses aura powers on PokÃ©mon). The grey blade can be infused with lightning and the white one can be infused with the aura powers and used in combat, further explanations on how this works can come later. Also both swords (not counting the third sword on the back) are based on the shape and make of Zar'roc (from Eragon), just slightly smaller (reasons explained later).

Also, when Toothless and the other dragons speak they will be in italics with quotation marks to set it apart from the thoughts, though the Vikings won't be able to understand them (for now :))

Finally, if anyone from the G.M.A.D. wants to be part of the story, just PM me.

I will try to get the next chapter up soon. Please be kind with your reviews.

Next Chapter: Entering the Lair.

Bye for now.

2. Entering the Lair

A/N: Sorry, I hoped this get this uploaded earlier today but I had soccer in the middle of the day (we won).

G.M.A.D members that haven't let me know and still want to join, unfortunately I have received a number of requests to join and have decided to keep it at that. Maybe next time. Those that are appearing are the ones tat I messaged back saying that I would include them.

Same as before; please review, constructive criticism welcome and no flames. You guys were awesome last chapter (9 reviews, 13 favs).

Hope you enjoy.

* * *

><p>Chapter 2: Entering the Lair.

Three girls are sitting down in the shadows at one end of a stone, cave-like room with their dragons. The girl on the left was wearing a green tank top, blue pants, and blue-green knee-length high-tops. She had long red hair done in a thick braid down to her knees, rainbow coloured flowers woven through from top to bottom, and bright green eyes. Lying beside her was a large Typhoomerang. The girl on the right had brown eyes and black hair held back in a ponytail, covered by a black cap with the letters "G.M.A.D." in gold written on it. She was wearing a red t-shirt, a black unzipped hoodie, black jeans, and white running shoes, while around her neck is a necklace with a Night Fury on it. She was sitting against her dragon, a large Night Fury

(well, larger than Toothless).

The girl in the middle had brown eyes and hair in a braid. She was wearing a purple jumper, blue skinny jeans, big brown fur boots and a skrill necklace. Held to her waist by a thin rope was a book titled 'Watching the Movie.' Perched on a small rocky ledge above her was a dark purple Skrill. All three were sitting around waiting for the Vikings and the fourth member that had gone to fetch them, their shadows flickering in the light of the small torches hanging on the walls and four large fires, two on each side of the room. There was also two passageways leading to the outside, hidden on the outside by sorcery to look like the side of a mountain. Only the members of the G.M.A.D. and their dragons could see it and use the passageways as it was also enchanted so that the Vikings couldn't escape when they arrived, if they were coming.

"What's taking him so long?" asked the girl on the left, looking at the one in the centre. "He left two days ago to go get them. Right, Night?"

"Normally we wouldn't even leave the lair; we could've just transported them here. Why did he even need to go to Berk?" the right one added, looking at Night.

"To answer your question, Rider," answered Night, the girl in the middle, looking at the one on the right, "before he left he came and told me that he sensed that some sort of power was at work in Berk, trying to disrupt the future. When I asked what he meant by it he said he wasn't quite sure but thought he should go and take a look, to protect the villagers if need be. I asked if he needed some of the other members to go with him but he said it would be better if he went alone, one person being harder to catch than a small group. He left a couple of hours after that, around the middle of the afternoon." She paused, taking time to let the girls take it in.

"As for why he is taking so long, Guardian," Night continued, looking at the girl on the left, "I can only guess that something happened that he needed to deal with. We can only hope that he hasn't been hurt or caught, otherwise we will have one really powerful enemy on our hands. "

"If it was serious though, wouldn't he have come back to get our help?" asked Rider, a look of concern crossing her face.

"I'm not sure. He and his dragon can hide in the shadows, but they are powerful fighters. He may have thought that they stood a good chance."

Just as Night finished her sentence, thunder boomed and lightning struck the side of the mountain, causing both Night and Rider to jump.

"Guardian, I know you're getting impatient but that doesn't mean that you need to create a storm to vent your feelings." Night said.

"Yeah," added Rider. "You could just go outside on one of the ledges and shout."

"Guys I know that I can influence the weather and elements with my

magic but that wasn't me, I swear." Guardian replied, frowning.

"Well if it wasn't you then what-" began Rider before being cut short by a blinding release of energy, fire, lightning and plasma that scorched the ground and blew out all the torches, even two of the large fires. The light ended and was replaced with a pile of Vikings in the middle of the room, dazed and confused.

"I think that answers your question." Night managed to say as all three doubled over, trying to stifle their laughter due to the sight in front of them.

* * *

><p>As the light subsided it left a giant pile of mostly large Vikings in the middle of the stone room, in fact everyone except Hiccup who had ended up close to the shadows in which the girls were hiding, fit to burst with laughter. Luckily for them Hiccup wasn't able to hear them.<p>

"WHAT IN THE NAME OF ODIN JUST HAPPENED?!" yelled Stoick, one of the quickest to return to his senses, but unable to do anything as he was near the bottom of the massive pile.

Hiccup gave a slight chuckle. "Hey Stoick, how does it feel to be under everyone else for once?" he asks in a slight mocking tone, as the pile of Vikings slowly start to untangle themselves.

That was the last straw for the girls as they burst out laughing, shocking the villagers who turn to look at them. Rider is lying on the floor gasping for breath, Guardian is next to her clutching her stomach and Night is using the wall to support herself, crying out "Too much! Too much!"

"WHO ARE YOU?!" yelled Stoick. Hiccup scoffed at him. "WHAT IS IT?!"

"Well, _Stoick,_" Hiccup spat, surprising the Vikings yet again that day, "We just got caught in a crazy storm which resulted in us being transported here by some sort of powerâ€¦ at least I think that's what happened."

"You're right about that Hiccup," answered Night, gathering her composure quicker than the other two.

"Well then â€¦" Hiccup continued, "we are in a place that we know nothing about and you just went and yelled at the people that brought us here and know where we are."

"Not so good that time," said Rider, getting to her feet. "Only half right that time."

"Yeah," added Guardian. "We know where we are at the moment, and also why you're here, but we didn't bring you here."

"Well if you didn't bring us here, then who did?" Fishlegs asked, slightly scared.

"And who are you â€¦ if it's okay to ask?" asked Hiccup.

Night stepped forward smiling, confusing some of the Vikings. "Well Hiccup, since you asked so nicely I guess we can tell you who we are. We were going to introduce ourselves anyway. And our friends," she added with a smirk. Rider and Guardian smiled, knowing what Night meant; while the Vikings began looking concerned at the glee they had saying this.

"I think I'll go first," announced Night. "My name is NightFury999, Rider of the Skrill, Guardian of Reading, Legendary Archer and Sorcerer. You can call me Night."

"I'm next," said Guardian, stepping forward. "My name is DragonGuardian199012, Rider of the Typhoomerang, Guardian of Nature, Legendary Archer and Sorcerer. But you can call me Guardian."

"And I'm BerkDragonRider, Rider of Speedstrike the Night Fury, Guardian of Night Furies, Exquisite Archer and Superior Sorcerer," she said, joining the other two. "Just call me Rider."

"What about your friends?" Gobber asked sceptically.

"Well for me, there's my dragon Nyr Frysta," answered Guardian as a Typhoomerang stepped out from the shadows, shocking everyone except the three girls, and nuzzling her head against Guardian.

"As for me, I have my dragon Speedstrike," followed Rider. On cue the Night Fury stepped forwards, further shocking the Vikings. Rider gave him a scratch under the chin, making him purr.

"Finally, meet my dragon Lightning," concluded Night. The skrill shot out and went to Night, leaning his head towards her to receive a soft scratch behind the ear. This added even more shock to the Vikings (if that was possible). All three of them laugh upon seeing their aghast faces.

"Well what did you expect?" asked Guardian. "We told you when we introduced ourselves that we rode dragons."

"Why do you ride those devils?" growled Stoick, angry yet flabbergasted.

"They are not devils!" the three girls shout back.

"Hang on â€|" said Astrid, getting everyone's attention. "Where is the one that brought us here?"

This got everyone looking. The girls were looking around quickly, searching for any sign that he turned up in the flash that transported the Vikings. When they couldn't see any signs of him they started to worry again that something did happen on Berk.

The Vikings, still reeling from the three dragons, obviously weren't thinking straight. Some began muttering things that soon became exaggerated. "Maybe he's still on Berk?" "Could he be destroying the village right now?" "He could be making off with our valuables."

"What if we were actually attacked by Thor?" asked Snotlout. This got many groans from the Vikings, most because they didn't believe that

the god of thunder could be angry enough to strike at Berk.

"Actually he's not too far from the truth," says an all-too-familiar voice. That same soft, calm, yet powerful voice that froze the Vikings on Berk now sounds in the dark.

"Thor? Where are you?" asked Rider, her head scouring the entire room seeing no hint of him.

"Wait, Thor?!" the Vikings ask bewildered. They cannot believe their ears.

"Are you telling me you actually have the god of thunder on your side?" asks Gobber.

"How about I shed some more light on the subject?" says the one called Thor. They follow the sound of his voice over to a ledge higher than the one Lightning was perched on earlier. There they see the outline of a figure, along with that of a large object behind him. He wasn't there for long though as he flipped nimbly through the air, casting two fireballs from his hands while in mid-air. Both balls of fire hit the large fires that had been put out earlier, reigniting them and lighting up the room once more. He landed in front of the girls, before turning to face the Vikings.

With the added light the Vikings were able to get a better view of his features, as it was difficult to observe him in Berk while all Hel was breaking loose around them. The hooded cloak stopped them from seeing much of his face, but they did see he had hazel eyes and a long scar going through his left eye, leading from his hairline to just above the top lip. His torso was protected by black interlocking armour with flecks of silver across the chest. He wore fingerless gloves on his hands and gauntlets over his wrists that went over the back of his hands like the tip of a sword. Both the leggings and boots he wore seemed to be made of black dragon scales. All three swords were still there, but now there was an ancient black bow with sharp silver tips going from his right shoulder to left hip and a full quiver on his lower back.

His dragon leapt down from the ledge, landing next to his rider. This dragon looked just like a Night Fury, except that it had some steel-grey spines on parts of its legs, wings, neck, tail and back, and his eyes were an intense blue, like lightning.

"How about I introduce myself? I am Thorongil82, Rider of the Shock Fury, Guardian of Wisdom, Epic Archer and Sorcerer. This here is the Shock Fury in question, Storm," he said, gesturing to the dragon next to him. Storm looked at the Vikings with the same serious expression that could be seen on Thorongil.

"As for the name Thor well that's what I've been known as around here. I'm not your 'almighty god of thunder'. So you people may call me Thorong if you keep getting confused between me and your god of thunder, though Thor will do."

"So what are we doing here?" asked Fishlegs.

"Oh, are you going to teach us how to blow stuff up?" asked Tuffnut, excitedly.

"Yeah, like you did in the arena," added Ruffnut.

"Not a chance," said Thorong. "You are all here because something happened in your world that has caused recent events, namely those after Hiccup beat Astrid (Astrid looked really angry at this while Hiccup shied further away, fearing her reaction), to play out in ways that have they shouldn't have, affecting the timeline."

"What was so wrong with what was happening?" asked Stoick. "We were going to be rid of the most destructive dragon we know."

Not that I know, thought Hiccup, remembering the trip to the nest.

"If it played out as it was going to then you all would be on the path to death and destruction," explained Thorong. "You would all be slaughtered and Berk razed to the ground. When I entered the arena I managed to stop what would've sealed your fates."

"You can't prove this!" shouted Snotlout.

"Actually we can," replied Night. "You are here to watch a movie based around the recent events at Berk. I won't reveal the title as that will give it away. It will show what has happened from the perspective of a young viking and his friend."

"Now there is something I need to point out first," said Thorong. "You will be watching this movie with another group. I need you guys to make sure you do_ not _start a fight with them, no matter the reason. Agreed?" The Vikings nodded their heads. "Good. Due to the fact that they are â€| defensive around weapons, I have already taken the liberty to remove your weapons." Some Vikings started to argue. "Relax; you'll get them back before you leave."

"Wait, where are our weapons?" asked Rider, searching for her sword. Night looked for her bow, while Guardian tried to find her shield.

"I transported them somewhere else so lessen the chance of you killing one of these people in one of your frenzies." All three start to open their mouths to argue. "Don't bother. Night and Rider, I've heard what has happened a few of the times that you've done this. As for you Guardian I wasn't too sure so I did it to be fair to the others. I hope you can understand that the situation has changed somewhat now since the timeline changed."

"Now then, Night, can you come with me and talk to the other group?"

"Sure Thorong," replied Night.

"Rider and Guardian, can you go and start setting things up? Hiccup I would like you to go with them too?"

"Why do I need to go with them? No offence," said Hiccup as he walked over to the girls and boy.

As Hiccup stood by the girls Thorong whispered to the three, "I'm asking you to go together because I want to make sure they don't do

anything to Hiccup when we leave the room. Ok?" explained Thorong, getting nods from all three.

"Don't worry Thor, you can count on us," said Rider, smiling.

"Good." Thorong turned to face the Vikings. "One of us will return to let you in to the theatre room, where you will watch the movie. Until then I suggest you simmer down so your emotions don't rule over your heads as you watch." When he finished, the G.M.A.D. members and Hiccup vanished in a white light, leaving the Vikings alone.

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><p>A little while later, Night reappeared in the room. The Vikings, who spent most of their time talking in groups as to what they thought was going to happen, finished their conversations and looked at her.<p>

"When this stone wall behind me vanishes you can enter the room. You will see lots of chairs on this side of the room, where you will all be sitting. Stoick and Gobber, I want you two to sit in the centre two seats of the front row. Astrid, Fishlegs, Ruff, Tuff and Snotface, (the other teens laugh at this, while Snotlout just balls up his fists) you get to sit in the five far left seats in the front row, the ones closest to the middle where Hiccup and the G.M.A.D. members will be sitting. The rest of you can sit wherever you like." The Vikings nodded. "Oh and one last thing. No one is allowed to go over to Hiccup unless one of us says that you can."

The stone wall vanishes, letting the Vikings into the theatre room. Rows upon rows of red, velvet seats (like the ones in a cinema, hopefully you've seen what they look like) were set in front of them. In the centre of the room were five stone slabs which the G.M.A.D. members apart from Thorong were sitting with their dragons along with Hiccup. On the other side of the room there were no chairs, just a thick, dark stone floor. Carpet adorned the floor on the Vikings side, lapis blue velvet on the walls and a large white screen in front, covering almost all the wall. Stoick, Gobber and the teens sat in their allocated seats, the rest of the Vikings choosing their own. As the last ones sat down the other side wall opened up and Thorong walked out, leading forth â€|

"DRAGONS?!" shouted the Vikings in disbelief, causing an uproar.

"SILENCE!" said Thorong, not yelling but with increased volume, somehow quieting the Vikings to a few grumbles. How he could still keep such a calm composure impressed Hiccup.

As the dragons picked their spots on the stone floor, Thorong spoke up. "Now remember, no fighting each other, if you do it's at your own wish." he said slightly sternly taking his place on the last remaining stone slab, next to Hiccup.

"Hey, where's your dragon?" asked Snotlout, noticing that Storm is nowhere to be seen.

"He's off doing something for me. But don't worry; he can still see exactly what's going on in this room." Snotlout grumbles something

about 'not being worried'.

Hiccup is looking at the dragons, trying to find Toothless. "Don't bother looking for him, Hiccup," said Thorong, loud enough only for Hiccup and the girls to hear. "Toothless is with Storm. They will arrive sometime during the movie, but they can see and hear all that goes on in this room."

Night makes sure that all the dragons and Vikings are seated (in some of the dragons' cases, lying) before speaking.

"So, Shall we begin?"

* * *

><p>AN: I should point out that I am not trying to make my character a human incarnation of Thor, regardless of him having 'Thor' in his name and being able to conjure and control lightning. Thorongil is actually a Tolkein name meaning 'Eagle of the Stars' and is an alibi used by Aragorn before the events in LOTR. For a full description of my character take a look at my profile page.**

Hopefully I will be able to dish out two chapters next tomorrow as I do want to finish this before going to New Zealand, so expect two chapters when I cover the movie. Any breaks or stuff like that will just be uploaded on its own. Hopefully that makes sense.

Same as last time, please review, constructive criticism welcome and no flames.

Next chapter: Dragon Raid

See ya next time.

3. Dragon Raid

A/N: I'm really sorry! I know I said two stories to be uploaded yesterday but this chapter took **_forever_****! If I get any more like this then I won't even be halfway done by the time I leave.**

And no, you're not imagining things if you noticed the massive jump in words from the previous upload. It is one and a half times longer than the first two chapters combined.

On a happier note, five more G.M.A.D. members will be joining us this chapter. At the end I will have a list of all members in the story, in case you lose track over the length.

Thanks for the nice reviews and all. I got another 8 reviews and favs. This story has also passed 1000 views, in just two chapters! You guys must really like it.

Please review and fav if you haven't if you like it. Enjoy!

* * *

><p>Chapter 3: Dragon Raid

The lights in the room dimmed as an image appeared on the white screen. Everyone looked towards the screen.

The image skims across the night sea before looking up at the fog, a large peak rising high above.

HICCUP (V.O.): This is Berk.

All of the Vikings jumped at this. Where had Hiccup's voice come from?

The fog is parted, revealing a lone island with large sheer cliff faces and a torch-lit village.

HICCUP (V.O.**CONT.): It's twelve days north of hopeless and a few degrees south of freezing to death. It's located solidly on the meridian of misery.**

Some of the Vikings chuckled at this. It was a very accurate description of where they lived.

Waves splash on two chiselled sea stacks, spraying the view in water; we zoom in on the village, first at the farm animals before panning out across the entire village, giving us a look at the structure and build of the village.

HICCUP (V.O. CONT.): My village. In a word, sturdy. It's been here for seven generations, but every single building is new. We have fishing, hunting and a charming view of the sunsets.

"Definitely true. I've flown there many times and seen some great sights," said Thorong, getting some strange looks from the other G.M.A.D. members.

"What exactly is it that you do? You don't even seem to need the portals in the lair," said Night.

"That's a story for another time. Just go back to the film."

"Hey, why did it stop?" asked Snotlout.

"If there is going to be a stoppage due to a conversation or some other _interruption_" Thorongil said, the G.M.A.D. members smiling, knowing what he meant, "then the movie will be stopped until the stoppage is finished.

Now two sheep in a herd chewing grass in a field are the focus.

HICCUP (V.O. CONT.): The only problems are the pests.

A large, dark figure swoops down, grabbing the sheep on the right before flying off. The sheep on the left, seeing the other gone, 'discreetly' moves over to the grass where the previous was earlier.

"Are all your sheep that greedy?" asked Guardian, getting some laughs from the Vikings. This was normal during raids.

****HICCUP (V.O. CONT.):** You see, most places have mice or mosquitoes.**

****_Inside a house the door is opened._****_Looking out you can see a group of Vikings with shields and weapons run past while a herd of sheep is trying to escape a winged beast._****

****HICCUP (V.O. CONT.):** We have â€¦ **

"What do we have?" asked Ruffnut.

"Can we use it to destroy stuff?" asked Tuffnut. He and Ruff looked at each other with excitement, thinking about the damage they could do even though they had no idea what it was, while everyone either groaned or put their heads in their hands, or wings in the dragon's case.

****_The winged beast turns to see the door open with a small person standing behind. Fire is breathed out as the figure closes the door, light from the flames that enter through the sides revealing a gangly teenage boy Viking, Hiccup._****

****HICCUP:** â€¦ dragons.**

****_Cut to the area outside where different varieties of dragons are swooping in on frantically running sheep as Vikings are trying to stop the dragons, some gripping onto the dragons, hitting them with their weapons and being thrown off, others trying to hang on to the sheep being taken._****

****HICCUP (V.O.):** Most people would leave. Not us. We're Vikings. We have stubbornness issues.**

"Now what's that supposed to mean?" asked a few of the Vikings.

"It means you weren't going to listen to Hiccup in the arena after Toothless turned up," answered Thorong, getting some questioning looks.

****_Hiccup runs out of the house, the door scorched and burnt to a crisp, into the chaos outside, including but not limited to running and falling Vikings and their weapons._****

This set most of the villagers on edge. Until dragon training, whenever Hiccup stepped out in a raid then disaster was sure to follow.

****HICCUP (V.O. CONT.):** My name is Hiccup. Great name I know. But it's not the worst.**

Stoick wondered whether Hiccup liked his name or not, though still angry with what happened in the arena.

****_Hiccup ducks under a plank carried by two Vikings, a third that was watching Hiccup getting knocked down from behind._****

****HICCUP (V.O. CONT.):** Parents believe a hideous name will frighten off gnomes and trolls. Like our charming Viking demeanour wouldn't do that.**

Some villagers shove their way past Hiccup, heading off to battle. Behind Hiccup a Viking gets blasted in the air by a fireball. Hiccup is knocked onto his back, the airborne Viking landing on top of him.

VIKING: "Aaaaaaarrrrrggghh! (fiercely) Morning! (cheerfully)"

This was one of those rare moments where everyone in the room laughed; dragons, Vikings and G.M.A.D. members. _Well â€| _Thorong's was more like a smirk than anything else. The Viking in question blushed but laughed along as well.

Hiccup runs higher up the village, heading for the centre of the village. On his way he passes many tall, burly Vikings.

VIKING #1: What are you doing here?!

"Going for a jog," said Hiccup.

_Here we go, _thought Thorong.

VIKING #2: Get inside!

"I can't. House is on fire."

VIKING #3: What are you doing out?!

"I thought I answered that."

VIKING #4: Get back inside!

"That one too," finished Hiccup, the girls trying to contain there laughter. Thorong just patted him on the back, smile on his face. Hiccup was starting to feel a bit better. At least the people he was sitting with seemed to care.

One Viking is just standing in one spot, picking his ear, looking unfazed by the raid around him.

Said Viking just shrugged, not really bothered by anything that was happening.

Hiccup is about to run across another lane before he is pulled back and held by the scruff of his vest. The path he was about to enter was incinerated by dragon fire a split-second later.

Some of the Vikings tensed, knowing that he could've been killed just then. Astrid and Stoick released a breath they didn't realise they were holding. Both were confused as they were still angry at Hiccup, so why should they care

The Viking that saved Hiccup, Stoick, holds him up, addressing the Vikings around him.

STOICK: Hiccup! What is he doing out aga- (to Vikings) What are you doing out?! Get inside! (to Hiccup)

Hiccup is shoved away from the immediate fight.

"That's â€| one way to get him out of there," said Rider.

****HICCUP (V.O.): (in admiration) That's Stoick the Vast, chief of the tribe.****

****_Stoick observes the fight on the island, during so spotting a sheep in the talons of a nearby Nadder._****

****HICCUP (V.O. CONT.): They say that when he was a baby, he popped a dragon's head clean off its shoulders.****

Gobber, Stoick and some of the other Vikings their age laughed. Was that rumour still going around?

****_Stoick hurls a nearby wagon that smashing it on the dragons head, dropping the sheep in the as a result. _****

****HICCUP (V.O. CONT.): Do I believe it? Yes, I do.****

Stoick beamed at his so- no; _Hiccup_, before quickly wiping away the look on his face. Regardless of how he used to feel, Hiccup was disowned and is a traitor for befriending that devil. His heart cannot rule in this situation, he needed to use his head.

Unfortunately Stoick wasn't fast enough to hide his expression. Night was able to see Stoick and could guess the confusion settling within him. Turning back towards Thorong she asked, "Just what exactly are you planning?"

Thorongil smiled reassuringly at her. "If things go well, hopefully they are able to find themselves within the conflict. As you saw in Stoick his heart has started to try and break through to the surface, quicker than I expected. Some will be a struggle, others won't. Gobber, Fishlegs and maybe the twins should be able to be convinced easily. The rest will be a bit more stubborn, but none more than Stoick and Astrid."

"What if it doesn't work?"

"Then I'll see just how far off they are. Shall we continue the movie?"

****STOICK: What have we got?****

****VIKING #5: Gronckles. Nadders. Zipplebacks. Oh, and Hoark saw a Monstrous Nightmare.****

****_A nearby explosion caused the Vikings to seek cover, apart from Stoick who merely brushes off a piece of burning wreckage that landed on his shoulder._****

****STOICK: Any Night Furies?****

****VIKING #5: None so far.****

****STOICK: (relieved) Good.****

"He sounds like he's afraid of you Speedstrike," said Rider, softly scratching the Night Fury who purrs in response.

The Vikings that saw this are confused. Here is one of the strongest and deadliest dragons known to man and it acted so calmly, not even making a growl towards Rider. Maybe they weren't using their heads, some of them thought.

****VIKING #6: Hoist the torches!****

****_Large braziers were being pushed out of the ground, lit by torches that were thrown up just before the brazier got too high. The braziers burned bright and strong, lighting the night sky, making it much easier to see the dragons in the air. Hiccup rushes into the forge, taking off his vest and donning a leather apron. _****

Gobber and Hiccup smile, knowing the exchange they would have. Everyone else looked curious. Hardly anyone had seen them work in the forge together and they seemed interested in the relationship.

****GOBBER: Nice of you to join the party! I thought you'd been carried off!****

****HICCUP:****What? Who, me? No, come on, I'm ****_way_****too muscular for their taste. They wouldn't know what to do with all this.****

****_Hiccup strikes a bodybuilders pose after placing a heavy appendage of Gobber's. _****

The teens burst into laughter, Snotlout clutching his stomach rolling on the floor, the twins leaning on each other to stop them falling out of their seats and Fishlegs was chuckling in his chair. Astrid actually laughed quite a bit, before falling back into her heated anger at Hiccup. Although Thorong was annoyed at their mocking laughter, though nowhere near as much as the girls where, he had slight spark in his eyes. Astrid's heart was fighting too; both hers and Stoick's were resisting the evil affecting them. If he could find a way to expose this, then Berk's attack could be over quite quickly.

"Oh, man!" cried Snotlout. "If Hiccup was strong than he wouldn't have done so poorly his whole life. He can't get a girl and no one likes him! The Chief wouldn't have disowned him or labelled him a traitor! Heck, even his mother ran out on him!"

Hiccup curled up, hugging his knees, crestfallen with tears falling from his eyes. Thorong went over to him and started talking to him, too quietly for Night, Rider and Guardian to hear, but whatever it was it seemed to be working. Hiccup started to calm down, his tears slowing. Night, Rider and Guardian were furious with Snotlout.

"SNOTLOUT! YOU'RE DEAD!" yelled Night and Rider, rushing towards him. Guardian, though angry, still had some sense and tried to hold them off.

"Nyr Frysta!" called Guardian "Get over here now" Her dragon rushed over to help contain Night and Rider who were struggling fiercely. Snotlout was no longer laughing and bullying, he had a look of absolute terror. All the Vikings and dragons just sit or stand and

watch the fight, knowing that it's smart not to get involved.

"LIGHTNING?! SPEEDSTRIKE?!" yelled Night and Rider, still trying to get at Snotlout. "WHY AREN'T YOU HELPING US?"

Lightning and Speedstrike look at each other, not sure if they should help their riders or not. Then they hear someone speak behind them.

"Lightning and Speedstrike?" They turn around and see Thorong, still with Hiccup. "Can you both comfort Hiccup for a second?" They nod, walking over to curl up against Hiccup.

As they get to Hiccup the back wall opens slightly and three girls run in. The one in front had black hair and glasses and brown eyes, wearing a t-shirt, pants, boots and a leather belt that was carrying all sorts of writing utensils. Behind her on the left was a girl with black hair in a ponytail, held in place with a green scrunchy, and blue eyes, wearing a magenta tank-top, crimson skirt and navy socks, but no shoes. The last one had brown spikey hair almost at her shoulders, deep blood red eyes, a green tank-top with black jeans, brown leather boots and a grey belt with a golden buckle.

"What's going on?" asked the girl with glasses.

"Yeah, we heard yelling," added the girl with the black ponytail.

"Midnight, Kura and Sakura, can you help Guardian hold back Night and Rider? I don't want Snotlout dead yet." Said Thorong, slowly rising.

"On it," said the girl with brown spikey hair. All three head over and struggle to keep Night and Rider from breaking free. Snotlout steps back further and further to the wall and shadows.

Thorong stood up and walk towards the girls, leaving Hiccup with Lightning and Speedstrike. When he got to the girls he put a comforting hand on Night and Rider, getting them to look at him.

"WHAT?!" yelled them both.

"Don't worry about Snotlout," he said, trying to get them to calm down.

"After what he said?! He needs to pay!" shouted Rider, absolutely fuming.

"Turn around and look at Snotlout." When they complied he quietly said to them, "Three â€| Two â€| One â€|"

Snotlout was standing just outside the shadowed area as Thorong counted down. When Thorong said, "One," a Hiccup-like figure, just taller, more prominent muscles and lighter coloured hair, leapt forth from the darkness, frying pan in hand, charging at Snotlout. Snotlout spun around to be met with a frying pan to the face before he was hit again across the head, knocking him down. The boy swung twice more before he was frozen up to his neck by an icy wind blast from

Thorong. A dragon looking similar to Storm came out after the boy was frozen and tilted his head at the boy curiously. The girls were laughing, apart from Night who was still annoyed but smiled. Thorong was smirking hand outstretched from releasing the icy blast.

"What was that for?!" yelled the boy, trying to get free. Looking to the dragon he said, "Blinder, get me out!" Blinder just looked and gave a dragon laugh.

"It was an easy way to stop you. Snotlout did need to be hit and since I knew you were in the shadows I thought it would be funny as well as sending the message. However I need him to be alive and, preferably, conscious. Otherwise it will be hard to make him see his mistakes," explained Thorong, releasing a flame from his hand that melted the ice and dried the boy off, yet not burning him in the slightest.

"Thanks. Hang on, how did you know I was back there?"

"I use aura powers. So, from that, I can also sense others auras, knowing where they are and getting a sense of how they feel." This got some worried looks from some of the Vikings. "Don't worry. I don't use it for those reasons often. Usually when I don't want to be seen."

"Fine, just as long as I get to hit him next," said Night, sitting back down with the rest of the G.M.A.D. members.

"You'll have to get to him first," replied Rider with an evil grin.

Thorong conjured some more stone slabs for the others to join in, before vanishing in a white light.

"I hate it when he does that," said Guardian. "Where did he go this time?"

As quickly as he was gone, Thorong was back, though he walked through one of the side doors, followed by two boys and five dragons; two Night Furies, a Boneknapper, a Nightmare and a Frost Fury. One of the boys had silver-white hair with some blonde streaks in a bowl cut, wearing a blue jacket over a blue and black undershirt, black converse shoes with shoelaces in a checker pattern, a black fingerless glove on the left hand and brass knuckles on the right. On his back was a bow and a quiver of arrows that looked as cold as ice. The other boy looked like an older version of Hiccup (like Hiccup in HTTYD 2), but with black hair which was slightly wolf-like.

"I brought the rest of the members in the lair at the moment here so that we wouldn't get too many surprises from outside. Also, I got your dragons, Midnight, Kura and Sakura. Finally, for Night, Rider and Guardian, here are your weapons." Thorong said, holding out a legendary bow, a sword in a scabbard and a transforming shield. "I figured since you basically threatened to kill Snotlout I should give you these as it will show you can carry it out."

The three came forward collecting their weapons, Night grabbing her bow, Rider her sword and the shield for Guardian, thanking him. "Don't do that again," warned Night.

"No promises," replied Thorong.

"How about the members that just came introduce themselves?" suggested Guardian.

"Good idea, ladies first," said Thorong.

The girl with the glasses stepped forward. "I'm Midnightsky0612, Rider of the Night Fury, Starlight, Guardian of Creative Writing, Junior Archer and Sorcerer. You can call me Midnight"

"We are Changeofheart505," said the brown haired girl and the black ponytail girl said in unison.

"I'm Kura, Rider of the Frost Fury Frostbite, Guardian of Light, Legendary Archer and Sorcerer," said the girl with the ponytail.

"And I'm Skura, Rider of the Nightmare Shimo, Guardian of Darkness, Legendary Archer and Sorcerer," said the brown haired girl.

"I'm Delta99er5, though just call me Delta, Rider of the Boneknapper Raikou, Guardian of ice, Flawless Archer and Legendary Sorcerer," said the silver haired boy.

"I am WRMWereWolf6, Rider of the Night Fury uPaw, Guardian of Wolves, Legendary Archer and Sorcerer. Call me Wolf" said the black haired boy.

"And I'm Checkingdude, Rider of the Night Flash Blinder, Guardian of Shadows, Epic Warrior and Legendary Sorcerer. Please call me Check," said the one who was frozen.

Each member took their places on the stone slabs with their respective dragons apart from Hiccup and Thorong, whose dragons were still elsewhere. Snotlout was revived and taken to his seat, looking fearful. Astrid punched him as soon as he sat down.

"OWWW! What was that for?!"

"You went too far that time. Way too far," said Astrid.

"What happened to you?" asked Snotlout. "Since when did you care about Hiccup?"

"Nothing's happened to me and I don't care about Hiccup â€¦ I hope" said Astrid, mumbling the last part. She had no idea why she did but she felt sorry for Hiccup, even after all the trouble he caused. She shook her head, trying to move her thoughts away from the topic of Hiccup.

"If everyone's ready, then lets continue the film."

****GOBBER: Well, they need toothpicks, don't they?***

****_Gobber changes his appendage for another tool. Hiccup goes over and opens up the counter, instantaneously receiving chipped and damaged weapons from the pile of Vikings outside. He carries the array of weapons over to the hearth before putting all his weight onto the bellows._****

****HICCUP (V.O.): The meathead with interchangeable hands is Gobber.**

"Who are you calling meathead?"

"You know who." Replied Hiccup

****HICCUP (V.O. CONT.): I've been his apprentice ever since I was little. Well, ****_littler_****.****

****_Stoick is giving out orders not too far away from the forge._****

****STOICK: Move to the lower defences. We'll counterattack with the catapults.****

****VIKING #7: Hurry!****

****_A group of large Vikings and sheep run, or are carried (in the perspective of the sheep) down to the lower levels of the village. As they pass a corner a house is set alight by the dragons. The fire quickly consumes the outer layer of the house._****

****HICCUP (V.O.): See? Old village, lots and lots of new houses.****

Despite the situation before the Vikings started laughing.

****VIKING #8: Fire!****

****_A group of teenagers carry some buckets and a large barrel of water past the forge, setting it down not too far away. Amongst them is an attractive blonde girl (you know who it is â€¦ I hope) rallying the group who Hiccup leans out of the forge to watch._****

"Hey it's us," points out Fishlegs.

****ASTRID: Alright. Let's go!****

****_The teens fill their buckets and rush off to fight the blaze._****

****HICCUP (V.O.): That's Fishlegs,****

Fishlegs has a mini celebration in his chair.

****HICCUP (V.O. CONT.): Snotlout,****

Snotlout flexes and kisses his muscles, making Astrid, Ruffnut and the girls gag.

****HICCUP (V.O. CONT.): the twins; Ruffnut and Tuffnut,****

Both head-butt each other, making them see stars momentarily, before starting a punch-up.

****HICCUP (V.O. CONT.):****and â€¦ ****_Astrid (dreamily)._****

****_A fireball explodes behind Astrid, engulfing the background in a**

light that makes her seem more beautiful. Hiccup has a dream-like face _**(I have absolutely no idea how to describe that look).

The dragons and Vikings laugh at his face, the older ones just chuckling. It was something they had all experienced and knew that it wasn't something that they needed to make fun of. Hiccup and Astrid blushed furiously. Why Astrid blushed like that she didn't know, she knew how Hiccup felt about her and she wasn't happy about it, especially after she saw Toothless. She felt embarrassed to hear him say her name like that, but it wasn't a bad kind of embarrassment. Hiccup blushed because he didn't want to have everyone know about his attraction to Astrid.

The teens, on the other hand, were laughing their heads off. Snotlout went all out. "It's good that Hiccup likes Astrid, because it will crush him much more when she is with me! Astrid will never go with Useless even if he was the last man alive!" He got no further as Night, Rider and Delta leapt up and made a beeline for him. Delta got there first, pulling Snotlout out of his chair and holding him forward to Night.

"You said you wanted to hit him next time," said Delta smirking.

Night smiled evilly before throwing a punch that sent Snotlout into the wall. Delta walked over, grabbed Snotlout and brought him back holding him out the same way to Rider. "Your turn."

Rider smashed him into the wall, just like Night. Delta grabbed him and threw him into the ceiling before giving him an uppercut on the way down. Some Vikings rose to go defend Snotlout but backed down when their dragons came over growling.

"That's all for now" said Delta.

"If you want we can do a second session later," added Rider.

The three went and sat back down with their dragons. Hiccup was surprised at just how far they would go to stick up and protect him.

"Better?" asked Thorong. They nodded.

"How come we can't fight but you can?" asked Spitelout, angry that his son had been beat up twice.

"We didn't say you and the dragons couldn't fight," answered Thorong.

"We just said no fighting each other," added Night.

"You just seem to be smart enough not to fight people that can use magic, ride dragons and have weapons and you don't." said Check.

"That's a first," said Hiccup, getting laughs from all the members except Thorong and Skura, both just smiling. The Vikings were getting angry.

"Look, if it was just you guys and us I'd be happy to give you back

your weapons and get you to fight us without our dragons, but you would still lose," stated Thorong.

"Let's find out, right now!" challenged Stoick.

"How about we get back to the movie," suggested Thorong. "We can fight each other afterwards, if you all still want to fight."

The rest of the teens sidle up alongside her as they go to put out more fires.

HICCUP (V.O. CONT.): Their job is so much cooler.

"What's wrong with bein' a blacksmith?" asked Gobber.

"Nothing," replied Hiccup. "It's just you don't get as much recognition as you do on fire patrol." The Vikings are surprised to hear this, they didn't realise that they didn't thank both Hiccup and Gobber as much as they should for taking care of everyone's weapons and fixing the towns defences.

Hiccup attempts to jump out of the forge and join them but is then pulled back by Gobber, this time by the scruff of his tunic.

HICCUP: Come on. Let me out, please. I need to make my mark.

GOBBER: Oh, you've made plenty of marks, all in the wrong places.

The Vikings flinched, some memories coming back of previous raids.

HICCUP: Please, two minutes. I'll kill a dragon. My life will get infinitely better. I might even get a date.

Snotlout snorted, about to start mocking again, but stopped when he saw some of the G.M.A.D. glaring at him.

GOBBER: You can't lift a hammer.

"Not true, wouldn't be a useful blacksmith if I couldn't," said Hiccup, getting some laughs.

GOBBER (CONT.): You can't swing an axe.

"I can, just not very well."

GOBBER (CONT.): You can't even throw one of these!

Gobber picks up a bola, which is yanked from his hand and thrown by another Viking, wrapping around a Gronckle, pinning its wings down making it plummet to the ground.

"I can, just not accurately."

HICCUP: OK, fine, but this will throw it for me.

**_Hiccup gestured to the wheelbarrow/barrel contraption, lightly

patting it. Unfortunately, this caused it to spring into action, launching a bola straight into another Vikings head._**

VIKING #9: Uugh!

"Hey! That hurt!" yelled the victim.

"Sorry, it wasn't supposed to fire," apologised Hiccup, getting a "No worries" in return. _That's new. Maybe these guys can change the views of the village after all,_ hoped Hiccup.

GOBBER: See? Now this right here is what I'm talking about!

HICCUP: Mild calibration issue â€|

GOBBER: Don't sh- no, Hiccup! If you ever want to get out there to fight dragons, you need to stop all â€| this.

HICCUP: But you just pointed to all of me.

GOBBER: Yes, that's it! Stop being all of you.

HICCUP:**Oh â€|**

GOBBER: Oh, yes.

**HICCUP: You, sir, are playing a dangerous game. Keeping this much raw Vikingness contained? There will be consequences! **

"There certainly were," said some of the G.M.A.D.

"Just what does that mean?" asked Hiccup, fearing the worst.

"It means that we've seen you when you're older," said Thorong.

"The girls seem to like it," chuckled Wolf.

"NOT LIKE THAT!" yelled the girls. The boys laughed, even Thorong (**A/N: you all thought he couldn't laugh, didn't you**)

GOBBER: I'll take my chances.

Gobber tossed a sword to Hiccup, who caught it in his arms.

The teens were shocked. Hiccup was stronger than he looked.

GOBBER (CONT.): Sword. Sharpen. Now.

Hiccup carried the blade to the grindstone, sparks illuminating his face.

HICCUP (V.O.): One day, I'll get out there. Because killing a dragon is everything around here.

Is that why they slaughter us, thought most of the dragons, growling angrily. The G.M.A.D. and Hiccup went over to them, calming all of them down. The Vikings were amazed, a small group of children, though some didn't look or act it, were able to calm down a huge

amount of dragons with considerable ease.

****_Image goes to a group of Nadders destroying a building and snapping up some stray sheep._****

****HICCUP (V.O. CONT.): A Nadder head is sure to get me at least noticed.****

The Nadders looked annoyed, thinking they could do better than be noticed if they were slain, which they were even annoyed about.

****_Near them are a couple of Gronckles lifting up some fish drying racks full of fish in their jaws._****

****HICCUP (V.O. CONT.): Gronckles are tough. Taking down one of those would definitely get me a girlfriend.****

The Gronckles wondered if they were slain just to get mates, but most were tired so the trail of thought didn't last long.

****_A Zippleback is making quick work of the house behind the Gronckles, gassing through the roof before opening and sparking the door, instantly destroying the building._****

****HICCUP (V.O. CONT.): A Zippleback? Exotic. Two heads, twice the status.****

The Zipplebacks were happy. _Exotic and twice status was good, right?_ Some thought.

****_We then look to a catapult tower which Stoick and a couple of Vikings are manning._****

****VIKING #10: They found the sheep!****

****STOICK: Concentrate fire over the lower bank.****

****VIKING #10: Hurry up! Fire!****

****HICCUP (V.O.): And then there's the Monstrous Nightmare. Only the best Vikings go after those.****

****_Stoick looks over the edge at the walkway below, seeing it surrounded by fire from below._****

****HICCUP (V.O. CONT.): They have this nasty habit of setting themselves on fire.****

****_The walkway is destroyed as the flaming head of a Monstrous Nightmare breaks through the wood easily._****

The Nightmares looked around with pride. _We must be the best if only the best take us on,_ they thought.

****STOICK: Reload! I'll take care of this.****

****_Stoick hits the Nightmare twice with his hammer, dodging an attempt at a bite._****

****HICCUP (V.O.): But the ultimate prize is the dragon is the dragon no one's ever seen.****

****_The Nightmare backs away as Stoick and the other Vikings look to the sky, hearing that all-too-familiar whistling scream._****

Speedstrike and uPaw perked their ears up the sound. Rider and Wolf smiled at the reaction. Hiccup looked happy at seeing his friend in action. The Vikings looked on with fear.

****HICCUP (V.O. CONT.): We call it the â€|****

****VIKING #11: Night Fury!****

****VIKING #12: Get down!****

****_Almost all the Vikings shout and take cover as the Night Fury shot a plasma blast, taking out the catapult Stoick was on._****

****STOICK: Jump! ****

****_All the Vikings on the catapult jump away from the burning wreckage, virtually unharmed._****

****HICCUP (V.O.): This thing never steals food, never shows itself and â€|****

****_The Night Fury (you now who â€| right?) _****_fired another shot, this time at the base of the tower, disarming it for good. Hiccup watched from the forge counter._****

Speedstrike started jumping up and down excitedly.

"What's with your dragon?" asked Astrid, thinking it had gone insane.

"Nothing, he's just happy to see his young bro in action," answered Rider, getting shocked looks from all bar the G.M.A.D.

"Toothless and Speedstrike are brothers?!" asked Hiccup surprised."

"No, she was pulling your leg," replied Kura sarcastically.

Oh no, not another one, thought Astrid, almost groaning in annoyance. It reminded her too much of Hiccup, which reminded her of him beating her, making her agitated.

****HICCUP (V.O. CONT.): â€| never misses. No one has ever killed a Night Fury. That's why I'm going to be the first.****

"No way, it's going to be me," bragged Snotlout. "Hiccup couldn't even hit a dragon." He received some cold stares, some of the Vikings wishing he would just shut up now.

****_Gobber swapped his tool for his axe, clicking it into place as he limped out of the forge._****

****GOBBER: Man the fort, Hiccup. They need me out there.****

****_Gobber** turned to face Hiccup, pointing at him the whole time._**

****GOBBER (CONT.):** Stay. Put. There.**

"Sit. Roll over. Beg," Gobber continued chuckling. Hiccup followed along cheerfully, putting on puppy- dog eyes and begging, making the whole room laugh.

Stoick saw how warm the relationship was between Gobber and Hiccup was, even after Hiccup was banished. _Maybe that's what I should've done when I still had Hiccup,_ thought Stoick. _Maybe then this madness would have never happened._

The teens watched with amazement. They were starting to see a funny, humorous, caring side of Hiccup that they hadn't seen before, wanting to enjoy and be part of it. They wondered what would be like if things had been different and they were friends.

Thorong had a gleam in his eye that the G.M.A.D. saw, wondering what it was for. Answering their questioning looks he said loud enough so only they could hear, Hiccup being oblivious looking astonishingly at the Vikings reactions, "It is working. They are all seeing what Hiccup and the dragons are truly like and are questioning if their actions, what they think and what they believe is right. The hold this evil power has over them is weakening. Soon, they will be free."

****_Hiccup** looked at him with a blank face._**

****GOBBER (CONT.):** You know what I mean.**

****_Gobber** yelled his battle-cry, charging forth into battle. Hiccup grabbed his contraption and ran past the Vikings waiting at the forge._**

****VIKING #13:** Where are you going?**

****HICCUP:** Yeah, I know!**

****VIKING #14:** Get back here, Hiccup!**

****HICCUP:** Be right back!**

"Why did you leave him alone in the forge? You know what usually happens," asked Stoick, annoyed at Gobber for his blindness. Gobber just shrugged.

****_A** group of Nadders had surrounded one of the last groups of sheep that hadn't split or been stolen. Stoick, net in hand, hurled it over the dragons, surprising and trapping them. Stoick jumps on one of the heads, which managed to fire a shot. Stoick clamped the jaw shut and slammed the head onto the ground._**

****STOICK:** Mind yourselves! The devils still have some juice in them!**

The Nadders involved flinched; Stoick sure had a strong grip.

****_Hiccup** wheeled his contraption over to an unlit cliff overlooking an unmanned catapult. Placing it where he wanted to, he transformed it into his bola launcher (looks a bit like a ballista). Once he finished setting it up his eyes scoured the skies for a sign of the Night Fury._**

****HICCUP:** Come on. Give me something to shoot at. Give me something to shoot at.**

****_Squinting,** he was able to make out the outline of the Night Fury as it covered the stars that it flew between. The whistling scream started again, signifying another attack from Toothless. Hiccup took aim at the catapult, waiting for the one chance he had. The plasma blast was shot obliterating the catapult, Toothless' form illuminated by the blast. He trailed the dragon and fired, sending himself into the turf. When he looked up, there was a dragon scream and the outline of Toothless was seen by Hiccup plummeting into the forest._**

The Vikings looked shocked, some jaws actually dropping open. Hiccup actually shot down a Night Fury!

"Seriously, when have I ever lied?" Hiccup asked all of them. The Vikings looked down in guilt, not being able to think of when he had lied intentionally. The only times he did was to protect others from harm.

****HICCUP:** I hit it. Yes, I hit it! Did anybody see that?*

****_A Monstrous Nightmare** snuck up behind Hiccup, alerting him when his contraption was crushed under the claws._**

****HICCUP (CONT.):** Except for you.**

Everyone laughed. Only Hiccup could keep up such sarcasm in the face of danger.

"How can you be so funny?" asked Tuffnut.

"Lots of practice. Helps to hide my feelings," said Hiccup. Most of the Vikings looked sad again, understanding that they were the cause for his torment.

****_Stoick** and his group had managed to tie down the Nadders in the net. Turning around when he heard a scream, he saw Hiccup running away from a Monstrous Nightmare. Stoick ran off to protect his son._**

****STOICK:** Do not let them escape!*

****VIKING #14:** Right!*

****_Hiccup** ran through to the centre of town, a Monstrous Nightmare hot on his tail (_**no punintended**_). The dragon took two shots at Hiccup which he managed to escape before hiding behind the last standing brazier. An intense blast of heat struck the pillar protecting Hiccup, as it finished the pillar was moderately burning completely. Hiccup turned to look around the brazier. The Nightmare snuck around the other way but was tackled by Stoick just before it

got to Hiccup, tuck-and-rolling before landing on his feet. The dragon tried to fry Stoick, resulting in a limp shot._**

STOICK: You're all out.

Stoick struck the Nightmare four times on the head before it flew off. Stoick then turned to the brazier.

HICCUP (V.O.): Oh, and there's one more thing you need to know.

_The base of the brazier collapsed and fell, revealing Hiccup. The brazier fell and rolled down towards the lower levels, causing a lot of damage along the way. _

HICCUP: Sorry, Dad.

The dragons looked at confusion at Hiccup. _Stoick was that child's father?!_

"Yes, I know it's hard to believe," Thorong said to the dragons who looked at him amazed that he understood what they felt and were wondering.

"How can you understand them?" asked Check, the question they all wanted to know.

"I assume it has something to do with the aura powers he has," Skura said.

"Bingo," confirmed Thorong.

The rolling, flaming brazier fell on the net holding the Nadders, the force letting them escape. Some of them used the nets to pick up the sheep, carrying loads more off than usual. All the Vikings could do was watch the dragons escape and glare at Hiccup.

HICCUP: OK, but I hit a Night Fury.

Stoick just grabbed Hiccup and dragged him through the village.

**HICCUP (CONT.): It's not like the last few times, Dad! I mean I really, actually hit it! You guys were busy. I had a very clear shot. It went down off Raven Point. Let's get a search party out there before it â€¦ **

"I'm sorry Hiccup, we'll send a search party out to look for that dragon when we get back," said Stoick with cheers coming from the Vikings, all of them forgetting that he had befriended a Night Fury.

"Don't worry. I did what needed to be done," chuckled Hiccup, the G.M.A.D. along with him. Stoic just beamed at him. _How could they be so stupid!_

STOICK: Stop! Just stop. Every time you step outside, disaster follows. Can you not see that I have bigger problems? Winter is almost here and I have an entire village to feed!

****HICCUP:** Between you and me, the village could do with a little less feeding. Don't you think?******

****STOICK:** This isn't a joke, Hiccup! Why can't you follow the simplest orders?******

****HICCUP:** I-I-I can't stop myself. I see a dragon and I have to just kill it. It's who I am, Dad.******

"No it's not and it never will be," mumbled Hiccup, "I will never kill a dragon."

****STOICK:** You're many things, Hiccup. But a dragon killer is not one of them. Get back to the house. (to Gobber) Make sure he gets there. I have his mess to clean up.******

****_Gobber** hit Hiccup on the back of the head before following him to his house. On the way they passed the teens._******

****TUFFNUT:** Quite the performance.******

****SNOTLOUT:** I've never seen anyone mess up that badly. That helped.******

****HICCUP:** Thank you, thank you. I was trying, so â€|******

****_Gobber** grabbed Snotlout by his helmet and shoved him to the ground. Fishlegs and Ruffnut were just laughing. Astrid was sitting on a ledge, looking at her axe until Hiccup spoke, then looking at him._******

"Why couldn't any of you be nice to Hiccup?!" Night asked the teens, her nerve tweaked again. "Why did you have to make him feel bad?"

"Night, look at Astrid's face in the movie," said Thorong and Skura.

Night and the others looked to see â€| _pity?!_

"Astrid never teased Hiccup or join in when the others picked on him," Skura explained.

"The only thing she did wrong to Hiccup was not doing anything to help him out, whether that meant sticking up for him or going to him afterwards," continued Thorong. "Of course, that was before all the craziness in dragon training."

Astrid managed to hear this and looked upset. She knew what Thorong and Skura said was true, she had never understood why the village hated him the way they did. Sure, he caused a lot of damage during raids and messed up a lot, but she knew he only wanted to help. Looking at this made her feel really guilty. Worrying about her reputation stoped her from helping him. If only she wasn't so stubborn â€|

**As Snotlout got up laughing he looked at Astrid, who just rolled her eyes and started to leave.**

****Gobber** and Hiccup made it to Hiccup's house, Hiccup complaining

about Stoick.**

HICCUP (CONT.): I really did hit one.

GOBBER: Sure, Hiccup.

HICCUP: He never listens.

GOBBER: It runs in the family.

"And just what does that mean?!" both 'father and son' asked.

Gobber looked at Hiccup. "Hmmm, what about these words? Stay. Put. There."

HICCUP: And when he does, it's with this disappointed scowl, like someone skimped on the meat in his sandwich.

Gobber smiled. The rest of the village were in for a treat.

HICCUP (CONT.): **_''_****_Excuse me, barmaid. I'm afraid you brought me the wrong offspring. I ordered an extra-large boy with beefy arms, extra guts and glory on the side. This here, this is a talking fishbone.'_**

The Vikings were torn in two, laughing at the impression of Stoick and yet guilty that they caused him to look at himself like that. Stoick just looks sad. Was that really how Hiccup thought Stoick felt about him? Maybe he should have a talk with him after this was finished.

GOBBER: No, you're thinking about this all wrong. It's not so much what you look like, it's what's inside that he can't stand.

"Was that supposed to help," asked Midnight.

"Oh, don't be like that. It was amazing," Kura said loudly, not bothering to hid her sarcasm.

HICCUP: Thank you for summing that up.

GOBBER: Look, the point is, stop trying so hard to be something you're not.

HICCUP: I just want to be one of you guys.

Hiccup closed the door with Gobber sighing. Gobber then hobbled off before we see Hiccup leaving through the back door of the house, heading for the forest.

"I told you to make sure he got to the house!" yelled Stoick.

"He did. You just didn't say to make sure he stayed there," Skura replied.

* * *

><p>AN: Man this took forever. So I will try to upload as much as I can before I leave, it will be a miracle if I finish it in 7 days. ****_Thanks a lot, school._**

****Like I said before here is a list of the G.M.A.D. members in the story:****

****Thorongil82 (Thor/Thorong), NightFury999 (Night), BerkDragonRider (Rider), DragonGuardian199012 (Guardian),Midnightsky0612 (Midnight), Delta99er5 (Delta),WRMWereWolf6 (Wolf), Changeofheart505 (Kura and Skura) andCheckingdude (Check)****

****If anyone in the story feels they aren't getting used much, I'm sorry and I do try to include everyone equally, so you will probably get a better inclusion in the next chapters.****

****Speaking of which, next chapter: Searching****

****Well, be nice in the review section and fav if you haven't.****

****Farewell, until we meet again!****

4. Searching

****A/N: Sorry guys for the wait, I either couldn't get access to the internet or I was irritated with school and soccer and didn't want to write in case it started to affect the story.****

****I think I need to explain a couple of things to the guest known as Angela. First of all, the ridiculous amount of OC's can fall on me as i didn't really set a limit and just stopped it when i thought it was getting too big. It probably is too many characters for this kind of story, though i don't actually own any of the characters in the fic apart from my own and Storm. Secondly, the part of picking on Snotlout for teasing Hiccup happens a hell of a lot in these fics. As for your third point, the "ridiculously long and unpronounceable names" are the actual titles of the characters in the G.M.A.D. For the readers convenience, we only use it to introduce each other before resorting to nicknames. And finally, I agree that Hiccup usually would knock off most remarks with his sarcasm. However, he had been through a lot over the course of that day, being disowned, branded a traitor and almost having his best friend killed in front of his eyes. At some stage his internal fortitude is going to brake and I'd think that someone taking a stab at his mum would do that. Apart from that, thanks for expressing interest and for your idea, I will probably use it or something similar to it.****

****Anyway, thanks for everyone's continued support on the story. I will be leaving to catch my plane Wednesday 4:00 AM AEST. I will upload as many chapters as possible before I leave. When I'm in New Zealand I will continue writing the story and upload if I can, if not then uploads will continue when I return.****

****Please be nice in the reviews, constructive criticism welcome.****

****Enjoy!****

****Disclaimer: I do not own ****_How to Train Your Dragon _****or any of the characters in the story, apart from Thorongil82 and Storm (been forgetting to do these)****

* * *

><p>Chapter 4: Searching**

The image changes to inside the Great Hall, looking upon a giant model of a golden dragon with a sword through its stomach hanging from the roof, before taking an overlook of the large group of Vikings listening to Stoick.

STOICK: Either we finish them or they'll finish us! It's the only way we'll be rid of them.

"There were too many dragons in your time for you to be rid of them all by taking out one nest," pointed out Thorong. "There's a whole world out there that you know nothing about; people, dragons, lands, so many things."

"How is that you know this?" inquired Fishlegs, his curiosity for knowledge sparked.

"The G.M.A.D. is an international group, meaning that we have people all over the world. Our travels, whether in a group or solo, have let us travel to many different places. So we get to experience many different places and things," elaborated Guardian.

Stoick glared at the nautical map, showing Berk and the surrounding areas, before grabbing a large dagger.

STOICK: If we find the nest and destroy it the dragons will leave. They'll find another home!

"Yep, they'll choose Berk," said Midnight.

"Why would they choose Berk?" asked Astrid, perplexed.

"Berk is the largest island in the general area. They would at least go there for a rest. However, if they attacked Berk then there would be bloodshed that has only been seen a few times before, at least in war," explained Night.

He stabs it into the foggy areas of the map, intertwined by dragons, in the top left corner of the map, Helheim's Gate.

STOICK: One more search before the ice sets in.

VIKING #1: Those ships never come back.

"Of course they don't," said Rider, sarcastically.

"You just have burnt, destroyed ships you have to repair from fishing trips," added Skura, adding more sarcasm.

_Three?! Three sarcastic people?! _Astrid thought bewildered. _Why do these people have to torment me into thinking about Hiccup?_

"You look stressed, Astrid," cooed Snotlout, flexing his muscles. "Why don't you let yourself be held by this strong, burly arms?"

Snotlout proceeds to kissing his muscles, making Astrid, Ruffnut and the girls gag.

"For someone who's so strong you sure get beaten up easily by girls," replied Wolf, getting laughs from the dragons, most of the Vikings, the exception being a few of the female ones, and the boys, apart from Thorong who chuckled for a bit not at what was said, but because of how the girls were going to react.

While Snotlout fumed, Astrid, Ruffnut and the girls turned and glared at Wolf, making him move back a bit.

"What are you trying to say?!" asked Night.

"Do you think just because we're girls that it doesn't mean we're strong?!" Astrid said, a dangerous tone in her voice.

"No, no. I didn't mean that. I know that you guys are strong. It's just-"

"We're just what?!" Ruffnut shouted, daring him Wolf to continue.

"Umm â€¦" tried Wolf, unable to think of a reason. "Guys?"

"Don't drag us into this," laughed Delta, leaning back.

"Yeah, you were the one that said it," added Check, doing the same. Both were enjoying the show.

"I'd start running if I were you," said Thorong seemingly uninterested, inspecting the hilt of his 'lightning sword', the smirk on his face saying otherwise.

"Yeah â€¦ you're probably right," said Wolf, sounding a bit scared. The group of girls (including Astrid and Ruffnut) starting going towards him. "uPaw?" he asked his dragon, hoping he would help. The Night Fury was lying down, pretending to sleep. He looked at his rider lazily with one eye, before closing it and making himself more comfortable.

"Thank you for nothing, you useless dragon," Wolf said bluntly, before looking at the girls. They started running at him. Wolf yelled in fear before turning tail and running, the group chasing after him.

"You can go around and talk, they'll be back in a bit," said Thorong.

The Vikings instantly wander over in groups, Stoick heading over to speak with the other elders and members of the council wanting to debate the recent turn of events. The teens went into their little group, other groups forming. The dragons either growl or coo to each other, or lie down, trying to get some rest. Gobber comes over to Hiccup and the remaining members, Check, Delta and Thorong, who were in their own conversation.

"Excuse me lads," started Gobber, getting their attention. "I was wondering if it is okay for me to come and talk to Hiccup, you did

say that we couldn't come over unless one of you said so."

"It's fine Gobber," smiled Thorong. "I never had a problem with you coming over. I just needed to seem fair to everyone else, otherwise there would've been some disputes," he added, getting agreeing nods from Check and Delta.

"You were the only person in the village that was kind to him after Valka disappeared," added Delta.

"Thank ye lads," said Gobber grateful.

"Of course, it also depends on Hiccup," said Check.

"Why would I say no?" asked Hiccup, grinning.

He and Gobber went aside, Gobber's arm around Hiccup, talking about what they had seen so far.

"How do you think Wolf will get out of this?" asked Delta to the other two, chuckling.

"Ten silver pieces say they catch him," answered Check.

"I'll take that bet, plus an extra five if he jumps of the cliff to get away," replied Thorong, chuckling. It was the sort of thing Wolf would do, he likes doing dangerous, stupid stuff.

"You're on, Thor!" agreed Check, a glint in his eyes.

* * *

><p>A few minutes later the girls walked back into the room, most had looks that ranged from annoyed to angry. Kura was just singing to herself, not overly concerned. Another minute later Wolf staggered in, drenched, and leant up against the wall, trying to catch his breath."<p>

"So, what happened?" asked Hiccup. The Vikings were starting to take their seats.

"He managed to get away," answered Astrid, one of the angriest looking of the girls.

"I should've thought he would do that," said Night, annoyed.

"What did he do?" asked Stoick.

"Jumped â€| of â€| the â€| cliff," puffed Wolf.

"Damn it!" shouted Check, handing fifteen silver pieces to Thorong.

"You made a bet on that?!" yelled Rider, ludicrously.

"Check said ten pieces that you would catch him. I knew that Wolf was fast so I challenged him, adding an extra five for if he jumped off the cliff. It was the sought of thing he would do," explained Thorong seemingly calm, almost waiting for if they came at him next. Instead they all just took their seats.

"Next time you won't be so lucky," threatened Astrid.

"Meh, the chase was good though," replied Ruffnut, now looking content.

"Remind me never to do that again," huffed Wolf, taking his seat with uPaw.

"It'll happen anyway. Besides it was funny to watch you leg it out of here," said Delta, grinning. A few of the Vikings and dragons laughed. It was a sight to see.

"Now that that's been dealt with," said Thorong. "Shall we continue?"

Everyone settles down and turns back to the screen.

****STOICK:** We're Vikings. It's an occupational hazard. Now who's with me?!******

****_The Vikings are reluctant to venture out, hands on the back of their necks. Too vividly do they remember what happens when they venture into the gate and are lost in the fog. All have lost someone close to them in the gate, whether it be a family member or close friend. They fear the gate, one of the few things on Earth that can break their spirit._****

****VIKING #2:** Count me out.******

****VIKING #3:** Today's not good for me.******

****VIKING #4:** I have to do my axe returns.******

"Cowards!" shouted Rider, getting laughs from the dragons and G.M.A.D.

****_Stoick doesn't look concerned, a plan ready just in case._****

****STOICK:** All right. Those who stay will look after Hiccup.******

****_That got them enthused, no one wanting to face that task._****

"So that's how you get so many people on your ventures. What did I do to deserve this?!" yelled Hiccup.

"Umm æ| destroy the village, ruin the raids, is a hassle for everyone, do I need to go on?" tormented Snotlout, getting a few nods from some Vikings. He started to laugh, but was stopped by an arrow that glanced off his helmet, the force of it knocking him off his chair. They all turn to see Night with her bow in hand, another arrow already notched to fly straight at Snotlout.

"You say another thing like that and I won't miss your body," said Night sternly. They could all see she was serious. Snotlout sat down and shut his mouth, facing the screen. Hiccup looked at Night then the rest of the group in gratitude. No one had ever stood up for him after his mother left and here was people that were defending him

without a second thought.

****VIKING #5: To the ships!****

****SPITELOUT: I'm with you, Stoick!****

****STOICK: That's more like it.****

****_Stoick chose from the willing (or unwilling, depends on how you look at it) the Vikings that were coming on the journey, some had to stay to protect the village and look after the children. All the Vikings start to file out of the hall and go home, most to prepare for the voyage. Soon it was just Gobber and Stoick left, sitting by the roaring fire in the centre of the hall._****

****GOBBER: Right. I'll pack my undies.****

"Thanks for that image, Gobber," said Midnight. Gobber just shrugged.

****_Gobber started to rise, taking another drink from his mug hand. Stoick had other plans._****

****STOICK: No, I need you to stay and train some new recruits.****

****GOBBER: Oh, perfect. And, while I'm busy, Hiccup can cover the stall. Molten steel, razor sharp blades, lots of time to himself. What could ****_possibly_**** go wrong? ****

"I'm not _that_ bad," complained Hiccup.

"I didn't mean it like that," explained Gobber.

****_Stoick seems irritated, burdened, yet unsure._****

****STOICK: What am I going to do with him, Gobber?****

****GOBBER: Put him in training with the others.****

"So I'm there because of you," accused Hiccup.

"I thought it was better if you learnt about dragons and how to fight sooner rather than later," said Gobber. "Anyway, apart from the first two sessions, you were fantastic."

If only you knew, thought Hiccup, before he realized something._ Wait, if this is about me and Toothless, then they are going to find out everything. _Hiccup began to panic, before feeling an arm on his shoulder.

"Yes, they are going to find out," said Thorong, loud enough only for him to hear, "but that doesn't mean that they are going to hurt you for it. Just wait and they will all know the potential that you have." Thorong went back to his slab, leaving Hiccup perplexed.

****STOICK: No, I'm serious.****

****GOBBER: So am I. ****

****STOICK:** He'd be killed before you let the first dragon out of its cage.**

"Great to know you have confidence in your son," Skura said sarcastically.

****GOBBER:** Oh, you don't know that.**

****_Gobber** brushes Stoick's comment away with his hand._**

****STOICK:** I do, actually.**

****GOBBER:** No, you don't.**

****STOICK:** No, actually I do.**

****GOBBER:** No, you don't!**

****STOICK:** Listen. You know what he's like. From the time he could crawl he's been â€| different.**

"Everyone's different," said Guardian.

****_Stoick** stands up, feeling he needs to walk around else he get too angry. Gobber just rolls his eyes and shakes his head. _****STOICK: He doesn't listen. He has the attention span of a sparrow. I take him fishing and he goes hunting for â€" for trolls!**

"Trolls exist!" began Hiccup. "They still your socks. But only the left ones. What's with that?" This left the G.M.A.D. chuckling and the Vikings intrigued.

****_Gobber** takes a drink out of his mug and his makeshift stone tooth pops out of his jaw, into the mug. He then spins around, pointing at Stoick with his mug._**

****GOBBER:** Trolls exist. They steal your socks. But only the left ones. What's with that?**

****_Stoick** sighs and latches onto one of his memories._**

****STOICK:** When I was a boy â€| **

"Oh, here we go," moaned Hiccup.

****GOBBER:** Oh, here we go.**

****STOICK:** â€| my father told me to bang my head against a rock and I did it. I thought I was crazy, but I didn't question him. And you know what happened?**

"You got a headache" said Hiccup.

****GOBBER:** You got a headache.**

This time everyone laughed. Hiccup and Gobber sure thought alike.

****_Gobber** manages to get his tooth back out in his hand and tap it

back into place in the bottom of his appendage, running his tongue along it to make sure it doesn't come out._**

**STOICK: That rock split in two. It taught me what a Viking could do, Gobber. He could crush mountains, level forests, tame seas!
**

"Only a Whispering Death can crush mountains â€|" began Hiccup.

"You haven't seen what a Screaming Death can do yet," muttered Thorong.

"â€| and only a Timberjack can level forests," Hiccup continued. "I don't know any dragon that can tame the seas though."

"That, for the moment, is a power reserved for the gods themselves," said Night.

STOICK: Even as a boy, I knew what I was, what I had to become. Hiccup is not that boy.

"Of course not. I'm not you," said Hiccup. "And I never will be."

Stoick sat back down, looking and sounding disappointed.

GOBBER: You can't stop him, Stoick. You can only prepare him.

**Stoick looks at Gobber, slightly confused, yet interested at what he has to say.**

GOBBER (CONT.): I know it seems hopeless, but you won't always be around to protect him. He's going to get out there again. He's probably out there now.

**Stoick looks at his feet, his eyes showing him debating with himself about what he should do.**

* * *

><p>The scene changes to a panning bird's eye view of the mountainous terrain in the forest, before transforming into a map of the terrain, a trajectory line and littered with crosses in different places. It then goes to Hiccup, looking down at his book in hand, charcoal pencil in the other. He closes his eyes and holds a breath in hope. He opens his eyes, releasing his breath in a sigh, the area clear of the Night Fury, or signs of any dragon for that matter. Hiccup looks down and marks another cross on the map in his book, another failed location. Hiccup scribbles all over the page in frustration, before putting his pencil in the book and slamming it shut._

"Good job, Hiccup. That book won't hurt anyone ever again," joked Guardian, getting laughs from all.

HICCUP: Oh, the gods hate me. Some people lose their knife or their mug. Not me. I manage to lose an entire dragon.

**Hiccup swats away a branch in front of him, angry, before it 'returns the favour', hitting his face.**

A lot of Vikings laugh at this while Hiccup looks embarrassed.

"Only you could make an innocent tree turn into a weapon," teased Astrid, laughing. Hiccup looked hurt before realising something. Astrid didn't make it sound like a bad thing.

_It sounded like she said it in good nature, _realised Hiccup, looking at her before she turned away. For the brief time that he saw her he couldn't see anything mocking him in her face. She seemed genuinely happy, laughing and teasing in a nice way, a kind smile on her face. What he didn't see was a slight blush on Astrid's face as she turned around, looking away so he wouldn't see, nor anyone else.

What's happening to me?, thought Astrid, confused. _I'm not supposed to be laughing or smiling, especially when it comes to Hiccup. He may be kind and funny and try to fit in â€| No! Don't be like that, he befriended a dragon of all things. They were right before though, I should've been there and helped him when Snotlout and the others looked at him. Things might've been different then â€| Astrid! He beat you in dragon training and shamed you in front of the whole village. Don't be like that â€| But he is so different, not like the others, the way he smiles and his forest green eyes make him look kinda cu- DON'T EVEN THINK ABOUT IT, ASTRID!_

Astrid's thoughts were fighting against her, staging all-out war. For her, no one noticed due to her calm, proud outer composure. No one, that is, except for Thorong, being able to sense her distress quite easily due to the magnitude of the conflict.

_Seems like whoever, or whatever, did this has finally realised their grip failing. They are trying to regain their foothold and continue with their plan, _thought Thorong, looking slightly concerned. No one noticed though, due to them either laughing at Hiccup and the branch or laughing at Astrid's remark.

**Hiccup looks up in anger to look at the standing tree, or so he thought. Instead he sees the tree struck down, snapped quite low down **(in comparison to the tree's height, not the position of the trunk to the ground)**_, fallen over a hill that has a large groove leading from the tree struck out by something.**_

The laughter stopped then, replaced by concern and fear over whatever caused such a thing. What they did know, was that it was big.

**He follows the groove, touching a large raised tree root along the way, up to the hill and looks over. He sees a dark dragon and quickly hides away.**

The Vikings and dragons gasp; the Vikings because they were actually scared for Hiccup, How could he deal with a usual dragon, let alone a Night Fury. The dragons gasped in fear for the Night Fury, not knowing what would happen, or what it was doing right now. None of them had seen him since he had disappeared with the Shock Fury. _Whatever happens, it better not be bad,_ thought the dragons. He was vital in the raids, they never had too many casualties when a Night Fury was involved, and he was the only one they had in a long

time.

**He then grabs his dagger and looks over again to get a better look. The Night Fury is tied up in the bola cords, tangled badly. Hiccup approaches, using a large nearby stone as a form of cover. Peeking around the dragon seems dead; no movement, eyes closed, no sounds of breathing.**

The Vikings were getting excited. This was Hiccup's big chance to prove he was one of them, that he was a dragon slayer.

HICCUP: Oh, wow. I did it. Oh, I did it. This fixes everything! Yes! I have brought down this mighty beast!

**Hiccup puts his foot on the Night Fury's leg, striking a victorious pose. The dragon feels this, shaking his arm and moaning at the contact. Hiccup falls to the ground from losing his balance, before getting up again and pointing his dagger at its body. He takes a look at its face, sharp eyes of green taking in Hiccup. Hiccup loosens himself, rolling his shoulders and prepares to thrust the blade into the dragon.**

HICCUP: I'm going to kill you, dragon. Then I'm â€" then I'm going to cut out your heart and take it to my father. I'm a Viking. I'm a Viking!

The Vikings cheered at this, waiting for the end. Stoick beamed. _If he does this know, then all could be forgiven and we can end this madness. This must've been what those 'dragon riders' _(this he thought with disgust) _were talking about. Once the dragon is dead, my son returns._

The dragons watched on disappointed. They thought that Hiccup was different, that he, at least, could connect the two species, at the very least sparking the downfall of the Queen. _Looks like he wasn't what we thought he was. He's just like his father, stubborn and a murderer._

Hiccup is looking at his feet. He raised the hopes of everyone, Vikings and dragons alike, and what was about to happen would shatter ones while reforging the now broken remains of the other. He prepared for the torrent of insults and curses about to be sent his way.

**The dragon moans, raising its head to look at Hiccup. Hiccup looks back at him before turning back, raising his dagger above his head. The Night Fury's huffed breathing quickens slightly. Hiccup takes another look at the dragon, its eyes fearful. **

Gobber now looks on with understanding. "Hiccup won't kill that dragon," he said. The other Vikings shook this comment off, believing that Gobber had either lost his mind or was joking.

**Hiccup loses his composure before regaining it, closing his eyes so he doesn't have to see the fear and familiarity looking back at him. The dragon closed his eyes and drops his head to the ground giving a defeated growl, accepting death. **

The Vikings were getting impatient now. The dragon had even given up and laid down to die, which had surprised them at the time, so all

Hiccup has to do is plunge the blade down.

**Hiccup gives one final push to try and drive the blade home, but then lowers it on his head in defeat. He cannot kill the Night Fury. He takes a few steps back, turning to the village.**

HICCUP: I did this.

The Vikings look bewildered, their rage at Hiccup from the start of the day building up again. The dragons looked up in hope, mentally slapping themselves for giving up on him so easily.

**He turns back, looking at the trapped dragon. A few huffed, ragged breaths escape the creature. Hiccup looks down in shame and defeat.**

**The dragon's eyes shoot wide open, glancing back at the cutting sounds. Hiccup had grabbed his dagger and was cutting the ropes apart to set it free. One of the ropes broke and he proceeded to cut another. **

_What is he doing?, _thought Stoick angrily. His son- no, _Hiccup,_ had not killed the beast when it had lain down to die and was now trying to cut it free. He could've at least gone to the village and got us, he still would've gained recognition and status as the first Viking to bring down a Night Fury.

**The back legs of the dragon moved slightly, shrugging of a couple, subtly enough not to be noticed by Hiccup. The second rope is cut. Fast as lightning the Night Fury reacts, grabbing Hiccup and pinning him against the ground and rock.**

All the Vikings jump at this, amazed that the Night Fury could even move on the ground with such speed and precision. Even though they were starting to get angry again at Hiccup, except for Gobber and some others that were convinced (still a minority), they feared for his life. How was he going to get out of this one?

** Hiccup looks up frightened, gazing into those sharp green eyes, no longer scared and observing but powerful and furious. Hiccup seems smaller, looking up in fear and desperation, almost identical to how the dragon looked before. It growls, baring his teeth and rising up, looking like it's about to strike.**

The Vikings close their eyes, waiting for the end. The dragons look on eyes wide open, this is not how he usually acts. He wouldn't strike down the person who freed him, even if he did shoot him down. Hiccup just keeps looking at his feet, wondering if hearing the roar again would hurt his ears like last time.

**The Night Fury bends down and gives an ear-splitting roar, before leaping away, Hiccup looking on in surprise. The dragon tries to fly away and does so, badly, hitting some rocks and cliff walls before disappearing from sight, roaring all the way.**

The Vikings and dragons are surprised, the Vikings at how the Night Fury didn't kill Hiccup, let alone injure him. Both were surprised at how badly the Night Fury flew away, clumsily and uncoordinated. The dragons then looked fearful, reaching a possible conclusion. _What if his tailfins have been knocked off when he was shot down?_

"Gobber?" asked Astrid, looking at him. "How did you know that Hiccup wouldn't kill the dragon?" Other Vikings and dragons looked over curiously as well, wanting to know the answer.

"I knew he wouldn't, lass, because the look that the dragon gave him was the same that crosses Hiccup's face every time Snotlout or the visiting village boys go to beat him up," answered Gobber. A lot of people looked down at this, understanding that they could've prevented all of this.

**Hiccup puffs out sigh of relief, slumping further down the rock, if that was possible, before picking up his dagger and getting to his feet. Taking one last look towards where the dragon disappeared he turned around, walking toward the village. He only managed five steps before giving out a strange sound and fainting on the spot, facing downwards.**

"HOW COULD YOU POSSIBLY BE SO USELESS?!" yelled Stoick. "THAT DRAGONS WAS AS GOOD AS DEAD AND YOU COULDN'T KILL IT THEN, YOU COULDN'T EVEN GET ONE OF US TO COME AND KILL IT! INSTEAD YOU HAD TO LET IT FREE! I REGRET NOT DISOWNING YOU SOONER!"

Tears started to form in Hiccup's eyes again, the words being yelled by Stoick striking at his heart like Snotlout's did when he said his mum ran away because of him. Stoick was marching over towards him with a few of the others, ready to hurt Hiccup as much as possible, regardless of probably having to face all ten of the G.M.A.D. members to do so, the anger blinding them to the consequences.

The teens had mixed reactions. Fishlegs quickly looked away, not wanting to see anyone get hurt. He never really hated Hiccup, it was just that whenever he tried to be friendly to him other people, whether it be Snotlout or kids from visiting tribes, would either prevent him from doing so or pick on him for tying. The twins looked on excitedly, knowing that if the G.M.A.D. brawled with the Vikings, especially those of a similar calibre to Stoick, there would be some serious damage to people and area.

Snotlout was watching this gleefully, if they were able to end Hiccup now, then Snotlout would be guaranteed the position of heir to the tribe. There was already talk of making him the heir before this fiasco and the disowning and marking of Hiccup as a traitor put Snotlout as the leading contender, but there had always been a chance that Hiccup could redeem himself. Then, when he was heir, he could take any woman he wanted to be his wife, which meant Astrid.

Astrid had her eyes wide open with shock over what just transpired. She couldn't believe that Hiccup had let the dragon go, yet it wasn't that big a surprise since when Hiccup fought in the arena he never seemed to harm the dragons and that Gobber said he wouldn't, Gobber being one of the more trustworthy people on the island. She was just as angry as the other Vikings, yet she felt she should go over and comfort Hiccup, letting him know that it would all be ok, but she was scared at what they would all think, what her parents would think, if she went over and comforted the traitor and outcast of the village. Her reputation would be shattered and she would most likely be accused of siding with a traitor, losing the respect and fear that she had built around her. She also didn't know if the G.M.A.D. would let her over to see him, seeing as they said that they needed their

permission to go and talk to Hiccup and they had only let Gobber over so far. All she could do was watch on, hoping that something would come and save him from this nightmare.

Hiccups tears hadn't come loose yet, though they were close to. Most of the G.M.A.D. stood up, ready to protect Hiccup, revealing their weapons if they desperately needed to use them. Night strung her bow, placing an arrow on the string, Delta, Kura and Skura following suit. Rider, Wolf, Guardian and Midnight drew their swords (Midnight drew forth two, not one). Check drew forth his blade staff of shadow. Thorong just stayed sitting down, to the surprise of everyone, those about to fight quickly shacking it off.

As the front Vikings went into fight a plasma bolt was fired from above, striking the ground in front and throwing them back. From above Toothless landed in between both sides. His wings were raised and teeth bared, eyes like when he had Hiccup pinned, daring them to come closer growling aggressively. The Vikings were stunned to see the dragon come from nowhere and straightaway defending the children, without a second thought. The dragons gave a hearty roar, happy to see their powerful friend again, and in action no less.

The Vikings were ready to fight again, albeit more warily this time. Now that the devil that they wanted dead from the start was here, they could finish it off now. They started moving forwards again, stopping in fear when a mighty roar sounded around the room. Most had to cover their ears with their hands in order to block out the worst of it. Looking up to the source of the sound, they saw lightning crackling around a rocky ledge before, wrapped in electricity, another dragon leapt down, zigzagging like a thunderbolt across the ledges on the way down. As it hit the ground, the electricity spread out like a shockwave towards the Vikings, some remaining energy jumping from spike-to-spike, electric blue eyes giving a look that paralysed the Vikings in their spots. Storm had arrived, not growling like Toothless but still exerting a powerful and menacing aura, protecting the others while daring those that wanted to cause harm to come closer.

Even after this some Vikings still wanted to fight, though most had backed down, 'noticing' that they couldn't win. Thorong saw this and gave a small sigh, before getting to his feet.

"Hiccup sure was right," he said, his words aimed at those who still wanted to fight, Stoick being one of them. "You do have stubbornness issues." Amidst the tension a small chuckle escaped the dragons and a couple of the G.M.A.D. "I was hoping to avoid bloodshed, but if you feel lucky enough to deal with my dragon, let alone the G.M.A.D. members here and their dragons, then you'll have to deal with me too."

Thorong grabbed the hilt of the sword along his back. As it came free the blade ignited in a fierce flame, swirling between blue, orange, yellow and white, hot and bright as dragon fire. He spun the sword in his left hand before flicking and slashing it in front and around his body creating a small fire storm in front of Toothless and Storm, making the Vikings take a few steps back. He then drew forth the lightning sword in his right, electricity crackling furiously along the blade. He placed the edge of the lightning blade on his right shoulder, not reacting to the electricity, while pointing the fire blade towards the centre Viking, who just happened to be Stoick. The

fiery light cast his facial features in and out of flickering shadows, making most of the Vikings fearful, a few braver (or more stubborn) Vikings intimidated. He didn't look angry, more like determined, the look in his eye giving an unbearable glare. "You have one last chance. Back down now."

Finally, those that wanted to fight realised that they had no chance and sat back down. The G.M.A.D. lowered and sheathed their weapons taking their places beside their dragons. Thorong sheathed his lightning blade, but with his fire blade he controlled the fire, making it leap off the blade which was red hot, and making it swirl around the blade before entering the red diamond in the hilt, transforming into energy and being absorbed. Once the flame had all been absorbed he sheathed the blade. Hiccup looked closely at the gem and realised two things. The first was that the gem would flicker every now and then like it was on fire. The second was that the hilt design was like a dragon wrapped around something like a pole, the dragon's head at the top of the hilt. The red diamond was situated in the open mouth of the dragon, making it look like it was going to shoot a fireball.

* * *

><p>Thorong walked to the front of the room so everyone could see him. Toothless and Storm were still standing in between the G.M.A.D. and the Vikings, ready to prevent anyone crossing over to attack the other group. Once all eyes were on Thorong he began to speak, once more in his calm, walked to the front of the room so everyone could see him. Toothless and Storm were still standing in between all eyes were on Thorong he began to speak, once more in his calm yet powerful tone and composure.<p>

"Due to that untimely feud, we are going to have an unscheduled break for about 15 minutes," he announced. "This will allow any angry people and dragons," he glanced towards the G.M.A.D. and the Vikings, "to soothe their anger, so we can let calmer heads prevail. There will be drinks, nothing alcoholic (there were groans at this), out at the back of the room. Raw fish for the dragons will be in the front corner near where they entered the room, and there will be roast boar, yak and mutton will be at the other front corner for the Vikings. In front will be some delicacies for the G.M.A.D. that they are familiar to. You will be allowed to wander into the rooms you were both brought into, but no one is allowed to enter the lair, and no fighting each other. Understand?"

A variation of agreeing nods, roars, shouts and words were given. In a flash of light three large tables appeared for the drinks, Vikings and G.M.A.D. Some small wooden pools appeared as well, some holding water for the dragons, others holding fish. As Thorong stood down everyone went off in their own little groups, some going for the refreshments, some just stretching their legs and others going into conversation. Storm wandered over to Thorong who was met with a couple of comforting words and a gentle scratch under the chin and ear. Storm didn't purr like the other dragons but was pleased nonetheless, even if the only signs were his closed eyes and him rubbing up against his rider a little bit.

Toothless bounded over to Hiccup and began licking him, despite the protests and complaints put forth by the boy. Many of the Vikings, dragons and G.M.A.D. laughed at the happy reunion. When Hiccup was

finally allowed to rise Toothless smiled his trademark gummy-smile.

"It's good to see you too, bud," said Hiccup, scratching Toothless under the chin who purred in response. "Where have you been? It wasn't really the same without you next to me."

"I'm afraid that's my fault," said Thorong, walking up to him with Storm by his side. "I asked Storm and Toothless to watch on from that ledge above â€|" he pointed up to the spot that Toothless and Storm leapt from, "â€| so that they would be able to watch over you and come down if there was something that could seriously endanger you and everyone in the room, such as the fight that almost happened. I thought it would help settle them down more if Toothless couldn't be seen."

"So that's what you were doing, hey Toothless?" Hiccup said, getting a confirming coo from the dragon. He then turned to Thorong, eyeing his swords. "Those are some impressive weapons." Thorong chuckled.

"Yes, they are. I'm guessing you want to know more about them, like how they were made and their properties?" Hiccup nods at this, his eyes sparkling with opportunity and wonder.

Thorong smiled at his reaction. "I admire your enthusiasm but it will have to wait until the next break, only because I'd say Gobber would want to know as well. At the moment he seems a bit preoccupied."

Thorong and Hiccup look over at Gobber who is surrounded by Vikings wanting to know more about Hiccup, at least the side they've seen on the screen. Hiccup's eyes stray over to the right a bit and fall upon a heated conversation between Night, Rider and Astrid, who looked like she was â€| _pleading?!_

Astrid wouldn't be pleading unless she desperately wanted something. What could it be?

Thorong saw the exchange as well. "Oh no, I better go sort this out."

* * *

><p>Astrid was starting to move over to Hiccup, wanting to talk to him about what had happened. She saw him with Thorong and thought that she could convince him to let her be with Hiccup for a bit. She knew that his rule of no going to Hiccup without the G.M.A.D's content was still up, so she would need to talk to him if she didn't want to be in Snotlout's position. She started to make her way over to them but was stopped halfway by Night and Rider.<p>

"Where do you think you're going?" asked Night.

"I just want to talk to Hiccup," answered Astrid.

"Why would he want to talk to you?" asked Rider. "You're the one who got everyone into this mess."

"I didn't know," replied Astrid, looking upset. "I didn't know what

was happening to Hiccup."

"And why was that?" asked Rider, starting to mock her.

"Be-because â€¦ I-I just-" Astrid stuttered, stepping back. She wasn't expecting this from the two girls.

"Because you were too stubborn," answered Night. "You were so caught up in your reputation and glory that you were oblivious to what he was trying to show you."

"Please, just let me talk to him," pleaded Astrid. "I want to apologise. I can't believe that I was blind to him. I want to make it up, just let me go to him."

"Why should we?" asked Rider, tauntingly. "You took no notice of him when he was around, pretended he wasn't even there."

"That's not true-" started Astrid.

"That's enough," said Thorong, making all three jump. "Night, Rider, please leave this to me."

"If that's what you want, Thor," said Rider, she and Night parting to let him stand in front of Astrid.

"Please, I need to talk with Hiccup," said Astrid. "I just want to apologise. I don't care if he forgives me or not. I just want to tell him."

"I know," said Thorong, "and I can tell that Hiccup would be happy to hear it. So I would allow it-"

"What?! Why would you accept her like that?" exclaimed Rider. "You're not making any sense, Thor!"

"Can you let me finish?" asked Thorong. "As I was saying, I would allow you to talk to Hiccup, if it wasn't for the fact that this power is still fighting strong within you right now."

Astrid understood, her mind was still fighting to comprehend what was happening.

"So for now I would say wait for a bit. It's not that I don't trust you, Astrid. It's just that I want to make sure you don't get taken over while you're with him, I'm just trying to protect him."

"Ok," Astrid said quietly, nodding in understanding.

"Good. Now I think the teens are looking for you," Thorong said, gesturing to the group. "Better go before they get suspicious."

"I will. Thank you, Thor," Astrid quickly ran over to the teens, making up an excuse for not being with them.

"You're way too trusting, Thor," said Rider. "How do you know that she can be trusted?"

"If you would get rid of your anger at her, you would see a different side to her that you will never expect," Thorong said, before walking

to one of the ledges outside one of the rooms. Night followed him, while Rider went to the rest of the G.M.A.D.

* * *

><p>"You have a lot of explaining to do," said Night as she and Thorong stood out in the open air, a slight breeze blowing around them. Neither one was looking at each other, instead taking in the magnificent view in front of them. "I thought you said that they were fighting the power and that it shouldn't take long."<p>

"I may have cut out some parts," said Thorong. "The Vikings were fighting the power strongly because whoever, or whatever, did this was unaware of the situation. Once it became aware of its failing grip, that task became more difficult. That led to the outburst and near scuffle before. Those with more internal fortitude should be able to break out easily, while those without will struggle along with the ones that were greatly affected, like Stoick and Astrid."

"So how can we stop this from happening?"

"We need to try and prevent any other skirmishes. Apart from that, we just have to let them fight this on their own. Hopefully they will break free when the movie explains more and more what happened. Then they will be free, though we must be ready in case this power decides to strike at us."

"I feel like you're still not telling us everything." Night looked at him, her face slightly concerned. Thorong turns to look at her, giving her a reassuring smile.

"All I've told you is what you needed to know at the time," Thorong said, turning back to the lair. "Anymore and things start to become complicated."

Night pondered her concerns and Thorong's words for a few minutes before heading back into the lair.

Soon everyone was back in their seats. Hiccup and Toothless spent most of their time with the dragons, befriending more and having a lot of fun, more than Stoick had ever seen. The Vikings mainly stood in groups, either conversing or enjoying the refreshments. The G.M.A.D. were either talking amongst themselves, playing with the dragons or talking to some of the Vikings that weren't afraid of them.

Thorong stood at the front of the room, ready to speak. Everyone finished with their conversations and all eyes fell upon him, Storm by his side.

"Well then, it sounds like everyone is cheerful and happy again."

Most of the room agreed to this by roaring, cheering or raising their mugs. A small group of Vikings still were angry, at different levels. Thorong stayed quiet until they settled down.

"I'm glad to hear it. Now, unfortunately I have to remove the refreshments." He motioned with his hands, making the tables, pools,

barrels and mugs in Vikings' hands vanish, to the groans of many.
"Don't worry, there is going to be a break later on. This was just to allow everyone to calm down. So now, without further ado, let's continue with the movie."

Thorong sat down with Storm on his stone slab as the screen flickered back to life.

* * *

><p>AN: So there you go, I hope you like it.**

Sorry if it is a bit sloppy, part of this started going all over the place.

If things go according to plan there will be two chapters tomorrow. If not, then just the one.

To the G.M.A.D. members in this story, if the weapons I said you have is different to what you want, just PM me and I will rectify it later.

Please review and fav if you haven't, constructive criticism is welcome.

Next chapter: Welcome to Dragon Training!

See ya tomorrow!

5. Welcome to Dragon Training!

A/N: Now, for a limited time! 2 chapters for the price of 1 :)

Anyway, you guys surprised me. Not even a day after the previous upload did I check how the progress was going. 14 more reviews and the number of views spiralled. Thank you all, you wonderful people.

I realise I forgot to describe what my fire sword is shaped like, apart from the hilt. The blade itself looks like a cross between a Balrog sword and Orcrist (both swords from Middle-Earth)

As for the guest calling themselves Thorongil82 v2, you can try to be as strong as you like. You will never beat the original :) And yes, I can get into the side commentary a fair bit. Guest 80, you're idea may be implicated at some stage, but it won't be in the next few chapters.

Now then, I will try to upload another chapter in the next 1-5 hours.

Also, I will be giving you guys something to look forward to at the next chapter. It should give you all something to think about while I'm away.

Please review and fav, constructive criticism welcome.

****Enjoy!****

****Disclaimer: I don't own _How to Train Your Dragon_ or any of the characters in the story apart from myself and Storm.****

*** * ***

<p>Chapter 5: Welcome to Dragon Training!

****_Stoick is pushing the burning wood, charcoal and coals of the fire as Hiccup discreetly opens the door, a brief look outside shows it is night time, sneaks inside and carefully closes the door. At this point it seems as if he has gone unnoticed. Hiccup looks at his dad, wanting to say something but decides against it, before trying to quickly and quietly get to his room without his father noticing. Near the top of the stairs Hiccup goes on all fours, speeding up, resulting in Stoick noticing his presence due to the extra noise made._****

****STOICK: Hiccup.****

"Busted," said Tuffnut, raising his hands in the air.

"I knew that was a bad idea," grumbled Hiccup.

"Well, if you just stayed on your feet and stayed at your speed, you wouldn't have made a sound," pointed out Fishlegs.

"Thank you for summing that up," Hiccup said sarcastically said his signature line. The whole room chuckled at his comment and dryness.

****HICCUP: Dad â€| ****

****_Hiccup tries to sound surprised, but ends up stopping and going down a couple of steps._****

****HICCUP: I have to talk to you, Dad.****

****_Stoick stands up and walks over to the steps, facing his son, putting his hands together in front of him._****

****STOICK: I need to speak with you, too, son.****

****_Both take a deep breath before talking at the same time._****

****HICCUP: I decided I don't want to fight dragons.
>STOICK: I think it's time you learnt how to fight dragons.**

****_They both turn to each other in confusion._****

****BOTH: What?***

The Vikings and G.M.A.D. continued to laugh, trust both father and son to change their minds at the same time.

****STOICK: Uhh â€| You go first.****

****HICCUP: No â€| no, you go first.****

"Big mistake," mumbled Hiccup.

"Come on, you were just being polite," said Skura.

"Yeah, you were being yourself, that's nothing to be ashamed about," added Midnight.

Toothless looks at Hiccup before rubbing up against Hiccup, making him happy again.

****_Hiccup comes down a couple more steps, sounding unsure._****

****STOICK: All right.****

****_Stoick grasps his hands in front again before taking a deep breath._****

****STOICK: You get your wish. Dragon training â€| you start in the morning.****

****_Stoick raises his eyebrows, putting his hands on his hips. Hiccup starts to panic, trying to hide it while putting on a 'quizzical expression' and scratching the back of his head._****

****HICCUP: Oh, man, I should have gone first. 'Cause I was thinking, you know, we have a surplus of dragon-fighting Vikings but do we have enough â€|****

****_Hiccup is gesturing a lot with his hands now, trying to come up with an answer._****

****HICCUP: â€| bread-making Vikings or small-home-repair Vikings?*****

"Really?" laughed Astrid. "That's all you could come up with?" Some other Vikings and dragons laughed with her.

"Hey, I don't perform well under pressure." Hiccup crosses his arms and looks at the screen, annoyed.

"Mate, pouting does not suit you at all," Wolf chuckled, getting more laughs.

"I'm not pouting. I'm sulking," replied Hiccup, pretending to sound upset.

****_Stoick places a detailed war axe, single edged, into Hiccups outstretched, animated_ (**doing an action, not actually referring to how the movie was made ;)**) _arms._****

****STOICK: You'll need this.****

****_Hiccup stumbles backwards, loosely grasping the axe with his arms._****

****HICCUP: I don't want to fight dragons.****

Stoick begins laughing, thinking that Hiccup is joking.

STOICK: come on. Yes you do.

"Umm, how would you know what he wants?" asked Guardian.

"I'm his father, of course I know what he wants," replied Stoick.

"Ok. First of all, you disowned me, or don't you remember?" asked Hiccup. Stoick looks down at his feet.

"As chief, I did what I had to do. The village laws left either that or for you to be executed. The best I could do was get you a fair trial for your actions."

"Well then consider this part of his evidence for the trial," said Thorong.

"And how could you use that as an example of you caring for him? It's still pointing towards his death," added Rider.

"You're not helping," said Skura.

"Oh. Sorry," apologised Rider, looking a bit sheepishly.

"And secondly," Hiccup continued, acting like Rider didn't say anything, "You never looked after me like a father should after mum disappeared. Gobber was much more of a father then you ever were."

The Vikings looked on, most were wide-eyed and open-mouthed. They couldn't remember any time, apart from in the arena, that Hiccup was so open with how he felt. They weren't happy, knowing that the way of life they had was supressing the Hiccup they wanted to get to know, but it also held back a darker side they didn't know he had. Gobber was trying to comfort Stoick and bring him around. He had heard it all before, but it was still hard on him to hear Hiccup say it to his father. Stoick looked broken, he knew he should've been there more often for Hiccup.

"I'm sorry, Hiccup," Stoick said softly. "I thought I could raise you like my father raised me. I was wrong, you were so different to what I expected that I didn't know what else to do. Valka would've know what to do, she always did."

Stoick was close to tears himself, remembering Valka brought back how she was lost. Hiccup looked like he hadn't heard what Stoick had said, his glistening eyes showing otherwise. Toothless sensed his sadness and looked at Hiccup, eyes wide open, before laying his head in Hiccup's lap. Hiccup smiled slightly at this gesture before lying with Toothless, head on his and hand next on his scales, seeking the comfort and protection that his best friend offered.

Seeing Hiccup like this broke Astrid's heart. She wanted to go over to Hiccup and let him know it was all ok, that things were going to be fine. She also had tears in her eyes, but she didn't know if Thorong was ready to let her go to Hiccup. Suddenly she felt a

comforting hand on her shoulder. Looking up she saw Skura, her hand was the one on her shoulder, and Thorong. Both looked like they understood what was going on in her head. None of the others near her noticed they were there; they were too busy watching Stoick and Hiccup.

"Astrid, it's alright. What you're feeling is nothing to be afraid of," Skura said quietly, so that only she and Thorong could hear. Both knelt down so they could talk easier.

"I just don't know what's happening to me," Astrid said softly, her voice breaking a bit. "They all say that Hiccup is useless and that he was a disgrace. He betrayed our home, his father. Hell, I even ratted him out. So, why do I feel this way?"

"You want to see more of the side of Hiccup that you've started to see, through him and from the movie," Thorong explained, his calm, soft voice soothing her. "You're not alone, almost everyone wants the sensitive, caring, kind and funny Hiccup to be a part of their lives, they're just confused with their hatred for dragons."

"It isn't something to be ashamed of," Skura added, putting on a reassuring smile. "Your heart is telling you what you want to hear, what you want to be. You just need to let go of worrying about your reputation and how everyone else will react, even if it's just for a little bit."

Both of their words managed to make Astrid a bit happier and definitely calmer. She looked at Thorong, her eyes still holding a few tears, afraid to ask what she wanted to.

"Not yet," Thorong said, answering her unspoken question, "but soon. Just keep listening to your heart and don't deny your feelings to yourself. Let your heart fight this battle with all its might and don't hold it back. If you do that, then you will soon be free."

Thorong and Skura rose and went back to their seats. Everyone was turning their attention back to the screen, wanting to continue the story. Astrid quickly wipes the tears from her eyes before anyone notices. A few seconds afterwards, the screen flickered back to life.

Stoick turns around, starting to walk away with an amused expression on his face. Hiccup has to start talking to his father's turned back.

HICCUP: Rephrase. Dad, I can't kill dragons.

Stoick turns around to face his son again.

STOICK: But you will kill dragons.

HICCUP: No, I'm really very extra-sure that I won't.

Stoick doesn't sound so amused anymore, thinking that Hiccup isn't taking this seriously.

STOICK: It's time, Hiccup.

****_Hiccup, slightly annoyed, is desperately trying to get his father to listen to him._****

****HICCUP: Can you not hear me?****

"Of course he can't," said Hiccup miserably. Toothless just cooed next to him.

****STOICK: This is serious, son. When you carry this axe, you carry all of us with you.****

****_Stoick grabs the axe and holds it up, giving it back to Hiccup, who holds it upright for a second, before dropping it sideways._****

****STOICK (CON'T): Which means you walk like us, you talk like us â€¦****

****_Stoick uprights the axe, Hiccup keeping it in place this time, before lifting up Hiccup shoulders, trying to make him stand straighter, taller and proudly._****

****STOICK (CON'T): â€¦ you think like us. No more of â€¦ this.****

****_Hiccup let's go of the handle, catching the axe at the head._****

****HICCUP: You just gestured to all of me.****

****STOICK: Deal?****

****HICCUP: This conversation is feeling very one-sided.****

_Is this how Hiccup viewed all our conversations? _Thought Stoick, looking sadder.

****STOICK: Deal?****

****_Stoick says much more sternly, seemingly taking no notice of what Hiccup's saying. Hiccup gives a disappointed sigh._****

****HICCUP: Deal.****

****_Hiccup sounds very depressed and disappointed. Stoick grabs a basket off the ground and lugs it onto one shoulder._****

****STOICK: Good. Train hard. I'll be back. Probably.****

****_Stoick adds this last part whilst grabbing his helmet off one of the rafters of the house._****

****HICCUP: And I'll be here.****

****_Stoick walks out the door, Hiccup still standing where they had their conversation._****

****HICCUP (CON'T): Maybe.****

****_The door shuts, the screen changing to a new scene._****

"At least you're both optimistic," said Rider sarcastically.

"Again, not helping," said Guardian this time.

* * *

><p>Gobber lifts up the gate to the arena before spinning around, gesturing inside, and sounding _cheerful._**

GOBBER: Welcome to dragon training!

The teens have looks of excitement and awe (if not goofy somewhat**)_ , apart from Astrid, who looks on with a sense of â€| expectation_ (**shall we say**).**

"Could you guys look any goofier?" asked Check, getting some chuckles from the G.M.A.D. It also lifted Hiccup's spirits a bit. The teens just glared at them.

ASTRID: No turning back.

The teens walk in, Astrid in the lead, taking in the arena, either getting more excited or observing, in Astrid's case. The teens all carry weapons, Ruffnut and Tuffnut have their spears, Fishlegs has his hammer, Snotlout has his bludgeon, or mace depending on how you want to call it (unless there is a string of complaints I will refer to it as a bludgeon**_), and Astrid has her signature axe. The teens spin around, Astrid brushing her bangs out of her eyes, before heading to the centre. _**

The screen then zooms out, showing the exterior of the arena. A wooden and concrete pathway surrounds the round arena, an iron gate at one end marks the main entrance. To prevent anyone watching from falling in or the dragons escaping, a six bar high fence is placed with poles at even intervals, allowing it to curve along with the arena. Chains lead from the top of the poles over the arena in a tortoiseshell pattern. A single chain leads from the centre of the chain roof to the top of the cliff above, allowing the chain overhang to be lifted into the air if need be.

"You guys need to make those bars stronger if you want to stop a break out," said Thorong, reminding them off his and Toothless' break-ins. Toothless looked a bit angry as he remembered the aftermath of that, a quick scratch from Hiccup fixing that.

The screen goes back to the teens, psyched up for the sessions ahead.

TUFFNUT: I hope I get some serious burns.

RUFFNUT: I'm hoping for some mauling, like on my shoulder or lower back.

Ruffnut rolls her right shoulder when saying this.

ASTRID: Yeah, it's only fun if you get a scar out of it.

"Yay, let's all go hurt ourselves!" yelled Kura, jumping in the air with an incredible amount of sarcasm in her voice and action. She got

a lot of laughs as a result.

****HICCUP: Yeah, no kidding, right?****

****_This causes the teens to turn around, parting to reveal Hiccup. They weren't expecting another person training with them, especially him._****

****HICCUP: Pain. Love it.****

****_Hiccup rolls his eyes at his own statement, coupled with his signature sarcasm. The teens look at him in confusion, apart from Astrid who looked a bit annoyed._****

****TUFFNUT: Oh, great! Who let him in?****

****GOBBER: Let's get started! The person who does best will get the honour of killing their first dragon in front of the entire village.****

****_Gobber twists his hook-hand to emphasise the killing._****

"How is that an honour?" Night asked ludicrously, getting nods from Hiccup, Toothless, most of the G.M.A.D. and their dragons. Thorong and Storm just kept looking at the screen, making Night curious.

****SNOTLOUT: Hiccup already killed a Night Fury, so does that disqualify him or â€|****

****_The teens laugh at this, Astrid shakes her head at Snotlout's stupidity, before turning away. Snotlout and the twins start planning mentally on how to make Hiccup's life Hel in the arena as well._****

****TUFFNUT: Can I transfer to the class with the cool Vikings?****

"Umm, news flash. There's only one class," said Check.

****_Gobber comes over and leads Hiccup to the middle, arm on his shoulders._****

****GOBBER: Don't worry. You're small and weak â€| that'll make you less of a target. They'll see you as sick or insane and go after the more Viking-like teens instead.****

"You really need to work on your pep-talks, Gobber," Rider said accusingly. Gobber just shrugged.

"Maybe we should give them a pep-talk on how to give pep-talks," suggested Midnight, making the two of them laugh.

****_Gobber gives a light chuckle, patting Hiccup on the back. He then pushes him into Fishlegs, who in turn runs into Tuffnut, Fishlegs giving him a small smile._****

****(**from now on, in the movie during training, Hiccup will be included when I mention 'the teens', unless given other information**)****

****GOBBER (CON'T):** Behind these doors are just a few of the dragons you will be learning to fight.**

****_Gobber** starts walking from cage to cage. Fishlegs states the stats of each dragon named._**

****GOBBER (CON'T):** The Deadly Nadder!**

****FISHLEGS:** Speed 8, Armour 16.**

****GOBBER:** The Hideous Zippleback. **

****FISHLEGS:** Plus 11 Stealth. Times 2.**

****GOBBER:** The Monstrous Nightmare.**

****FISHLEGS:** Firepower 15.**

****GOBBER:** The Terrible Terror. **

****FISHLEGS:** Attack 8, Venom 12.**

****GOBBER:** Will you stop that?! _And_ the Gronckle.**

"You couldn't have stopped him any sooner, could've you," Delta groaned, making some of the G.M.A.D., along with Snotlout and the twins, laugh. Fishlegs just blushed.

"You're going to need that knowledge later on," said Thorong, making the teens look confused. Fishlegs looked a bit happier, maybe his knowledge won't be criticised soon.

****_Gobber** puts his hand on the lever of the Gronckles cage._**

****FISHLEGS:** (whispered) Jaw Strength 8.**

****_The** other teens react to what Gobber is doing._**

****SNOTLOUT:** Whoa, wait! Aren't you going to teach us first?**

****GOBBER:** I believe in working on the job.**

"That works well in a forge, not so well in dragon fighting," pointed out Hiccup, some of the younger adults agreeing. They knew all too well how Gobber ran his sessions.

****_Gobber** pulls down the lever, unlocking the door to the cage. As soon as it is unlocked, the Gronckle charges out, scattering the teens._**

****GOBBER (CON'T):** Today is all about survival. If you get blasted, you're dead.**

****_The** Gronckle misses everyone in its charge, instead slamming into the wall of the arena. It drops to the ground before scooping up some rocks on the floor in its mouth, crunching and swallowing them. Gobber looks expectantly to the teens._**

****GOBBER (CON'T):** Quick! What's the first thing you're going to need?******

****HICCUP:** A doctor?******

"Don't say anything, I was panicking again," said Hiccup, getting some smiles in return.

****FISHLEGS:** Plus 5 Speed?******

"Really?" Astrid asked, looking at Fishlegs.

"I think I was still thinking about dragon stats," he replied sheepishly, getting some shakes of the head in response.

****ASTRID:** A shield.******

****GOBBER:** Shields. Go! ******

****_The teens run and pick up shields that are scattered around the arena._****

****GOBBER (CON'T):** Your most important piece of equipment is your shield!******

****_Hiccup grabbed a red shield off the floor of the arena floor and is having trouble putting it on._****

****GOBBER (CON'T):** If you have to make a choice between a sword and a shield, take the shield!******

"I see that only one of you understand this as well," said Gobber to the G.M.A.D., looking at Guardian. Guardian beamed at him.

Thorong just stood up and strode up to the front of the room. He then looked at the dragons belonging to the G.M.A.D.

"Lightning, uPaw, Speedstrike, Shimo, Frostbite, Starlight, Raikou, Blinder, Nyr Frysta and Storm, take aim and prepare to fire."

Storm, knowing what Thorong had planned, charged up his lightning strike while building up his plasma bolt. The rest of the dragons looked at each other before following Storm's lead, charging up their own attacks. Everyone else looked shocked at what was happening, wanting to stop it but not doing it in case they got blasted instead. Thorong nodded his head, signalling to the dragons to fire. They all launched their attacks at Thorong, some of the strikes combining to create more intense energies. Everyone shielded their eyes as a massive explosion shook the room. When they looked back, they were shocked at what they saw. When the smoke cleared Thorong was virtually unharmed, he had one hand open and outstretched. A glowing light blue wall was shining in front of him, preventing any attacks from harming him. He closed his hand, making the wall disappear, before looking at Gobber with his head cocked slightly.

"Point taken," Gobber said grudgingly. Thorong gave a slight smile before taking his seat.

"You are such a show off, Thor," Rider said in good nature as Thorong

sat down. He gave a slight chuckle before looking back at the screen.

Ruffnut and Tuffnut both grab the same shield, a green one with two flaming skulls in it.

TUFFNUT: Take your hands off of my shield!

RUFFNUT: There are a million shields!

The Vikings groaned. When will they stop fighting each other?

TUFFNUT: Take that shield. That one has a flower on it â€| girls like flowers. Owww!

Ruffnut manages to wrestle it from Tuffnut's grasp and wacks him over the head with the shield.

RUFFNUT: Oops. Now this one has blood on it.

Ruffnut pretends to give it to Tuffnut, instead she allows him to get hold of it again and they continue their tussle.

"Why would you let him grab onto the shield again?" asked Guardian.

"Don't know. Not bothered," replied Ruffnut, looking at the screen. Tuffnut nodded at his sister's comment. He would've done the same thing.

The Gronckle notices the twins fighting and shoots a fireball at them, destroying the shield and spinning the twins in the air from the force, landing on the ground.

GOBBER: Ruffnut, Tuffnut, you're out.

The twins are trying to gather their senses and comprehend, as much as they can, what just happened.

BOTH: What?

GOBBER: Those shields are good for another thing. Noise! Make lots of it to throw off a dragons aim!

The remaining teens start whacking their weapons against their shields, the noise confusing the Gronckle. The image changes to the view of the Gronckle, showing wavy, blurry lines over the teens, its sight affected by the noise.

The Vikings looked amazed. _So this was how noise affects dragons._

A lot of the dragons were shaking their heads, being affected by the noise made in the movie.

GOBBER (CON'T): All dragons have a limited number of shots. How many does a Gronckle have?

**_The teens stop making noise and the Gronckle regains its

bearings._**

SNOTLOUT: Five?

FISHLEGS: No, six!

Fishlegs raises his shield in the air, completely losing focus on the Gronckle.

GOBBER: Correct, six! That's one for each of you!

FISHLEGS: I really don't think â€“

_The Gronckle turns and shoots at Fishlegs' exposed shield from behind, knocking it clean out of his hand. _

GOBBER: Fishlegs, out!

Fishlegs throws his hammer in the air, screaming as he runs away.

GOBBER (CON'T): Hiccup, get in there!

"No, thanks. I'm fine where I am," Hiccup said, Gobber chuckling at his remark.

Hiccup was hiding behind one of the empty weapons racks, right next to where Fishlegs' shield was blasted to. He starts to sneak out from behind his hiding place, but at Gobber's words the Gronckle notices him and shoots, just missing Hiccup and instead hitting the scorch mark from the previous shot. Hiccup jumps and returns to hiding behind the weapons rack. The Gronckle, satisfied, turns its attention elsewhere.

Snotlout is standing behind Astrid, trying to hit on her again and make her fall for him.

SNOTLOUT: So anyway, I've moved into my parent's basement. You should come by to workout. You look like you work out.

Astrid rolls away during Snotlout's hitting, noticing the Gronckle. Snotlout only watches Astrid dive away, before his shield is hit by another fireball. Because the shield was in front of his body, Snotlout is thrown backwards.

GOBBER: Snotlout! You're done!

The Vikings groan, most of the teens' parents louder than most. This batch of recruits didn't look impressive at all.

Astrid finishes her roll and lands in front of Hiccup, out from his hiding place. Hiccup tries to make conversation.

All the Vikings stared in shock that Hiccup was one of the last two Vikings left in the first session.

HICCUP: So I guess it's just you and me, huh?

ASTRID: Nope, just you.

"I meant you were going out next, not that you were going to win," Astrid said quickly before anyone could say anything.

"Sure you did," teased Hiccup, making the G.M.A.D. members laugh. Astrid glared at Hiccup, a slight blush on her face at being made fun of by him of all people.

Astrid, noticing the Gronckle again, runs out of the area. Hiccup manages to see the incoming fireball and brings his shield up fast enough to deflect the shot that was going to strike his head. The fireball is deflected high onto the wall of the arena, the force dislodging the shield from Hiccup's hand whilst his spin knocks the axe from his other hand.

GOBBER: One shot left!

"Hang on, why didn't you declare Hiccup out when he got blasted?" asked Stoick, concerned.

"Honestly, I have no idea, Stoick," replied Gobber.

Hiccup chases after his scorched shield, the only one that managed to survive a blast from the Gronckle, that's rolling around the arena. Astrid runs in a different direction. The Gronckle chases after Hiccup who, after the shield rolls away faster than he can run, looks back and starts running anywhere he can. Gobber looks scared for his apprentice.

**GOBBER (CON'T): Hiccup! **

Hiccup runs to the wall and is cornered, the Gronckle hovering inches from him. The Gronckle rears back its head, preparing to fire. It opens its mouth, the gathering flame visible down its throat.

Everyone in the room, except Gobber, Hiccup and the G.M.A.D., held their breath, terrified for the small boy.

Suddenly, a hook grabs onto the mouth and pulls it up, releasing the fireball. Hiccup ducks his head, the fireball missing him and scorching the wall just above him. Gobber drags the Gronckle away, his hook still in the dragon's mouth. Hiccup looks terrified at the dragon, rubble falling on him.

Everyone breathed a sigh of relief, Gobber had managed to save Hiccup in the nick of time.

GOBBER (CON'T): And that's six. Go back to bed you overgrown sausage!

Gobber spins the dragon around before flinging it back into its cage. He then shuts the door and pulls up the lever, locking the doors.

GOBBER (CON'T): You'll get another chance, don't you worry.

"Are you talking to the Gronckle or the teens?" asked Wolf. Gobber didn't answer.

**_Gobber looks over at the teens who have gathered around Astrid,

apart from Hiccup who is still sitting against the wall. Astrid is the only one still fully armed. The rest have no shields or weapons except for Tuffnut who had picked up his spear sometime before. They are all catching their breath, Snotlout and Fishlegs are doubled over._**

GOBBER (CON'T): Remember, a dragon will always, _always_, go for the kill.

"Always, you say?" asked Night. The dragons look innocently at the Vikings, making the G.M.A.D. laugh.

Gobber lifts Hiccup off the ground and gets him to stand. Hiccup looks at the still burning dent in the wall where the fireball hit before turning to look at the Gronckle's cage, the Gronckle noisily struggling to break free, with a confused expression.

* * *

><p>AN: Don't leave yet, there's still another chapter.**

Oh, I should mention that HTTYD 2 doesn't come out till June 17th in Australia. There have been some advance screenings in my area, but I didn't see any of them. _Damn you school!_

You know the drill now.

Next chapter: The Cove

Come on! Review, fav, and press next now!

6. The Cove

A/N: I shouldn't have to explain too much here, after all, it was uploaded at the same time as the previous chapter.

This chapter is shorter than the others have been, mainly because I couldn't think of too much that could've gone with these scenes. I also had to pack in the middle of this too. Sorry about that, especially to those that like my long chapters. Similar sort of deal with the length of the previous chapter.

Please review and fav if you haven't, constructive criticism welcome.

Enjoy!

Disclaimer: I don't own **_How to Train Your Dragon_**** or any of the characters in this story apart from myself and Storm.**

* * *

><p>Chapter 6: The Cove

Hiccup is back in the forest, more specifically, at the place where he freed the Night Fury. He has one of the iron balls of the bola in his hand, feeling the weight of his mind.

****HICCUP: So why didn't you?****

That was a question all the Vikings wanted answered.

****_Hiccup lightly bounces the ball in his hand, the connecting rope in his other, before placing both down on the ground and following the direction the dragon took off into, climbing over a log.**

__**

****_His drop off the log morphs into him landing in a path between two rocky walls. He follows the natural pathway, touching a large rock and ducking under a low hanging tree root, and ends up looking into a calm, beautiful cove. The cove is encased in low, plant-infested cliffs_****(**well, low for cliffs anyway**)_****_, surrounded and camouflaged by tall trees, ferns, bushes and massive hanging tree roots. Some large rocks and boulders are on the ground, mainly by the cliffs. A large pond is situated in the centre of the cove. As Hiccup enters a group of birds fly in formation through and out the cove. All he can hear is the peaceful chirps of birds._****

All the Vikings look on in awe. Maybe they should explore Berk more often. They could find more places like this.

****_Despite the magnificence of this place Hiccup still looks disappointed and depressed that he hasn't found the dragon again._****

****HICCUP: This was stupid.****

"How was finding that wonderful place stupid?" asked Astrid.

"That wasn't what I meant," replied Hiccup.

****_Hiccup sounds disheartened, but then he looks down. His eyes widen and eyebrows rise to see a few round black scales lying upon the small ledge he is standing on. He bends down and picks one up, gently feeling the texture of it. Suddenly, a black shadow leaps up with a desperate roar, making Hiccup jump back in surprise and fear, thinking he was going to be attacked._****

The Vikings and dragons jump in surprise. None of them were expecting that.

****_Instead he looks over to the wall next to him to see the Night Fury frantically trying to claw up and out of the cove, before sliding down part of the cliff giving a few short roars before letting go and awkwardly gliding back across the pond. Hiccup jumps down to a slightly lower ledge and watches the Night Fury leap of a fallen log and try to fly, only to get grounded again. It tries again, making another failed attempt, roaring in desperation and frustration._****

The Vikings look confused again at why Toothless couldn't fly out. The dragons' fears were raised again.

****_Hiccup remembers his notebook and quickly pulls it out from his vest, opening to a blank double-page and grabbing his charcoal pencil. The dragon makes another failed attempt before looking up, trying to figure out a way to get out of the cove. Hiccup takes this chance and hastily, but incredibly accurately, sketches a bird's eye**

view of the dragon, complete with its sub-wings _****(**I've got no idea what the technical name is so I'll go with that**).**

HICCUP: Why don't you just fly away?

_Hiccup is confused, looking at the Night Fury again. It shoots out a plasma bolt in anger, at which Hiccup notices it has lost its left tailfin. He rubs it out on his sketch, before tucking the book into himself and watching one final attempt of escape. _

Now both dragons and Vikings look in shock, his left tailfin was shot off by Hiccup. Quickly, another question rose up. _How did he survive if he couldn't fly?_

Both sides look over to the Night Fury, wanting to get a look at his tail. Unfortunately for them Toothless was covering it with one of his wings, wanting to hide the surprise.

_The dragon flies high and true, until it swerves violently into the ground landing on its side. It looks upset but then perks up upon seeing a fish splash above the water. It walks over to the water's edge, giving a small wince at one of its steps. Looking into the pond with wide eyes it sees two fish swimming lazily. It dives its head into the pond, snapping twice at the fish before pulling out, coming out empty handed _**(**Yes, I know dragons don't have hands**).****_. Hiccup seems upset for the dragon. In his sympathetic state his charcoal pencil drops out of his hand, clattering to the ground. The sound brings the Night Fury's attention to the boy, gazing at him on the ledge. Both stare at each other for a bit. Hiccup cocks his head slightly, the Night Fury copying his action._**

The Vikings were shocked at this. Twice the Night Fury could've struck Hiccup down and instead it seemed to be observing him.

* * *

><p>The image goes to the front of the Great Hall at night, a storm blowing outside. Two large statues and the hall doors are illuminated by large fires, along with a drenched Hiccup climbing the stairs about to enter the hall.**

GOBBER: All right, where did Astrid go wrong in the ring today?

"Oh no, here we go," groaned the twins. Astrid punched Tuffnut in the arm and glared at Ruffnut.

ASTRID: I mistimed my somersault dive. It was sloppy. It threw off my reverse tumble.

Hiccup silently opens and closes the doors, walking into the after-training reflection session. The other teens and Gobber are sitting, or in Gobber's case standing, around a table having dinner.

RUFFNUT: Yeah, we noticed.

SNOTLOUT: No, no, you were great. That was so "Astrid".

Spitelout shook his head at his own son's attempts to get Astrid.
When will he realise that she doesn't like him?

**_Astrid rolls her eyes at Snotlout's attempts to win her over,
hiding it by taking a drink out of her mug._**

**GOBBER: She's right. You have to be tough on
yourselves.**

**_Hiccup is noticed by the others as he gets a few steps away from
the table. He grabs a plate with a drumstick on it. Snotlout moves
over to stop Hiccup from sitting at their table, he, Tuffnut and
Ruffnut smiling at the action._**

GOBBER: Where did Hiccup go wrong?

**_Hiccup rolls his eyes and sighs at Snotlout's tactics and starts
walking to an adjacent table. On his way the others answer Gobber's
question._**

RUFFNUT: Uh, he showed up.

TUFFNUT: He didn't get eaten.

ASTRID: He's **_never_****where he should be.**

"Thank you, Astrid, for giving the only sensible answer," said
Gobber.

"In Hiccup's defence, he did make a sensible decision. Hiding from an
enemy you know you can't defeat isn't cowardly, it's smart," said
Thorong, getting an appreciative look from Hiccup.

**_Hiccup grabs a mug from the teens' table on his way and takes a
seat at an adjacent table, closest to Fishlegs and
Astrid._**

GOBBER: **_Thank you, _****Astrid.**

**_Gobber elbows both twins in the back of the head as he walks over
to the gap between both tables. _**

**GOBBER (CON'T): You need to live and breathe this stuff. The dragon
manual.**

**_Gobber pulls out an old book, holding it up so they can all see.
He sweeps a plate off the table and drops the dragon manual onto the
table with a thud._**

**GOBBER (CON'T): Everything we know about every dragon we know
of.**

**_Astrid, Hiccup and Fishlegs are the only ones listening to what
Gobber is saying, Fishlegs listening intently. Thunder booms outside,
making Gobber analyse the sound of the storm, measuring its
strength._**

GOBBER (CON'T): No attacks tonight. Study up.

Gobber turns after saying this, leaving the hall. Tuffnut is balancing a dagger on the table which has caught the interest of all the teens, bar Hiccup and Fishlegs. At Gobber's words, Tuffnut jolts the table with his hands, making the dagger fall. In disbelief he shoots a question to Gobber's retreating figure.

TUFFNUT: Wait, you mean read?

"No, he wants you to eat it," replied Hiccup, his sarcasm back on. Laughs spread from all corners of the room.

RUFFNUT: While we're still alive?

"Oh no, it's perfectly fine to do it when you're dead," Hiccup continued, keeping the high spirits going.

Ruff and Tuff look confused and disbelieving. Astrid gives them a surprised look before returning to her mug.

SNOTLOUT: Why read words when you can kill the stuff the words tell you about?

"Because you don't learn anything about them if you kill them," Fishlegs pointed out.

"Except how to kill them," retorted Snotlout.

"Well, that explains why you know next to nothing about dragons," said Night, getting angry with Snotlout again. A few of the G.M.A.D. head over to Night, ready to hold her back if she tries to charge at Snotlout again.

"Settle down, Night," said Guardian. Night didn't move, she just kept glaring at Snotlout.

FISHLEGS: Oh, I've read it, like, seven times. There's this water dragon that sprays boiling hot water at your face.

Snotlout turns slowly to face Fishlegs, a look of irritation and disbelief on his face. The twins both have dull looks at Fishlegs' words.

**FISHLEGS (CON'T): And there's this other one that â€|
**

Tuffnut gets Fishlegs to stop by closing his hand, silently telling Fishlegs to stop talking.

TUFFNUT: Yeah. That sounds great. There was a chance I was going to read it â€|

RUFFNUT: But now â€|

"Take it from me, Fishlegs," said Hiccup. "It's good that you know all that stuff, you just need to express it more subtly." Most of the Vikings were confused at what Hiccup meant. Only Gobber and Fishlegs understood what he meant, though both for different reasons.

**_Tuffnut gives a smug look at his sister's comment. Snotlout

stands, ready to leave._**

SNOTLOUT: You guys read. I'll go kill stuff.

The twins rise to leave with him, Tuffnut slamming his sister's head into the table as he climbs over her. Fishlegs follows them, continuing his extensive listing of dragons that he remembers.

FISHLEGS: And there's this other one that has these spines like trees â€|

"We were trying to get away from you, Fishlegs, if you couldn't get the hint," said Snotlout, laughing before he was struck by a few hard ice balls that shattered upon contact, drenching him in freezing cold water. Everyone turned to see Guardian with her shield transformed into a long green staff. Wrapped around her was an icy wind, another ball already forming on top of her staff.

"You need to learn to keep your mouth shut, Snotlout," said Guardian. Fishlegs looked surprised, no one had stood up for him before and, though he thought it was more so that they were angry at Snotlout then wanting to protect him, he was glad for it. Snotlout shut his mouth and turned back to the screen, shivering.

Hiccup gets up and walks over to Astrid and the manual. He tries striking up another conversation with her.

HICCUP: So I guess we'll share?

ASTRID: Read it.

Astrid pushes the book to Hiccup before leaving with the others.

Astrid looks upset looking on this again. If she could go back there feeling and knowing what she does now, she would've stayed with him instead.

HICCUP:*Uhh. All mine, then. Wow. So, OK â€| uhh â€| I'll see you â€|**

The doors shut, leaving Hiccup with the few adults in the hall.

HICCUP: â€| tomorrow.

Hiccup gives a disappointed sigh, being unsuccessful in trying to be accepted by the others.

* * *

><p>The image morphs into a later timeslot, the large fire in the centre of the hall has died out. Hiccup, carrying a small candle to his table so he can read, is all alone. Hiccup sets down the candle, another candle already next to the dragon manual, and starts to read the contents.**

HICCUP: Dragon classifications. Strike class. Fear class. Mystery class.

"Nice and simple," said Midnight.

Hiccup turns the page, now looking at lots of runes and a few diagrams of the dragon and its powers. Thunder booms overhead as he starts to read.

"No, I did not cause that storm," said Thorong, getting some laughs from the G.M.A.D. and Vikings.

"Neither did I," said Guardian, continuing the laughter longer.

HICCUP (CON'T): Thunderdrum. This reclusive dragon inhabits sea caves and dark tide pools. When startled, the Thunderdrum produces a concussive sound that can kill a man at close range.

The last drawing shows a Viking killing said dragon.

HICCUP (CON'T): Extremely dangerous. Kill on sight.

"Stoick, you will be the most surprised at what a Thunderdrum can do when with a rider. I won't give any more spoilers," said Thorong.

Stoick looked confused at this. _Why would I be the most surprised? Is it something that they do for me?_

Hiccup flips a few pages, landing on another page set out like the one on the Thunderdrum, just a different dragon in the diagrams.

HICCUP (CON'T): Timberjack. This gigantic creature has razor-sharp wings that can slice through full-grown trees. Extremely dangerous. Kill on sight.

He turns to another page.

HICCUP (CON'T): Scauldron. Sprays scalding hot water at its victim. Extremely dangerous.

Thunder claps loudly outside, making Hiccup jump. He looks at the door to see lightning flashing outside, the storm getting stronger. Hiccup carefully looks back to the book and keeps reading.

"How many dragons are in that manual that don't have 'kill on sight' applied to them?" asked Check.

"Only three, though I can only remember one," answered Fishlegs.

HICCUP (CON'T): Changewing. Even newly hatched dragons can spray acid. Kill on sight.

Hiccup starts flicking quickly through the pages, reading either the name of the dragon, its abilities or the continuous message.

**HICCUP (CON'T): Gronckle. Zippleback. The Skrill. **

****_The sketches of the dragons start flickering and moving eerily in the candlelight._****

****HICCUP (CON'T): Boneknapper. Whispering Death.****

"How do the drawings move like that?" asked Snotlout, perplexed.

"I know. It's creepy," said Astrid.

****_Hiccup sounds and looks a bit scared, but continues on._****

****HICCUP (CON'T): Burns its victims. Buries its victims. Chokes its victims. Turns its victims inside out. Extremely dangerous. Extremely dangerous. Kill on sight. Kill on sight. Kill on sight.****

"That dragon manual could have a lot more relevant and important information on dragons if you didn't kill them," said Night, getting confused looks from the Vikings. _What could be more important than knowing how to fight and kill your enemies?_ Thorong knew what they were thinking and shook his head in exasperation at their short-sightedness.

****_Hiccup flicks to a page that is devoid of drawings and having only a few words on it, the one page he has been searching for. He speaks the name with awe._****

****HICCUP (CON'T): Night Fury. Speed unknown. Size unknown. The unholy offspring of lightning and death itself. Never engage this dragon. Your only chance: hide and pray it does not find you.****

****_Hiccup thinks on these words, before pulling out his notebook from his vest. He opens up to his sketch of the Night Fury, placing it onto the page._****

"At least you give the Night Fury's power justice in your description of it," said Rider, patting Speedstrike on the head.

"Yeah, it makes it sound awesome even if you haven't witnessed their power," added Wolf, scratching uPaw.

* * *

><p>AN: Ok, time to give you guys something to look forward to in terms of what I will be doing.**

****Firstly, I will do a 'Watching The Movie' on the second film. It won't be done until after the second film is on DVD, though. Just so I can accurately grasp the details. I'm not sure if I will do it similar to this in terms of effected timelines or not, will have to see the film first.****

****Secondly, I will be doing a big adventure story coming from some of the plot of this story. Any unexplained bits will lead into that. I will upload a teaser scene a couple of weeks after this is finished and I want as many G.M.A.D. members as possible involved in the story, the teaser i will do solo with Storm. If you have already decided that you want to be a part of it then PM me, otherwise wait for the teaser scene.****

****Thirdly, I would like to know if you guys want me to do a 'Watching The Series' Fanfic, I will set up a poll on my profile and you can vote there. If you don't have a profile on this, or if the poll doesn't show up, then leave your vote in the reviews.****

****Well, unless another chapter is uploaded soon, then I'm gone.****

****Next chapter: Figure out Which Side You're On****

****Adios amigos!****

7. Figure Out Which Side You're On

****A/N: I'm back, baby! ****_Well ... _****not really. I'm still in NZ at the moment, only a third of the way into my trip. I started out in Wellington and was there until dawn yesterday, when I caught a plane to Nelson, near the top of the South Island.****

****I still haven't seen HTTYD 2 because I left the day before it was released in AUS and I leave the day that it is released in NZ (July 3rd), though my flight is in the evening so I may get to see it before my flight if I'm lucky. If not, then it will be sometime over my school holidays.****

****Now, I noticed both Ace and Kook say that I'm too serious. The personality of Thorong is pretty much the same as my own, so if you do meet me then watch out! Nah ... I'm just kidding, I am pretty serious nut deep down I'm really kind and caring, though you need to take the time to get to know me to fully see and appreciate this.****

****Also, looking at the views section, it seems to me that most people went straight to 'The Cove' without looking at 'Welcome to Dragon Training!' I would seriously recommend reading that chapter if you haven't so you know what in the world is going on.****

****Sorry if this chapter is a bit messy. I got through this in three goes, the first I managed to get the movie stuff done and the next two finished off the reactions. Combine that with a big 50th party, visiting and re-meeting relatives, traveling to different places and having a laptop with no disc drive means that my trail of thought was cut sometimes, most of the script was done off memory before I went back and corrected it after watching the movie with some cousins, and at some stages I didn't know where I was going myself (which is normal when you're me (my mind is all over the shop in school, hardly ever on task. How I manage to get really high grades is a mystery) but it isn't preferable when writing a story.****

****In response to LegendRider, you need to PM NightFury999. I noticed you have disabled the messaging system on your profile. To allow this, go to 'Settings' in the 'Account' sidebar and click yes where it says 'Allow Private Messaging (PM)'. Then click Save. If that doesn't work then I can't help you.****

****This chapter will contain a lot more focus on the mind, plus more from the twins. Also a little bit of dragon-to-human communication.****

****I will have a few more things to say at the end of this chapter, but I will let you all read it first.****

****Please review and fav if you haven't, constructive criticism is welcome.****

****Enjoy!****

*** * ***

<p>Chapter 7: Figure Out Which Side You're On**

****The image changes to a ship in calm, open seas, the sail depicting a dragon with two swords thrust through it. It then zooms out, showing three ships, full with battle-ready Vikings. Stoick is on the first ship, looking over the nautical map from the meeting. He gazes at the dragon-intertwined fog representing Helheim's Gate in particular, a hole present where he thrust the dagger.****

****STOICK: I can almost smell them. They're close.****

"Of course you can almost smell them. Fatty had been in there stinking up the place for far too long," Wolf said, making most of the G.M.A.D. and the dragons laugh. The dragons were happy that someone was making fun of their tyrannous ruler. The Vikings were confused as to who Wolf was referring to.

"Now, now. Don't spoil the surprise for them," said Thorong, smirking as he chided Wolf. "It won't be as fun to see their reactions later."

"Yeah, you're probably right," agreed Wolf. The Vikings were even more confused. Just who or what is this thing they are talking about.

****Stoick makes his way to the port side of the ship looking towards the looming fog, before glancing back to the helmsman.****

****STOICK (CON'T): Steady.****

****The image zooms out a long way, showing the three ships sailing parallel to the massive wall of fog looming ahead. It then closes in on Stoick, his eyes look like they're searching for some sign in the thick fog.****

"What are you looking for veiled in that fog?" asked Midnight, trying to read Stoick's expression on the screen.

"Two things," answered Stoick. "The first thing is any signs of dragons anywhere near our position. The second is a certain sea stack that comes out of the fog slightly."

"Why would you be looking for a big rock?" inquired Guardian.

"When we sail into Helheim's Gate we use a particular sea stack as a guide for our entry point," explained Stoick. "It seems to be the safest area we've found in all of our searches."

"Our fathers used it before us, and their fathers before them," added

Gobber. "It dates back to Hamish the First. He marked the sea stack with his own hammer, striking and crumbling part of the upright so we would always know where to go. That and it also juts out the fog the furthest."

"Why don't you just put a sign on the sea stack?" asked Check.

"A sign?!" asked Gobber ludicrously.

"For Vikings?!" added Thorong. "They're not big readers, mate. Hiccup, Fishlegs and the elders are the only ones that have done a decent amount of reading."

Hiccup and Fishlegs both blush slightly at this praise, Hiccup rubbing the back of his neck.

****STOICK (CON'T): Take us in.****

****HELMSMAN: Hard to port.****

****STOICK: For Helheim's Gate.****

****HELMSMAN: Hard to port!****

****The ships turn to enter the fog. All three are enveloped almost simultaneously, disappearing altogether as they pass into the impassable reaches of Helheim's Gate. Just after the ships are swallowed up, a loud blast and screech is heard and a bright light illuminates areas deeper in, the outline of a flying dragon revealed.****

*** * ***

><p>The scene changes to Hiccup, back in the arena, up against a wooden barricade. His axe is in his right hand, a new shield in his left. He is trying to discreetly find any information he can on Night Furies, at the moment unfocused on the dragon they are meant to be fighting.

****HICCUP: You know, I just happened to notice the book had nothing on Night Furies. Is there like, another book? Or a sequel? Maybe a little, Night Fury pamphlet?****

"Was that really the best time to be asking that?" asked Rider.

"I didn't know any other time that could've been more inconspicuous or relevant," replied Hiccup. Everyone thought about this and agreed. It would've been hard to get a better opportunity to hide and avoid any suspicions.

"Still, you could've chosen a better follow up," said Night. "I don't think pamphlets even existed then."

"If they didn't exist then how would Hiccup know about them?" Skura points out.

"Maybe Trader Johann told him on one of his visits," suggested Delta.

"Possibly, though it would most likely be from a careless time and

world traveller," said Thorong, thinking aloud.

"WHAT?!" cried everyone, looking at him in shock.

"_I think you said too much,_" growled Storm, warning Thorong.

"I think your right," Thorong muttered back, loud enough only for Storm to hear.

"So there are other people out there that are traveling to different times and world's?!" cried Rider, shocked.

"Just forget I said that," replied Thorong, trying to settle everyone down. Most people were able to shake it off, but the G.M.A.D., Hiccup and a few of the wiser Vikings and dragons were unable to, though not pressing the matter any further for the time being.

****A hot, intense fire blast is shot at an unsuspecting Hiccup, hitting the wall just next to him and destroying the head of his axe, leaving the scorching handle. Hiccup jumps in surprise.****

****HICCUP (CON'T): Whoa!****

****GOBBER: Focus, Hiccup! You're not even trying!****

"Not trying can be good. It allows you to relax more," Hiccup pointed out in his defence.

"True, but when it's a matter of life and death you should have at least a bit more focus," Thorong rebuked, getting nods from the G.M.A.D. and the Vikings.

****Hiccup looks in fear at the passageway in front of him. A blue Deadly Nadder jumps into the passage, squawking at him.****

****GOBBER (CON'T): Today is all about attack!****

****Hiccup swerves to his left before darting to his right. The Nadder, jumps onto one of the numerous walls, first choosing to follow him but then abandoning the chase and scopes the area.****

****GOBBER (CON'T): Nadders are quick and light on their feet. Your job is to be quicker and lighter.****

"Easier said than done," Astrid said, surprising a lot of people. She usually prides herself on her ability so for her to say something like that immediately adds more criticism on the rest of the teens' performance, even though they hadn't seen it yet.

****Fishlegs attempts to sneak around a wall, checking for the Nadder's presence. Upon hearing a squawk he looks up, scared. The Nadder looks tilts its head to look at him while raising its spiny tail, the spines poised and ready to be launched. Fishlegs yells as he runs away further into the maze, raising his shield above his head. The Nadder fires some of its spines at the retreating boy, either sticking in his shield or lodging in the wood behind him.****

****FISHLEGS: I'm really beginning to question your teaching methods.****

"Wait, you weren't questioning his teaching methods during the previous session?" asked Midnight.

"At least you got to start when you did. When I was seven he had me shovel snow onto the fire for an hour. When the fire almost went out from the melted snow he just said "See, you can't smelt snow and ice. It's just not metal," regaled Hiccup, making many people look strangely at Gobber.

"What?" asked Gobber. "The boy asked me what he could make with the snow outside during a snow day." Everyone shook their heads in exasperation, a couple of chuckles made at Gobber's reasoning.

Gobber is leaning on the bars watching the teens above the arena, picking his teeth with his proper hand.

GOBBER: Look for its blind spot. Every dragon has one. Find it, hide in it and strike.

**The Nadder has dropped into the maze and is walking towards Hiccup. Hiccup runs away from it and across the twins, who turn to run where Hiccup was running away from. The Nadder turns and both parties stop abruptly, the dragon because it lost sight of the twins. **

"Why would you run that way when I was running away from there?" asked Hiccup, looking at the twins.

"Uh â€¦ don't pressure me, I know this â€¦" Tuffnut said, both twins knocking their heads against each other, trying to think of an answer.

"You have no idea, right?" asked Guardian.

"Right!" exclaimed Ruffnut.

"Wait, what are we talking about again?" asked Tuffnut, dazed from the head clashing.

They stopped when the dragon appeared, luckily for them in its blind spot, the dead centre of its head. Both twins look uneasy until Ruffnut takes a whiff of Tuffnut, pulling back gagging and repulsed.

"Why would you sniff you brother when there's a dragon standing right in front of you?" exclaimed Rider.

"Don't bother. It's better not to ask," Thorong and Skura said in unison. The twins looked confused before giving up trying to figure out what was going on.

RUFFNUT: Do you ever bathe?

The dragon moves its head side-to-side, trying to find the twins that it can hear. The twins mirror its movement to stay within the blind spot, pushing and shoving each other in the meantime.

**TUFFNUT: If you don't like it, then just get your own blind

spot.**

Ruffnut spins her brother around, making them lock heads. Both try to force the other down with just their heads. They forget about the dragon momentarily, who spins its head to give them a sideways glance allowing it to see them with the eye on the side of its head.

RUFFNUT: How 'bout I give you one?!

"Uh, guys? Dragon in front of you? Not the best time to fight," said Hiccup.

"Duh, we were trying to distract the dragon," replied Ruffnut.

"That's what we were doing?" asked Tuffnut, shocked. "I thought we were fighting over the stuffed yak again."

"How did you get that from the Nadder standing in front of you and Gobber mentioning 'blind spot'?" asked Astrid.

"I think Tuff got hit a bit too hard this time," said Delta. As he finished speaking Tuffnut slumped onto the floor, out like a light.

"I'd say your right," Night said agreeing as she made a bucket of freezing water appear above him. The bucket tipped, pouring the contents all over Tuffnut. The shock wakes him up, everyone seeing the drenched boy jumping and yelling before his head swung all over the place trying to find the assailant.

"What happened? Who did that?" Tuffnut asks, his eyes darting around the room. Some people are trying to contain their laughter, Night and Rider look fit to burst.

"Hey, Tuff," Thorong called out, making Tuffnut spin around to face him. "How many fingers am I holding up?" He straightens four fingers, holding them up clearly so the boy could see. Tuffnut squints at the hand before answering.

"Ooh, tough question. How many guesses do I get?"

"He'll be fine," said Thorong, rolling his eyes as a smile crossed his face. Tuffnut takes his seat as the movie resumes.

They turn to the dragon as it gives a squawk, Ruffnut pulling her brother away just before the area they were standing and the path behind them is incinerated with dragon fire.

GOBBER: Blind spot, yes. Deaf spot â€| hmm, not so much.

Gobber chuckles at his own joke as Hiccup runs in a path underneath. He looks up to see his mentor and continues with his questioning.

HICCUP: So how would one sneak up on a Night Fury?

**Gobber rubs his temple in irritation from his apprentice's

seemingly irrelevant questions for the time being.**

GOBBER: No one has ever met one and lived to tell the tale. Now get in there!

"That's not true, I met one and lived to tell the tale," said Hiccup.

"So did I!" exclaimed Rider and Wolf.

"You two weren't even born then," Gobber states, pointing at the two G.M.A.D. members. "As for you, there was no way that anyone knew at the time," he continues, facing Hiccup.

Gobber points with his hand angrily, his long moustache flying. Hiccup walks backwards into another path.

HICCUP: I know, I know. But, hypothetically â€|

Hiccup couldn't continue as his attention was grabbed by someone whispering desperately at him.

ASTRID: (whispered) Hiccup!

Hiccup turns to see Astrid and Snotlout crouched against a wall just before an opening. Both are looking at him, Astrid body turned away.

ASTRID (CON'T): (whispered) Get down!

**Astrid gestures slightly with her shield, conveying the same message in case Hiccup didn't hear her. Snotlout quickly nods in agreement with her comment. As Hiccup joins their position Astrid looks around the wall. The Nadder is at a junction a little bit further ahead trying to see any of the trainees, looking away from the three. Astrid takes a few short breathes to ready herself before executing a somersault manoeuvre, placing her shield underneath herself and rolling over, her momentum bringing her shield up with her. Snotlout executes the same manoeuvre, performing it almost exactly the same as Astrid. Both avoiding the dragon almost noiselessly. **

Hiccup follows suit, trying to copy Astrid and Snotlouts' movements. He managed to tuck the shield underneath him as he began his roll. However when it came time to pull the shield after him to exit the roll, Hiccup didn't have the strength to pull it with him as he didn't carry the same momentum. The shield clattered behind him as it fell to the ground, Hiccup being pulled back with it. The Nadder heard his blunder and turned its attention to him. He scrambles to his feet and scampers away, just avoiding the snapping jaws of the dragon.

The Vikings breathe a sigh of relief at Hiccup's recent close encounter with death. _How many more times is Hiccup going to dance with death until he is finally caught?,_ some thought.

**Hiccup manages to escape the dragon that then runs into Astrid and Snotlout. Astrid gets into her throwing stance, ready to hurl her axe at the Nadder, possibly killing it. Before she can launch her weapon at it, Snotlout pushes her aside defensively, wanting to show off and

impress her.**

ASTRID: Hey!

SNOTLOUT: Watch out, babe. I got this!

**Snotlout chucks his weapon instantly at the dragon. Instead of finding its intended target, his bludgeon clatters against a post to the dragon's left. The Nadder turns quickly to inspect the fallen weapon before turning back to face the two. **

The G.M.A.D. laugh at Snotlout's disappointing attempts to impress Astrid, who gives the former a powerful punch to his chest, sending him sprawling to the ground.

"That's for ruining my chance at getting my first kill," Astrid says, glaring at Snotlout. Most of the G.M.A.D. cheer, some hollering and the rest clapping. Thorong just watches with an amused smile pasted on his face.

Snotlout fumes and props up on his elbows. He angrily reacts to the G.M.A.D., looking to mock them and do some harm to Hiccup, but first goes after Astrid. "You'll come around. They always do. None of the others on the island come anywhere near the image of the perfect Viking, only me. Why those scrawny kids would protect Useless, I have no idea. Maybe they only look after him because they are weak themselves and they hope to have strength in numbers. That must be it, they need their dragons to protect them from their problems."

His words angered the previously cheering members, a lot of them looking furious. They move to draw their weapons and charge at the boy, but before any of them can move a hooded blur zooms past them. The next thing everyone knows Thorong is standing where Snotlout was, the latter being held up by the front of his shirt, head back to avoid the point of the gauntlet. His face has gone pale, already deeply regretting what he said. Thorong doesn't look frustrated, or even angry, just serious and irritated at the insults that have been shot over the course of the day. Everyone looks shocked, not expecting him to react that fast, the twins secretly excited for some real damage that they thought the dragon rider was going to cause.

"Now you listen to me, you sorry excuse for a human being," Thorong says sternly, though only loud enough for Snotlout to hear. "You have no right to make fun of anyone sitting in this room right now except for yourself. We don't have to sink down to your level. Sure, some may pick on others but you are the only one that does it to torture Hiccup, physically and emotionally. You have no idea what he goes through, or what we've been through. Now I'm not going to strike you, that's not my style. However, what the others do is none of my concern. I've been trying to protect everyone in this room from a dark fate but you seem hell bent on making it worse. So if they want to attack you after I've finished talking then I will only stop them when you are near death. Show me that you're worth saving. This is your last warning, Snotface. Make good use of it."

As soon as he finishes speaking, Thorong throws Snotlout forcefully into his seat before turning and walking back to his slab, the irritation he feels getting smaller the further he gets from

Snotlout. Everyone is looking ludicrously at him in some way, the dragons amazed, the Vikings afraid, the twins disappointed, Hiccup, Astrid and Fishlegs shocked and the G.M.A.D. surprised and shocked. Snotlout is shakily staring at the retreating figure, wide eyed in fear and all colour drained from his face.

As he walks past them he says, "I don't care what you do this time, do what you want."

None of them move, unable to comprehend what happened, before sitting down, both them and their dragons stunned. Storm purrs slightly as Thorong sits down.

"_Are you alright?" _Storm asks.

"Yes, I'm fine," answered Thorong, having fully returned to his calm, mostly serious composure. "You should know that by now."

"_I do. I can sense your emotions, as you well know, so I understood you weren't going to attack that ignorant boy. I just needed to make sure."_

"It's okay, Storm. I just needed to let him know just how thin a line he was walking on."

A long silence spans throughout the entire room. When it was clear that the G.M.A.D. weren't going to go after Snotlout, Thorong walked up to the front of the room.

"Sorry, about that," he said addressing the entire room. "However, Snotlout needed to know what was on my mind. If everyone's ready, then we'll continue."

He sat back down, Storm rubbing against him. When no one moved to do anything else, the movie resumed.

Snotlout looks confused and slightly upset at his miss, unable to impress Astrid. Astrid is glaring at him in irritation and anger at him ruining her chance. He notices this and tries to produce a believable excuse.

SNOTLOUT: The sun was in my eyes, Astrid.

Astrid quickly glances at the dragon as Snotlout looks at her expecting an accepting response. She turns and runs away. Snotlout looks up at the Nadder in shock before turning to run, just evading a fiery blast shot at their recent position. As they leave Snotlout is still trying to feed excuses to Astrid so she will accept him.

SNOTLOUT (CON'T): What would you like me to do? Block out the Sun?! I could do that, but I just don't have the time right now.

"Snotlout, I will never, _ever_ be with you, period." Astrid said to him, slightly less menacingly than she normally would've. Snotlout shook his head in disbelief, starting to recover from the shock, but didn't say anything.

**Snotlout's rambling trails off as the Nadder gives chase. Astrid

turns one way while Snotlout goes another, the dragon chasing after Astrid. She then slides as she reaches another junction, Hiccup behind her still trying to get some kind of helpful answer from Gobber. As she continues running the dragon runs knocks over the barricade as it turns, causing a domino effect across the entire arena. In the middle of the chaos you can hear Snotlout say something about "a date." Astrid keeps running away as the rest of the teens flee, pushing past Hiccup as he sends another question Gobber's way.**

HICCUP: Has anyone ever seen one napping?

"See? Your family doesn't listen," said Gobber. "Remember when I said 'no one has ever seen one and lived to tell the tale'."

Gobber tries redirecting Hiccup's focus to the collapsing maze and the dragon.

GOBBER: Hiccup!

Hiccup turns to see only a small part of the maze still standing, that portion getting smaller by each second. Astrid in a bid to escape the Nadder has climbed on top of a post and is jumping from wall-to-wall, the dragon jumping after her. Astrid is about to leap onto a clear part of the arena floor until she loses balance when she sees it occupied by Hiccup. As she tries to come up with another plan the dragon gets closer, making the wall she is on wobble more intensely. Astrid ends up jumping quite unbalanced to avoid the wall, tumbling onto a sheepish Hiccup.

ASTRID: Hiccup!

Hiccup falls backwards spread eagled onto the ground. Astrid lands on top of Hiccup, her axe embedded deep into his shield. She tries to pull her axe out as Hiccup stays mostly still. The twins are nearby, making fun of the precarious situation Astrid and Hiccup are in.

TUFFNUT: Oooh. Love on the battlefield.

RUFFNUT: She can do better.

"Don't listen to them, Astrid," Kura says. "Hiccup is the best one on the island."

Hiccup blushes slightly at this, though he thinks differently.

_I can't be the best on the island, _he thought. _I mess up a lot for everyone. Astrid won't be with me, no matter how much I try._

Toothless senses his friend's sadness and purrs, giving him a quick lick. Hiccup cheered up a bit at this, Toothless always knowing what to do to make Hiccup happy.

Astrid struggles to release her axe from Hiccup's shield. Hiccup is stuttering as he tries to communicate with her, trying to organise how they can get unstuck whilst shocked that she fell on top of him.

****HICCUP:** Let me â€¦ Why don't you â€¦**

****Astrid** gets up, huffing in irritation as she can't dislodge her axe. She looks up and sees the Nadder slowly making its way over to the both of them. She looks scared as she frantically tries to pull the axe out, before putting her foot on his face to hold him down as he tries to pull the shield off his arm by the handle of her axe.**

****HICCUP (CON'T):** No, don't do that- Ow! Ow! Ow!**

"Wasn't there a better way to do that?" complains Hiccup.

"Well, would you rather have a sore head and arm or be lying there dead?!" snaps Astrid.

Hiccup looks hurt at this which immediately makes Astrid feel guilty. She looks down upset before lifting her head, her voice softening as she tries to speak to him.

"Hiccup â€¦ I-" Astrid starts before stopping almost straight away as Hiccup lies down on top of a crouched Toothless, half burying his head into his friend. Astrid feels completely crestfallen, unable to see Hiccup like this. Just then her angered confusion sparks up again, causing another conflict inside her mind trying to break her.

WHY ARE YOU FEELING THIS WAY?! HOW CAN YOU BEAT YOURSELF UP OVER HIM?! HE IS NOT WORTH IT! HE IS WORTHLESS â€¦ No! He is not! None of us have ever been through what he has! How can we call him worthless without going through what he has â€¦ HE BETRAYED YOU! HE BETRAYED YOU ALL WHEN HE SET FREE THAT DRAGON! HE BEFRIENDED THE ONE SINGLE DRAGON THAT HAS CAUSED THE MOST DAMAGE TO THE ENTIRE VILLAGE â€¦ We forced him to do that. We rejected him and pushed him aside for trying to reach the expectations of the village. They are even higher for him as he's the chief's son. All he tried to do was help and fit in â€¦ NO ONE FORCED HIM TO DO THAT! HE IS PATHETIC, A MISTAKE! YOU CAN NEVER HELP HIM, NEVER COMFORT HIM! IF YOU DO, YOU WILL BE SHUNNED, SHOVED ASIDE LIKE HIM â€¦ No! Get out of my head! You got me into this mess, got us all into it!

Astrid clutches at her head, trying to break free of the grip that is squirming to take hold, to manifest her mind and control her.

_WHY DO YOU WANT ME GONE? I HAVE SET YOU UP FOR LIFE! YOUR REWARD FOR TURNING IN THE TRAITOR WILL BE BEYOND MEASURE! YOU'LL NEVER HAVE TO WORRY ABOUT ANYTHING EVER AGAIN. YOU CAN PROVE TO THE ELDERS THAT YOU CAN LEAD THE VILLAGE AND BECOME CHIEF! THE LINE TO POWER LIES STRAIGHT AHEAD! ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS LISTEN TO ME â€¦ Never! You are trying to tear us apart! If this all plays out as you say, then you will be the one with power, not me! I will never be controlled like a mindless slave â€¦ YOU ALREADY WERE. REMEMBER WHEN THE RUNT BEAT YOU?! FINE THEN! IF YOU FEEL LIKE YOU CAN HANDLE THIS ALL ON YOUR OWN, KEEP YOUR EMOTIONS AND PRESSURE IN CHECK, AND ALLOW THOSE MEDDLING FOOLS TO MESS AROUND WITH YOUR MIND, THEN I'LL STEP BACK AND WATCH! IT WILL BE AMUSING SEEING YOU STRUGGLE AGAINST THE CRUSHING PRESSURE AND EXPECTATIONS FIGHT AGAINST YOUR NEW FOUND FEELINGS â€¦ Get out and stay out! They are helping us escape your control! I can handle myself! I am a Hofferson! And we will not be beaten by you!

Leave, and never come back!_

A large weight feels like it has been lifted of Astrid's chest, though she knows the presence is still hiding away in a dark corner of her mind. Suddenly a huge wave of emotions smashed into her, largely consisting of guilt, shame, anger, confusion and another emotion that she can't place at the moment. They slam into her, almost crushing her spirit in a few seconds.

_So this is what that darkness held back, _she thought. _It was just waiting for the chance to unleash them when I least expected it, crippling her and allowing it complete control. I have to fight it!_

Astrid somehow manages to pull herself together, staving off the torrent and shutting down the fresh batch of emotions. _How does Hiccup manage to keep all his pain inside? I remember he said using his sarcasm to hide it, but I can't do that. I just can't â€|_

A lot of people noticed the pain and conflict within Astrid, almost all of them having no idea about what was going on.

"Astrid, what happened?" Fishlegs asked. "You seemed to be fighting yourself for a bit."

"It's nothing," Astrid lied, regathering herself. "Just a massive headache."

IMPRESSIVE, BUT YOU WON'T LAST LONG! YOU'LL NEED ME AGAIN SOON! YOU'LL SEE â€| I-I don't n-need you â€| SEE? YOU'RE ALLREADY STRUGGLING AMD THERE'S STILL MORE TO COME! I'LL BE WATCHING â€|

Hiccup looks really concerned. He knows that what just happened had nothing to do with a headache. It was all because of emotions, he knew that all too well. How she looked and acted just before was exactly how he used to act before he learnt how to hide his own from the world. He starts to stand up, wanting to go to her and help her, whether she wants it or not, but is stopped by Thorong, shaking his head.

"No. Not yet," Thorong said, looking straight at Hiccup. "Let her try to deal with it on her own for a bit. She will come to you when the time is right."

"She needs my help," Hiccup said. "She cannot get through this alone."

"You're right," Thorong agreed, "but there's more to what happened then what you went through. She was just fighting for control of her mind with whomever or whatever is doing this. In an attempt to cripple her, the mysterious person unlocked a lot of emotions that were kept from her, trying to crush her in the process." Hiccup looks over at Astrid, another reason to worry for her added to his list. "Luckily for us she was able to pull herself together before she was broken. Otherwise things would've gone grimly."

"So when can I help her?" asked Hiccup, worried and concerned for Astrid. Thorong smiles slightly at the selflessness Hiccup displays, regardless of how they all treat him.

"Soon," he answered. "You wouldn't know this but she already asked me twice if she could speak with you, both times I asked her to wait a little longer. As you can see you might have been caught up in the whole ordeal, maybe making things more difficult. I am trying to look out for everyone here, just like you were in Berk, whether you realise it or not."

"I never really noticed," admitted Hiccup, looking at Toothless who was staring back, looking calm, yet curious.

Thorong gives a small chuckle before speaking again. "You really are a god's gift, Hiccup. You come from an island full of people that are fairly self-centred. Though they may look out for one another, only a few would truly care for anyone in their time of need. And yet here you are, part of them and yet one of the most selfless people I have ever met." Hiccup looks a bit happier at this praise.

"Don't let them bring you down," Thorong continued. "Always stay true to yourself. You are one of the few in the entire world destined to play a massive part in the course of all worlds. Trust in yourself and the qualities that make you you."

Thorong leaves it at that, allowing Hiccup to consider his advice deeply. Soon everyone settles down and the movie continues.

**Astrid manages to yank both shield and axe off of Hiccup and turns to face the dragon. She swings as it reaches her, hitting it on the side of the head just before the eye. The shield shatters on impact, the hit making the dragon spins around and shakily walk away.
**

GOBBER: Well done, Astrid!

Astrid looks shakily herself at her axe, a small piece of wood still gripping to the axe. She looks slightly scared that she could've died if she hadn't managed to act when she did. She then replaces her look with one of anger and spins around to face Hiccup, cowering on the floor. When he raises his head she glares daggers at him as she starts yelling at him, first ludicrously then slowly regaining her composure.

ASTRID: Is this some kind of a joke to you?! Our parents' war is about to become our own.

She thrusts the concave gap of her axe at him, the tips resting inches from his face.

ASTRID: Figure out which side you're on.

Astrid pulls her axe away and stomps away from Hiccup. He looks down at the floor, his face mixed with shame, disappointment, confusion and fear.

Astrid feels ashamed at this, before getting hit with more shame than she usually did when watching these events play out again. _That strange power must've somehow magnified the emotions I receive._ She curls up in a ball, unable to think of a way to help her cope with the stress, no longer caring for the time being who saw her like this. Nearly everyone was focused on the movie, though, and took no

notice of her.

* * *

><p>The scene changes to a ground-level entrance to the cove. A raw fish is tossed through the passage and is left, to try and lure the Night Fury over. After some time Hiccup looks at the fish and realises he has to go further in. Gripping a white shield with a dragon on it, he starts to push forwards. He is instantly stopped as the shield gets lodged in between the cliffs. Hiccup tries to push and jiggle it free, to no avail, before ducking underneath and trying to pull, to no avail again. Giving a sigh Hiccup turns back to the fish and picks it up in his right hand.

The Vikings chuckle at this, only Hiccup could keep doing the best to protect himself and still mess it up. But it wasn't cold or mocking, it was a warm laugh.

_They don't sound like they're making fun of me, _Hiccup realised.
It's like they are starting to accept me for who I am.

Lightly cradling the fish, Hiccup makes his way further into the cove. His head turns left and right, searching for the elusive dragon. Said dragon is lying along a rocky structure, leering from on top as its body hides behind the spire. It makes a slight noise, alerting Hiccup to its presence, before it moves almost noiselessly around and towards him. Hiccup gives a small gasp at the sound and slightly backs off as the Night Fury moves, hugging the fish to his body.

Everyone except the G.M.A.D., Hiccup and Toothless gasp along with Hiccup, fearing that the boy will be attacked by the Night Fury.

When the dragon stops moving both are standing parallel to the pond in the middle of the cove, Hiccup looking scared and the dragon looking curious as to why the human is in its territory.

**Hiccup fearfully stretches out the fish in his hand, offering it to the dragon. It cautiously creeps over, lured in by the simple meal. It hasn't eaten much over the last couple of days. It opens its mouth, revealing an inside without teeth. **

"Hang on, I swore it had teeth before," exclaimed Snotlout, some agreeing murmurs coming from others. _It had teeth when it roared at Hiccup, didn't it?_

**As it is about to grab the fish, the dragon senses something and backs off, growling and bringing forth its teeth. Hiccup jumps back and carefully pulls back part off his vest, revealing the small dagger Hiccup had when he found the Night Fury. Upon seeing the weapon the dragon growls slightly more. **

"See what I mean when I said they were defensive around weapons?" Thorong asks. Most of the Vikings nod, though Stoick isn't so convinced.

"If they're so defensive, why aren't they growling at you all?" he asked. "You all carry weapons."

"Simple," Night replies. "They trust us."

****Hiccup goes to grab just the tip of the hilt to discard it, but as he touches the metal the dragon's growling increases significantly. Hiccup carefully draws the dagger by the tip of the hilt and drops it onto the ground next to him. The Night Fury gestures with its head for the human to put the dagger into the pond, which Hiccup does by scooping it up with his foot and flicking it in.****

"You had to be such a fusspot," teased Hiccup, making Toothless knock him down with his tail. Both started laughing and play fighting, getting chortles from everyone.

"Hmm. Nice control, good footwork and quite co-ordinated," Thorong observed. "You didn't even have to look at the dagger at all. Given some training, you could be a great football player."

"What's football?" asked Hiccup curiously, getting up from his bout with Toothless .

"I'll show you during the next break," Thorong answered.

****The dragon looks suspiciously at the blade as it plops into the water, before turning back to look at Hiccup. Its intense green eyes go wide with curiosity and it sits up fairly relaxed, its left ear flicking quickly. Altogether it looks fairly â€|
****_cute?!_****

"Look out Hiccup!" exclaims Rider. "It will kill you with its adorableness!"

The G.M.A.D. laugh at her comment. Toothless, Speedstrike and uPaw give a similar innocent look that Toothless showed in the movie, making them and the dragons laugh more. The Vikings are shocked. They would never expect such a dangerous dragon to change its views so quickly.

****Hiccup, regardless of the sudden change of emotion from the Night Fury, cautiously offers the fish a second time. The dragon again cautiously creeps over, though more carefree and quicker than before. It opens its mouth, revealing it empty of teeth, the gums rounded inwards whee the teeth should be. Hiccup peers in curiously, his mind focused on flashbacks of the dragon.****

"Its' teeth have gone again!" exclaimed Fishlegs.

"What in the name of Thor is happening?" asked Gobber.

"Sorry, are you talking to me, or the gods?" Thorong joked, making the G.M.A.D. and the dragons laugh. Gobber opens his mouth to reply, slightly aghast, before Thorong cut in. "Don't worry, I know what you meant. Anyway, your question will be answered now."

****HICCUP: Huh. Toothless â€| I could've sworn you had-****

****Hiccup was cut short as the Night Fury extracted its pearly white teeth, before it quickly lunges at the fish, swiping it from Hiccup's hands. Hiccup jumps back as the dragon flicks its head back, tossing the fish high in the air and swallowing it in a couple of bites. It then proceeds to lick its teeth with its tongue. Hiccup's voice turns**

shocked.**

HICCUP (CON'T): â€| teeth.

The Vikings jump as the dragon extracted its teeth, Toothless giving a dragon laugh at their reaction.

"So, it has retractable teeth?" Fishlegs asked fearfully, though his thirst for knowledge sparked.

"Yep, All Night Furies do," Rider answers, the three in the room demonstrating. The Vikings watch curiously.

The dragon finishes its licking before moving towards Hiccup, eying him up and down with curiosity in its eyes and voice, almost expecting another fish from the boy. Hiccup backs away slowly trying to keep the small distance between them in case the dragon chose to eat him.

HICCUP (CON'T): Uh. No, no. No.

"Don't tell me it's going to eat Hiccup," said Astrid without thinking.

"Of course it does. The Hiccup that beat you was an imposter," Skura replied sarcastically.

Astrid looks down sheepishly, cursing herself. _These damn emotions are messing with me._

"Why would you be concerned with whether or not Useless gets eaten?" Snotlout jeers. Astrid doesn't respond. Suddenly Snotlout is struck by something metal, making him fall flat on his face, the metal object clattering on the ground. Check walks over and picks up the metallic thing, revealing it to be his frying pan that he threw at Snotlout's jeering.

"Stop calling him Useless, Snotface," warned Check, going back to his slab.

"You do know that you just contradicted yourself, right?" Skura asked as Check took his seat.

"How did I do that?"

"You told him to stop name calling and then you called him a name," Guardian explained.

Check thought back on what just happened, he looked just as lost as the twins do.

"What did he do?" asked Tuffnut.

"I don't know, but I'm pretty sure he beat up Snotlout," replied Tuffnut.

"Yeah, I thought that's what happened â€| I think."

**Hiccup backs himself into a boulder sunk into the ground, the dragon still moving forwards. It lifted its head slightly and looked

down on him.**

HICCUP (CON'T): (whispered) I don't have any more.

The Night Fury makes a strange sort of gurgling sound as its eyes roll up slightly into its head. Its throat started throbbing before it regurgitated half of the fish that was eaten into Hiccup's lap.

Almost the entire room grimaced at this, Thorong and Storm had faint smiles on their faces, remembering similar experiences Thorong had.

"Did you really have to do that, bud?" Hiccup groaned. Toothless gave him a blank nod.

**It then sits back on its hind legs. A long silence stands between them. Hiccup gingerly holds the fish in his hands while the dragon stares blankly at him, waiting for him to react. After a while it looks at the fish then back at Hiccup. **

"Does it actually want Hiccup to eat that?" asked Astrid.

"He certainly did," answered Hiccup.

He looks at the fish at the dragon, absolutely dumbstruck. He then gives a deep sigh before hesitantly taking a bite out of the raw, regurgitated fish. With the bitten fish in his mouth he forces a 'tasty' look and holds the fish up slightly, forcing out an approving sound. The dragon perks up at this reaction. Hiccup does the same again. The dragon makes a swallowing gesture.

Hiccup looks at it disbelievingly, before rolling his eyes. He attempts to swallow the contents, which he almost throws back up. He stops this by placing his hand on his lips before making another attempt, this time successful. He groans at the taste and grimaces, twitching as a result. The dragon licks its lips again, happy that Hiccup was happy with the fish, at least that's what it thought.

"I can't lie to you anymore, Toothless. That tasted disgusting!" Hiccup exclaimed, getting a shocked look from the Night Fury.

"It can't have been that bad," said Thorong. "I mean, I've had some pretty strange concoctions before."

"Such as?" inquired Rider.

"Well, during one football tournament my squad gave me a drink comprised of coke, raspberry and lime soft drinks, sour cream, pasta sauce, lettuce, chips, balsamic vinegar, salt, pepper, spaghetti and part of a meatball."

The other G.M.A.D. members looked shocked, some looking sick and trying to stop themselves from throwing up.

"You drank what?!" shrieked Rider.

"Please tell me it wasn't much," Night added queasily.

"I had two pints," Thorong answered. "Later on they gave me a couple of different ones, but they were nowhere near as complicated." He and Storm laugh at the aghast faces looking at him.

"How in-"Delta started, before Thorong cut in.

"Honestly, it didn't really have any taste. The best way to describe it would be to say it was bland," he said smiling. "Whatever it did, we won the tournament so it's been dubbed the 'Victory Drink'. We've been doing it for a while and this was during the last tournament, though they mixed a few more for me afterwards. Anyway, let's get back to the movie before you all become sick."

**Hiccup forced a toothy smile, which received a puzzled look from the dragon. Hiccup raises his eyebrows slightly. The Night Fury starts moving its mouth, beginning from the left hand side. Hiccup looks slightly surprised, his forced smile turning into his usual smile. The dragon makes a gummy-smile, mimicking Hiccup's first one as much as it possible could on the first try. **

"Behold, the gummy smile," Hiccup joked, Toothless reacting by doing his signature smile. Both dragons and Vikings saw the likeness.

Hiccup, amazed, sits up and leans forwards to touch the dragon. The dragon falls back into its defensive attitude, extracting its teeth and snarling at Hiccup before flying awkwardly away across part of the pond, landing on its feet behind a large rock. Hiccup gets to his feet and starts to walk over to the dragon's new position.

The dragon shook its head; trying to rid itself of the confusion it was feeling, confusion over the boy and the type of people he was part of. Looking down at the ground it breathes out a slow, hot fire, burning the ground at its feet. It lightly stomps on the flames, extinguishing them, before lying down in the scorched ground and ashes. It rests its head on its paws, about to go to sleep. Then a mother bird at its nest containing three brown speckled eggs chirps and flies off, grabbing the attention of the dragon. It follows its flight, eying it all the way, ears raised. As it passes from sight the Night Fury looks down to see Hiccup sitting cross-legged on the ground. Hiccup gives a casual wave, which is returned with a dull look by the dragon. It settles down on the ground, placing its tail in front of its head to cover it from sight. When it doesn't move further Hiccup edges closer, reaching his hand out to touch the Night Fury's tail. As his hand is inches away from touching the Night Fury, it raises its tail and looks at him wide-eyed. Hiccup jumps up and transforms the action to make it look like he is getting up and walking away. The dragon, not fooled this time, wanders over to a new location of the cove to sleep.

"Did it ever occur to you that it wanted to be left alone?" asked Stoick.

"I was curious and excited. He was acting in a way that we never knew. I wanted to learn more," Hiccup answered. Stoick still looked sceptical.

_DON'T LISTEN TO HIM! HE IS TRYING TO CONFUSE YOU! HE BETRAYED YOU ALL, REMEMBER?! YOU NEED OT HOLD ON â€| You must be what those 'children' were talking about. I don't need you to think for me! I

can handle this myself! I am chief of Berk, I know how to deal with these sorts of things â€| WHEN HAVE YOU EVER DEALT WITH A DRAGON RIDER BEFORE?! BE CAREFUL AROUND HIM AND THOSE MEDDLING FOOLS! ALSO, YOU MUST BE WARY OF ASTRID â€| Astrid?! Why would I need to worry about her? She found out the truth, she would never fall for this â€| YOU HAVEN'T SENSED WHAT I HAVE! SHE IS FALLING FOR IT, SHE CANNOT HOLD TOGETHER! EVEN IF SHE DOESN'T, SHE WILL TRY TO OVERTHROW YOU IN TIME â€| She wouldn't dare! She is smarter than most in the village, she knows when she cannot win â€| DOES SHE? HER PRIDE AND CONFIDENCE IS TOO HIGH! SHE IS POWER HUNGRY, IF GIVEN THE CHANCE, SHE WOULD REMOVE ALL OBSTACLES BETWEEN HER AND THE RIGHT TO RULE! BUT NEVER MIND THAT FOR NOW, LOOK AT HER! SHE IS STRUGGLING! SHE MIGHT START BELIEVING WHAT WAS ONCE YOUR SON! YOU SAW HOW SHE STARTED TO DEFEND HIM â€| We were all horrible to him, she's showing her shame in a way she knows how â€| REALLY? LET'S WAIT AND SEE â€|_

The voice vanishes, leaving Stoick with many questions.

****Later in the day the dragon is seen hanging by its tail on a hanging tree root. It slowly flutters its eyes open and looks over across the cove. It sees the boy still at the cove, sitting on a medium-sized rock. Hiccup has a long stick in his hand and is drawing the Night Fury's head in the ground. Like the sketch of the dragon in his notebook he has managed to capture the likeness of the image with just a few strokes, the more strokes added the more realistic the image seems.****

"Wow, Hiccup. You are an amazing artist," complimented Astrid, lifting Hiccup's spirits.

Stoick looks concerned watching that exchange. _Maybe that thing is right â€|_

****Hiccup freezes for a second as he realises the dragon is looming over him, taking interest in his drawing. He begins drawing again, the dragon's head mirroring the movement of the stick, purring as he watched. Soon the main features were finished, even the pupils were drawn in and darkened. The dragon looks sideways at the drawing before looking slightly to the right, pondering a thought that came to it. It then plods off, leaving Hiccup looking confused at the dragon walking away. His eyebrows rise up in surprise as a loud cracking sound resonates around the cove. The dragon has snapped off a tree branch and is holding it in his teeth, dragging it along the ground. He starts swirling around as he drags the branch behind him, at some parts rushing, others slowing down and taking care. Hiccup leans in all directions to try and get an understanding of what it is drawing. Suddenly the dragon looks up, excitedly, and takes a quick look at Hiccup. He straightens his posture and sits upright, unsure as to why he is being looked at and what else he could do. The dragon takes a double look before adding a dot to the picture. It then continues with its spinning, swatting Hiccup unintentionally with the leafy end of the branch as he traverses more ground. Hiccup looks around on his rock in wonder, his spirits much higher than when he turned up. ****

****The dragon finishes his work and admires it, immensely pleased with himself. A high angle shot shows that the masterpiece is an incredibly large and long squiggle in the dirt, one line divided in two at some point to result in three end points. Hiccup's drawing sits undisturbed by the spins and swirls of the Night Fury. Hiccup**

stands up, impressed that the dragon could do such a job with what he assumed was his first glimpse and experience with drawing. **

"I think it's tried to draw you, Hiccup," chuckled Gobber.

"I think you're right Gobber," Hiccup said, laughing with him. Toothless purred at the both of them.

"You're half right," said Thorong, making everyone look at him. "I do believe he was trying to draw you, but it is also part of a trust exercise that some dragon species have."

**He looks around curiously, moving that he can observe the Night Fury's creation and get a better look. As he walks he accidentally steps on one of the squiggles, making the dragon snarl. Hiccup jumps at the response, quickly taking his foot off the line. The dragon instantly calms down, purring as a reaction. Hiccup, curious, steps on the line twice more, each time he steps down the dragon growls and snarls angrier, when he steps off it becomes calm again, though very slightly less each time. **

"I see what you mean," said Delta. "How did I not notice that before?"

"You just haven't travelled with me before," Thorong said quietly, loud enough for only Storm to hear, nodding slightly in response.

**Hiccup finally steps over the line, fully relaxing the dragon. He gives it a reassuring grin, before moving again. He takes care to avoid stepping on the lines, making him zigzag across the drawing. He stops at a huff from the dragon, Hiccup's back facing it. He turns around and looks up looking a bit fearful, the dragon looks down at him wide eyed in anticipation. **

Nearly everyone in the room takes a deep breath, highly anticipating what will happen next.

**Hiccup carefully stretches his hand out to touch the dragon. It pulls back slightly, giving a small growl and eying him slightly. Hiccup brings back his hand, the Night Fury stops growling and widens its eyes slightly, waiting to see what the boy would do next. He looks at his hand before turning his head away, closing his eyes and reaching out again. Now that he wasn't looking, the dragon looked with wide eyes at the hand. It could sense the trust flowing from the boy, all it had to do was reach out. The dragon stares at the hand waiting for contact, trying to decide. Does it trust this youth of dragon slayers or not? **

After a gap that seems to span eternity, the Night Fury closes its eyes and leans forward, allowing the boy to touch its head, feel its scales, completing the circle of trust. Hiccup releases a breath in relief, looking up slightly scared and relieved. The dragon rears its head and gives it a shake, its pupils returning to near slits, before it quickly darts away as silent as a shadow. Hiccup looks at its retreating figure, confused, relieved and full of wonder and more questions he needed answering so he can understand just how it felt.

A flurry of emotions hit nearly everyone in the room. They feel

touched, joyful, sadness, connected, open-minded, confused and fearful at the same time. But most of all, they are anticipating what is going to happen to the duo and how they will grow together.

* * *

><p>AN: So there you go. The darkness is fighting back! How will they deal with this?*

A lot of you will notice a fair amount of quotes from the TV series in this, mostly from the twins. Thought it would work well in the context. :)

As for my announcements ...

1. I will close the poll as it seems like the decision is pretty much conclusive. I will be doing a 'Watching the Series' fic, complete with 'Gift of the Night Fury' and 'Legend of the Boneknapper'. 21 votes said yes and 1 person said it wouldn't be as interesting. In response to what that guest said (who is called just me), I do agree that it isn't as interesting as the movie, they don't really move Hiccup and Astrids' relationship anywhere and the animations aren't as good. Still, I do have a knack for making things a lot better than they are. How I plan to set this out will be uploading a chapter or two each week, one or two episodes each chapter, depending on how they go. It will be spanned out a while, starting a bit after I finish this story.

2. I realise I didn't explain that teaser scene thing too well. What I meant was that I would be doing the teaser scenes on my own. I have changed the mistake in the chapter but thought I would mention it here for the people that didn't notice the change. As for the rest, I will be doing 3 teaser scenes, one a week, and then after a couple of weeks I will do a trailer for it, which should have some of the G.M.A.D. in it. I don't know yet if it's going to just be G.M.A.D. involved, a HTTYD one or a ROTBTD fic. If it is the latter then I will need to watch Brave, as I haven't seen that one yet. If you do already want to be part of it then PM me, otherwise wait 'til I get those scenes up.

3. That thing about the drinks is all true, apart from naming it the 'Victory Drink', that is just what I call it. If you guys want then I will give another concoction next upload.

4. There will be some singing later on and I would like some suggestions for songs to be sung (I think I can safely assume that 'Battle Scars' will be suggested. I don't know why, I just have this feeling ;)). I won't say when I plan for this to be done.

5. When I say football, even though I'm Australian, I mean soccer.

Apart from that, there will be more surprises in store, including another member (I know I said I was going to keep it as is, but because of what this member does it played in well with my plans).

**I don't know if I will be able to upload again while I'm on holiday. If I can't then it will be as I get back. Hopefully that will explain what's going on for those that keep asking for an

upload.**

Next chapter: **Learning to Fight and Fly**

As I said, please review and fav if you haven't, constructive criticism is welcome.

Catch you all later!

8. Author's Note (I'm really sorry!)

**A/N: Unfortunately, this is not a chapter upload, I just need to get some things off my chest. I hate it when this happens so I'm really sorry. **

**First of all, responding to just me's comment, I'm not trying to portray you as the bad guy in the vote. I was more so expressing my views on what you had to say. **

Secondly, to guesty's suggestion, what you have said is true, though I am nowhere near, nor will I ever be, desperate enough to stoop to that level.

Thirdly, I have explained to Poseidon about his concerns. If anyone else has any similar concerns, let me know and I will try to make some changes to rectify that. Some, like the caps, will be easier to adapt than others.

Also for Kook, don't worry. It wasn't your blue box of timey-wimey that caused the pamphlet fiasco. And if anyone does actually want to join the G.M.A.D. You need to make an account (if you haven't already) and PM NightFury999.

**On a happier note, this story has passed 10,000 views and 100 followers! Thank you all so much for your continuous support of this story. I would like to thank those that have suggested some songs (I told you that 'Battle Scars' was going to be suggested) and I would like some more suggestions. I would also like some name suggestions for my fire and aura swords. I would prefer it if the names had something to do with their powers. If you have read PheonixTheFireBird's G.M.A.D. story, then you know what the lightning sword is called. **

I had hoped that this would've been a chapter upload, though I was plagued with problems in Auckland, consisting of writer's block, the strange inability of my laptop not being able to connect to the internet (I am using an aunt's iPad to do this and didn't want to retype 10,000+ words) and my somehow refuelled irritation at another writer.

**For now I will not name said writer, though I will say that two of his stories are favoured by me. The reason for this irritation is that they stopped a magnificent story for completely unexplained reasons (they put down in an A/N that they read so many errors that they weren't going to continue. When I PM'd this person about that all they said was it was messy. I have tried to get them to elaborate but they haven't responded), said they would rewrite the story, yet I feel their rewritten version is a complete waste of the idea. Now I will try not to drag on and have a go at people like this on my

stories but it's best I explain why I feel this way.**

Finally, DragonGuardian199012 has mysteriously lost the use of her account. She has made a new one under the name RaiderRiderDragonWolfGuardian. For all convenient purposes her name will stay the same for the rest of this story and changes will occur in any future appearances. I would also like to offer my condolences to BerkDragonRider for the tragedy that happened to her. I hope you will feel better later.

Now I will upload when I get back home in 2 days.

Next chapter: Learning to Fight and Fly

See you guys soon!

9. Learning to Fight and Fly

A/N: Back home after some delay. As promised, here is the next chapter.

Now it seems that the most common complaint is about the number of OCs. Yes, I do realise that this is an excessive number for this kind of fic. However, as my first one i was not expecting such a response after the first couple of chapters. So, because I don't want to be rude to the ones that are part of the story, the number of OCs won't be changing. **_Well ... _****I won't be getting rid of anyone, you'll see what I mean later on. That doesn't mean I won't be taking your words into account, so for the 'Watching the Sequel' (when I get around to it) and most of the 'Watching the Series' fic, it will not be so chock-a-block with G.M.A.D. members. If you are wondering why I say most of it, there is a part or two where I think, if it all goes well, then it would make a lot of sense to have more members in it. However, most of this chapter will focus on the ACs reactions, aoart from ... well, you'll just have to find out.**

Thank you to Roxy Emeralds for being the only person so far to suggest a name for my swords, even if it was just the fire one. I would still like some suggestions, as when i have enough I will put out two polls, one for each sword, with the suggestions that I really like, along with a couple of my own ones, and get your opinions on them.

I would still like suggestions for songs as well, so please keep them coming.

Now, if you remember me saying that I didn't want to retype 10,000+ words last update, then I will tell you that this chapter, not counting the A/N's at the top and bottom, totals 12,140 words. Now that is a lot!

Anyway, enough talk. I can do that at the end.

Please review and fav if you haven't, constructive criticism is welcome.

Without further ado, let's go!

_**Disclaimer: I do not own How to Train Your Dragon, the characters

in that franchise, or any of the characters in this story apart from Storm and myself.**_

* * *

><p>The screen changes to show the teens with Gobber on top of a run-down catapult, all sitting around a brazier-contained fire in the middle. Gobber is telling them about his missing limbs.

**GOBBER: "and with one twist, he took my hand and swallowed it whole! And I saw the look on his face"

Gobber points his roast chicken at the teens, getting more effect for his story. In fact, all the teens apart from Hiccup have roast chicken, Hiccup has a fish. He is looking at his fish cooking over the fire, seemingly disinterested in the story that he has heard many times before. The others are all fully absorbed in the story.

GOBBER (CON'T): "I was delicious.

He gestures to himself and raises the chicken, making himself seem like a tasty morsel, well, a bit more than a morsel.

"Delicious?" asked Rider. "Did you ask him that when he finished?"

"I didn't get the chance, he went straight for the dessert," replied Gobber.

"Knowing you, it must've been to die for," Stoick joked, getting a round of laughs from the Vikings and some angry growls from the dragons. Once again the G.M.A.D. had to go over to calm them down.

"Was that really necessary?" asked Midnight, annoyed.

"Stoick and Gobber, I know you're both thick as thieves but you do need to watch what you say," Night warned.

"I'm the chief of Berk. I have the right to make my thoughts known," Stoick rebuked.

"Be that as they may, would you treat other people like that in a similar situation?" asked Skura.

"That would depend on the person."

"What about Oswald the Agreeable?" asked Night.

"I don't think Oswald would react like that," said Gobber.

"He leads the Berserker tribe," pointed out Delta. "At a moment's notice they would go to war."

"Only if Oswald gave the word," Stoick said, starting to get angry.

"And if Oswald wasn't chief?" implied Thorong.

"What did you say?" asked both Gobber and Stoick.

"You heard me," Thorong said, locking eyes with Stoick. "What if Oswald wasn't chief? What if it was Daggur, his son?"

"Don't go saying too much, Thor," warned Rider.

"It's alright, Rider," Thorong said, before continuing his questioning. "You know that Daggur would declare war if a snail from Berk threatened him." Some Vikings chuckled at this. They knew Daggur wasn't quite right in the head, even if he was a bit dangerous. "So answer the question. Would you do that to others in a similar situation?"

All the Vikings began to murmur amongst themselves, saying what they would do. Stoick looked like he was weighing the factors before answering. "Only if they threatened my people. That's when I would do that." The Vikings cheered at this, Thorong didn't look convinced though he left it at that.

****GOBBER (CON'T):** He must have passed the word because it wasn't a month before another of them took my leg.**

****Gobber lifts up his metal peg leg, the teens, bar Hiccup, look at it in fascination.****

****TEENS: Wow.****

****FISHLEGS:** Isn't it weird to think that your hand was inside a dragon? Like if your mind was still in control of it
â€|**

****Fishlegs' drumsticks start to flail around, nearly hitting Astrid in her head. Tuffnut looks strangely at him.****

****FISHLEGS (CON'T):** â€| you could have killed the dragon by crushing his heart, or something.**

"That's weird and creepy. Why would you think of something like that?" Kura whined. Fishlegs looked down at his feet sheepishly.

****Tuffnut's expression changes from strange to dull, while Astrid shakes her head at Fishlegs in exasperation. Snotlout expresses his anger as if Fishlegs didn't speak, Hiccup still focusing mostly on his fish.****

****SNOTLOUT: I swear, I'm so angry right now.****

****He shakes his chicken-on-a-stick in anger, his face contorted in rage briefly.****

****SNOTLOUT (CON'T):** I'll avenge your beautiful hand and your beautiful foot. I'll chop off the legs of every dragon I fight, with my face.**

"Um, most dragon scales are very strong," pointed out Check. "How do you think you'd manage that?"

Snotlout looked smug as he began to answer. "Well I would- That is to say-" he began to look confused, "Maybe then I'd-"

"You've got nothing, right?" said Wolf.

Snotlout crossed his arms, looking angry. "Just shut up," he mumbled.

****Gobber makes disagreeing noises whilst his mouth is full. He swallows the food and wipes his mouth with his hand before continuing. ****

****GOBBER: No. It's the wings and the tails you really want.****

****He pulls the remaining wing off his chicken to add emphasis to what he said. He then points at them using it.****

****GOBBER (CON'T): If it can't fly, it can't get away. A downed dragon is a dead dragon.****

****Hiccups eyes widen slightly at this piece of information, subtly enough for the others to not notice. He has finally learnt something that he can use to help the Night Fury, plus it explains why it couldn't fly away in the first place. He realizes what he needs to do. As the other teens talk excitedly at this useful information, Gobber stands up, yawns and has a big stretch.****

****GOBBER (CON'T): All right, I'm off to bed. You should be, too. Tomorrow we get to the big boys â€|****

****The screen pans across the teens, skipping Astrid and going straight to Fishlegs, before passing over all the others, showing their psyched up and excited reactions****

****GOBBER (CON'T): â€| slowly but surely making our way up to the Monstrous Nightmare. But who will win the honour of killing it? ****

****The image finally rests on Hiccup, or where Hiccup was supposed to be sitting. Instead it lands on his fish, the boy has completely disappeared. Tuffnut looks smug and confident, placing his chicken on the brazier and winking as he lays back.****

"Whoa, where did Hiccup go?" asked Tuffnut. People looked strangely at him.

"How did you not notice that?" asked Astrid. "He was sitting right in front of you!"

"Gobber, I thought you were meant to watch him," Stoick said, rubbing his temple. "You know what normally happens."

"Stoick, the boy can leave my lesson if he wants. He just can't complain if he misses out on valuable information," replied Gobber.

****TUFFNUT: It's gonna be me. It's my destiny. See? ****

****As Tuffnut lifts up his shirt, Astrid looks at the spot Hiccup should be and notices the resting fish. Fishlegs gasps at what**

Tuffnut reveals. **

FISHLEGS: Your mom let you get a tattoo?

Astrid looks surprised to see the fish on its own. The screen changes to Hiccup, quietly running down the stairs of the catapult, making hardly any sound.

"How is it that you make so little noise, yet so many dangerous things keep finding you?" asked Astrid.

"Just bad luck, I guess," Hiccup mumbled, forced to remember some unpleasant memories. Astrid felt worse as she saw this.

"Hiccup, I'm sorry," she said softly. "I didn't mean to make you feel bad."

"It's fine, Astrid," Hiccup said, still sounding a bit upset. "You don't need to worry about me."

Even though he's sad, he's still looking out for me, she reflected. _He always looked out for everyone. Oh, Hiccup, you selfless fool! Why can't you just let us make up for what we've done, for what I've done?_

_I TOLD YOU STOICK, _a dark voice speaks through Stoick's mind like before. _THAT GIRL IS BREAKING! SHE WILL FALL â€| You might be right about that but that doesn't mean she is gone. She can still return to her usual self â€| WAIT AND WATCH, STOICK! YOU MAY NEED TO INTERVENE YOURSELF â€|_

TUFFNUT: It's not a tattoo, it's a birthmark.

Astrid walks over to the top of the stairs and sees Hiccup's retreating form.

**RUFFNUT: Ok, I've been stuck with you since birth, and that was never there before. **

TUFFNUT: Yes it was. You've just never seen me from the left side until now.

Astrid is left wondering what Hiccup is doing, leaving so early. She is fighting with herself as to whether or not she should follow him, but decides not to. She walks back to the group, slightly shaking her head as she moves. The screen then morphs to the burnt out coals sitting in the brazier and a warm light peeking through the closed door of the forge.

"I always wondered what you were doin' in that forge at night after training," Gobber mentioned.

"You're about to find out," said Night.

* * *

><p>Hiccup enters his personal space in the forge, brushing off the charcoal pencil and opening his notebook that was resting on the workbench, some sketches of Toothless underneath. He opens to his first drawing of the Night Fury, grabbing his pencil and redrawing

the left tailfin of the dragon.

Hiccup is then at the bellows, stoking the fire and heating up and old, unused greatsword. He is then shaping a connecting rod with his hammer and tweezers on the anvil, before cooling the hot metal in the cooling bucket. He lays it down on a design of a tailfin before going to pull the large nails out of a red shield and shapes them into metal balls. He weighs these and then clips them into some sockets. He then tightens a part, his face looking concentrated. Finally he covers the metal in a strong, thin cover before raising the finished product, an artificial tailfin for the Night Fury, closing it as he nods and looks at the design for it up against the wall.**

The dragons and Vikings look at it in amazement. It looked almost exactly like a proper tailfin.

"How could you make such an incredible replica?" asked Fishlegs.

"Hiccup has always been good with metal," answered Gobber, before Hiccup could reply. "He has been incredible, creating weapons the like of which I cannot compete with."

"Only because I had the greatest teacher ever," Hiccup replied, grinning from ear to ear.

"Ay, thanks lad," said Gobber, smiling warmly at his apprentices praise.

* * *

><p>Back in the cove Hiccup is walking up to the relaxing Night Fury, carrying a big basket on his back and a long object in his hands.

HICCUP: Hey, Toothless. **

"Really? You called him Toothless?" Snotlout asked disbelievingly.

"Hey, it sort of stuck after I first got a good look at him," defended Hiccup.

"You are pathetic. If you are giving a name to something powerful then it needs to be an awesome name, like my own."

"How is Snotlout an awesome name?" asked Rider, getting most of the G.M.A.D. and the teens, apart from Snotlout, laughing. Snotlout started fuming.

"I am the defending champion at Thawfest and I have never lost a single festival. I come from a long line of champions and killers and I am the strongest of us all. How am I not awesome?" Snotlout asked, jumping up to stand on his chair.

"Snotlout! Snotlout! Oi! Oi! Oi!" Snotlout and Spitelout cheered, both pumping their fists in the air.

"Umm, let me think â€|" Night pondered, before listing off her fingers. "You're egotistical, stupid, repulsive, selfish and a

complete jerk!"

"You also generally win Thawfest because Fishlegs keeps messing up whilst Astrid is going strong, putting her out," added Midnight. "No offence, guys." Fishlegs tried to make himself smaller, fearing Astrid's wrath. Astrid glared at him slightly but it didn't last long, she was still struggling and messed up from her emotions.

"Plus Astrid is much stronger than you are," finished Rider. "She would own you in a fight"

"Huh, she's just lucky I don't hit girls," Snotlout retorted.

"Yeah? So are you," Astrid snapped back. In her current state she wouldn't react like that but Snotlout was a special case.

****HICCUP (CON'T): I brought breakfast. I hope you're hungry.****

****Hiccup places the basket on the ground with a thud, keeping the object, the artificial tailfin, in his arms. He kicks it over with his foot, making the contents spill all over the ground, various types of fish squelching as they come free. Toothless spun around to look at the boy as he walked over to him, looking curiously at the basket as it lands on the ground. His attention is grabbed when the fish spills out on the ground in front of him, just near the pond.****

****HICCUP (CON'T): Ok, that's disgusting.****

****Toothless starts eyeing the food, slowly creeping up to the fish, sniffing at them to try and detect anything poisonous.****

****HICCUP (CON'T): We've got some salmon, some nice Icelandic cod and a whole smoked eel.****

****Toothless, about to dig in, pulls up and starts moving back, cringing when Hiccup mentioned the eel. Hiccup bends down and grabs the yellow and black smoked eel, holding it up in plain sight. Toothless spreads his wings and roars in fear.****

The dragons, minus Nyr Frysta, Storm and a few others, look terrified at the sight of the eel, Storm just didn't show his discomfort. The Vikings were shocked at this, not knowing how those mighty beasts could be so afraid of a long, slimy fish.

****HICCUP (CON'T): No, no, no, no, no! No, it's ok.****

****Hiccup throws the eel away, holding out his hand to calm Toothless. The Night Fury twitches, calming down, while Hiccup carefully wipes his hand on his vest, getting some of the smell and slime (I think) off his skin.****

****HICCUP (CON'T): Yeah, I don't really like eel much, either.****

****Toothless looks for any more eels before he, sensing none, starts eating vigorously. Hiccup slowly begins to sneak around the distracted Night Fury, careful not to drag attention to**

himself.**

HICCUP (CON'T): That's it. (whispered) That's it. Just stick with the good stuff.

Toothless, still gobbling down fish, doesn't realise Hiccup's movement.

HICCUP (CON'T): (normal) And don't you mind me. I'll just be back here, minding my own business.

Hiccup stops alongside Toothless' tail, trying to line up the artificial fin to the proper limb. As he inches it close, the tail slides slightly away due to Toothless trying to get at all the fish. Hiccup looks up to see the dragon tossing up a fish and catching it in his mouth, munching down afterwards. Thinking that's his chance Hiccup tries again, only to have the tail move inch away again when he was so close. Hiccup tries a third time, only to jump when the tail lifts up slightly.

"You had to make things difficult, didn't you bud?" moaned Hiccup, Toothless crooning next to him.

HICCUP (CON'T): It's ok.

Hiccup puts his hands on the tail in an attempt to hold it still. Unfortunately, due to his light weight, as the tail jerks more, Hiccup is jerked around as well. Hiccup tries climbing so his body is inbetween the tail and artificial fin, but as he gets close to having a chance at putting it on, Toothless lunges forward so he could put his head in the basket and get the few fish still in it, dragging Hiccup forwards. Hiccup, looking and sounding a bit annoyed, sits on the tail so he can see what he's doing and begins attaching the new tailfin.

"Things always have to be difficult for you, Hiccup," teased Astrid, laughing along with the other Vikings.

"Well 'Mr Greedy' had to get all the fish," complained Hiccup, making Toothless look innocently at him.

_"I was hungry," _Toothless complained, coming out in a coo.

HICCUP (CON'T): Ok.

**Hiccup first does up the strap at the base of the tail, before proceeding to the strap at the top of the fin. Toothless feels something strange, letting the basket that was previously stuck to his head drop to the ground, and curiously his working tailfin. Realising the weight of the boy on his tail, the sound of the strap tightening and something else makes him drop his wings in shock, his eyes wide and jaw down. **

Toothless' reaction gets many laughs from all.

"Please tell me that wasn't the first time you realised you were missing your tailfin," chuckled Thorong. Toothless starts to pout, making everyone laugh more.

"Aww, are you pouting, big baby boo?" Hiccup teased.

Toothless, eyes sulking, makes some moaning sounds. _"I'm not pouting, and don't call me baby boo!"_

"Of course not, Toothless," Thorong chuckled, still being the only human in the room that can understand Dragonese ****(well, it wasn't on anyone else's profile so I assume that's correct)****.

****As Hiccup finishes tightening the final strap holding the artificial tailfin in place, Toothless subtly spreads his wings and tailfin and unfolds his sub-wings, preparing to take off. Hiccup, not noticing this, sits up to admire his work, slightly opening the new tailfin covered in brown leather (**I think it's leather, it certainly looks like it**).**

****HICCUP (CON'T): That's not too bad. It works.****

****Suddenly, Toothless takes off with a mighty flap of his wings while Hiccup is still sitting on his tail. Hiccup, feeling Toothless move underneath him, instantly reacts by latching himself onto the tail, making him be pulled up as he takes off. Hiccup shouts as Toothless flaps harder and harder, desperate to fly above the cove and out.****

****HICCUP (CON'T): No, no, no, no, no, no, no!****

****Hiccup pauses his freaked out episode and looks at the tail, his artificial fin is folded in, the wind passing through it pushing it against the tail. Unbalanced due to this predicament, Toothless loses his fight and begins to plummet, roaring as they head for the hard ground below.****

Both Vikings and dragons gasp, thinking that they would be hurt badly.

Please be okay! Please be okay! Astrid prayed, closing her eyes so she wouldn't see them crash.

****Hiccup, wanting to avoid injury for both of them, instinctively pulls open the fin. Toothless manages to pull out of their dive mere inches from the ground and soars through the air, giving it the lost sensation it searched for. Hiccup is ecstatic, though he's facing the wrong way he is still gazing around in joy and wonder, feeling free for the first time in forever (**Gods damn it, that is not getting sung**).**

****HICCUP (CON'T): Oh, my â€¦! It's working!****

Both sides let out a sigh of relief, the Vikings looking amazed at the excitement the duo seem to be having.

"That looks fun and scary!" cries Tuffnut, he and his sister wanting to try it out.

****He tilts the tail to the side, Toothless matching the movement and allowing them to turn gracefully (**Damn it, that had to bring someone to my mind**), then diving back into the cove, gliding over the pond, their reflections shown in the clear water below.****

****HICCUP (CON'T): Yes, yes! I did it!****

"I can't believe that really worked!" exclaimed Fishlegs.

"Believe me, I thought I was dreaming," said Hiccup.

_YOU SEE STOICK?! _the voice said, penetrating Stoick's mind again. _THEY ARE BEING SUCKED INTO THIS PIT OF DESPAIR! THEY WILL ABANDON THE VIKING WAY AND LEAVE YOU BEHIND â€|_ _They would never leave their ways behind to rot in the dirt. We will prevail and we will do it our way, without your interference â€| WHAT ABOUT THEIRS? I CAN TEAR THEM APART! THEY WOULDN'T LAST LONG â€| They are just children. They can be persuaded to leave those devils and become some of the greatest dragon slayers ever known with their powers â€| THEY WILL NEVER JOIN YOU, THEY ARE TOO STUBBORN! YOU CAN ONLY DESTROY THEM, ESPECIALLY THAT ANNOYING GIRL THAT LEADS THEM, THAT 'NIGHT'! ONCE THE LEADER IS GONE, THE REST WILL FALL LIKE DOMINOES â€| _Even if that was to happen, I don't think they would give up so easily. Especially that 'Thor' â€| _HE IS MINE! NO ONE TOUCHES HIM EXCEPT ME! I WILL TEAR HIM APART FOR WHAT HE HAS DONE TO ME! THEY WILL FALL, STOICK. IF YOU WON'T DO IT, THEN I WILL!_

Stoick looks over at the G.M.A.D. and Hiccup, wondering what they could've possibly done to enrage this being. His eyes fall on Thorong. _He personally wanted to take him out. What is it that he did?_

****Toothless eyes go wide, realising that Hiccup was still clinging on to the tale. He rolls his eyes before sharply turning around, quickly whipping Hiccup off which results in him skimming the water's surface once before plunging into the pond. Toothless instantly loses control of his flying. He looks back at his tail, the artificial fin flapping dismally through the air. The Night Fury hits the ponds in a big splash, breaking through the water before coming to a rest, shaking his head and tucking in his wings. Hiccup surfaces from his plunge and celebrates their success.****

****HICCUP (CON'T): Yeah!****

* * *

><p>GOBBER: Today is about teamwork.

"With that group, teamwork is never going to be a strong point," Night said.

"Unless something were to happen to change their lives completely," Skura said, the rest of the G.M.A.D. nodding their heads, knowing what they meant.

****Back in the arena a set of doors burst open, gas and smoke pouring out from the door and covering the arena.****

****GOBBER (CON'T): Now, a wet dragon head can't light its fire.****

"Tip for you all, don't wet a Scauldron's head," said Wolf.
"Especially a mad Scauldron. It does not help you at all."

"What happens?" Hiccup asks.

"Basically it gives the Scauldron more water to blast you with," Guardian said. "You need to do it at the right time for it to calm down."

****The teens split into pairs as the cloud separates them from view. Snotlout goes with Tuffnut, Hiccup with Fishlegs and Astrid with Ruffnut. Each person has a bucket filled with water. Gobber, giving information, makes his way to the side of the arena, though still inside this time.****

"Why couldn't Astrid have been with me that day?" complained Snotlout. "We would've been the perfect team, showing everyone that we are meant to be together." He tries to reach out to Astrid, only to have his arm twisted back before he was thrown to the ground.

"It's not going to happen, Snotlout," she said, glaring at him.

****GOBBER (CON'T): The Hideous Zippleback is extra tricky. One head breathes gas, the other head lights it.****

****Soon all the pairs have been split up, the image settling on Astrid and Ruffnut last. Astrid is determinedly searching the thick cloud for any sign of the Zippleback, her eyesight not piercing far into the veil.****

****GOBBER (CON'T): Your job is to know which is which.****

****The image goes to both Hiccup and Fishlegs, both shrinking back-to-back to make themselves seem smaller and so they can see either side. Fishlegs starts to fearfully give the stats of the Zippleback.****

****FISHLEGS: (quietly) Razor-sharp serrated teeth that inject venom for pre-digestion. Prefers ambush attacks, crushing its victims**
â€|**

****Hiccup, though still searching, glances back at Fishlegs slightly annoyed.****

****HICCUP: (whispered somewhat) Will you please stop that?!****

"Sorry, I do that when I'm nervous," explained Fishlegs.

****Ruffnut and Astrid have adapted the same back-to-back strategy, Ruffnut looking a bit scared and Astrid wide-eyed. Snotlout and Tuffnut are also doing the same, Snotlout originally looking concerned whilst Tuffnut is smiling, before Snotlout changes as he shoves Tuffnut slightly with his elbow, both looking determined.****

****SNOTLOUT: If that dragon shows either of his faces, I'm gonna**
â€|**

****Through a thinner part of the veil, a horned figure is illuminated by the sunlight. Snotlout notices and points to show Tuffnut, making him spin around.****

****SNOTLOUT (CON'T): There!****

****Both throw the water in their buckets at the figure, resulting in a feminine yell from the victim, or victims. The clouds part to reveal Astrid and Ruffnut.****

****RUFFNUT: Hey, it's us, idiots!****

"Do I look like a dragon?" asks Ruffnut.

"Well, your butt has been getting bigger," Tuffnut says, snickering at his own comment before his sister gets up and kicks him in the stomach.

****Snotlout's surprised look changes into a smirk at Tuffnut's unconcerned reply.****

****TUFFNUT: Your butts are getting bigger. We thought you were a dragon.****

****Tuffnut snickers at his remark as Snotlout tries to cover his expression up, resulting in him trying to flatter Astrid again.****

****SNOTLOUT: Not that there's anything wrong with a dragonesque figure.****

****Tuffnut, a big smile on his face, glances between the girls and Snotlout as he makes another move. Astrid strides up to Snotlout and gives him a solid punch to the jaw, sending him to the ground, then Ruffnut chucks her water bucket at her brother, spilling the water everywhere and hitting him square in the head, making him fall flat on his back, just in sight.****

"Astrid! Astrid! Oi! Oi! Oi!" the girls chant, making Snotlout ball up his fists and fume. Astrid stands and gives a bow before sitting back down again.

****Tuffnut sits up with his helmet slightly off centre, before he is dragged into the unknown, his helmet falling off as he yells.****

****ASTRID: Wait.****

****Astrid holds out her arm to stop Ruffnut from entering the haze to search for her brother. Both look concerned, Astrid slightly scared. Astrid changes her stance, ready to throw her water at the first sign of the Zippleback. Suddenly, a roar sounds as a tail comes out from behind the girls and sweeps both off their feet, the bucket falling from Astrid's grasp as both girls fall on spread-eagled on the ground, Ruffnut on her back, Astrid on her front, water going everywhere. Tuffnut screams and runs out from the cloud, knocking his sister back into the ground as she tried to sit up to see him appear. He stumbles over her and keeps running.****

****TUFFNUT: Oh, I'm hurt! I am very much hurt!****

****Fishlegs and Hiccup appear, having seen everything, and seem scared as they both have the last buckets of water. Their heads swivel**

around, trying to spot the dragon.**

FISHLEGS: Chances of survival are dwindling to single digits now.

"Not the most comforting piece of information to be giving at that stage," Check pointed out.

"You guys need to learn how to be more positive in those kinds of situations," Delta says.

"Just follow my lead," Gobber cheerfully replies.

"He said positive, not crazy positive," joked Rider, getting some laughs.

A yellow-eyed, green scaled Zippleback head looms forth from the greenish smoke, pupils turning to slits as it swerves from side to side, getting closer to the boys. Fishlegs starts freaking out, jumping up as it inches closer, making some water spill out, but not all. Fishlegs dumps the remaining water onto the head as it gets close enough, the now damp dragon head growling menacingly as a green gas slowly emits from its mouth, water dripping from its head.

FISHLEGS (CON'T): Oh. Wrong head.

"Really? I would never have guessed," Skura said, her voice dripping with sarcasm.

The gas head breathes out its gas upon Fishlegs, who raises his arms up in terror, perfectly hidden by his sheepish reaction before. Gobber cries out in concern.

GOBBER: Fishlegs!

**Fishlegs, still with his arms raised high, runs screaming as he escapes the gassy breath, leaving Hiccup alone. **

"Dude, that was a really girly scream," Wolf said without thinking.

"Do you want a repeat of last time?" asked Night menacingly.

Wolf started to back up, putting his hands up in surrender. "No, I'd rather not."

The smoke has almost fully cleared now as the second head of the dragon lunges forward, stopping as it almost reaches Hiccup, sparking to taunt the boy into attacking in self-defence. Both heads look at him, waiting for his response.

GOBBER (CON'T): Now, Hiccup!

The dragon slowly raises its heads as Hiccup takes a couple of steps forward. He weakly throws forth the water, completely missing its target and feebly dropping down inbetween them both. Both heads bend down, mocking Hiccup for his attempt. Hiccup rests the bucket just above his head.

****HICCUP: Oh, come on.****

"Why would you leave me with the last bucket?" Hiccup groaned. "What did you expect me to do?"

"Maybe get eaten?" suggested Tuffnut, before getting hit by some more icy balls conjured by Guardian.

"Hiccup, you need to have more confidence in yourself," Astrid said, trying to help him out.

"Yeah? Well, I wonder why I didn't have much to begin with," Hiccup said dryly.

"Please don't do this, Hiccup," she pleaded. "I'm just trying to help."

"Since when did you take an interest in my feelings?" he asked, surprisingly dark.

Astrid just turned around and hugged her legs, feeling sad and hurt. _Why is he doing this? Just how badly did we hurt him?_

Hiccup was mainly annoyed that they would keep teasing him like that, but he felt bad for hurting Astrid like he did. Toothless purrs and leans against Hiccup, trying to cheer him up, but he is too absorbed in his feelings for Astrid. Skura and Kura go over to Astrid to calm her down while Thorong talked to Hiccup.

* * *

><p>Hiccup's Conversation:

"Why do they have to make things so difficult for me? What did I ever do to them to deserve this?" Hiccup asked himself, Thorong overhearing as he sits down next to him.

"When people see things they don't understand, most become afraid," Thorong explains, placing a hand on Hiccup's shoulder. "By giving into their fear, they lose all sense of understanding."

"So â€| this has something to do with what happened in the arena?" Hiccup asks, looking sadly at Thorong.

"Yes â€| and no," he replied, making Hiccup look confused at him. "They couldn't believe that you befriended a dragon, a Night Fury of all things, and that made them afraid of you, or in a few cases, afraid for you."

"You said no as well," Hiccup pointed out.

"That I did. They didn't understand how you turned out the way you did. You were so much smaller, thinner and, well, different in almost every way to what almost all young Vikings turn out to be. They couldn't understand why, believing that any child of Stoick and Valka would've been close to perfect in their standards. Because they didn't understand, they would shun instead of keeping an open mind and noticing your many talents. Only Gobber really saw the potential within you, yet until now it wasn't much."

"So why would they all push me aside?" Hiccup asked, not fully understanding.

"See the thing is, when people don't understand they become scared. When it becomes something they all can't contemplate, they will band together to make themselves strong and their fear seem weak. By seeing their fear feel bad, that makes them feel good."

"So, it's a case of taking pleasure from someone else's pain?"

"Yep. Schadenfreude, more or less."

"Schadenfreude?"

"It means taking pleasure from others misfortune. Malicious glee and the like."

"And that made the others not accept me."

"Sort of. Most, because you were so different, would blame and pick on you because it is easier to place their blame and problems on someone else then find out the true problem."

Hiccup looked down at his feet feeling really upset, things not getting much better even though he had a reason as to why the rest pushed him around.

"However," Thorong continued, making Hiccup look back up at him, "there were some that never tried to hurt you. Gobber always cared for you, knowing that you had incredible talent. You're forging abilities are incredible! And some people never wanted to cause you any harm, Astrid was one of them â€|"

"Before all the craziness in training," Hiccup mumbled.

"She was frightened when she snapped it at you after training with the Nadder, both of you nearly died," Thorong pointed out. "She was afraid for you each time, though she would never admit it."

"Why would she care about me? We hardly ever spoke and she never came to me unless her axe needed sharpening."

"She was one of the few that never understood why they picked on you for being different. As she is the same age it was easier for her to compare just how different your lives were, how you were treated and the expectations placed on each of you. She could sympathise with you the easiest and she just couldn't accept their reasoning at all."

"She never hated me?"

"No. In fact, she was the closest person that ever loved you for being you, beside Gobber and your parents."

"My father never loved me."

"He did and he still does. It's just difficult for him to be able to help and support you as the chief without being seen as favouring. So by treating you how he would treat everyone else in those situations, it makes it seem like harsh parenting towards you. That and he wasn't

prepared for a child with your specialities."

Hiccup places his head in his hands, trying to wrap his head around the reasoning put to him.

"Why do things have to be more complicated?"

"That's what happens when someone tries to corrupt the minds of many people."

"What can we do to break them out of it?"

"Not a lot. Just don't be so harsh on them. A lot of people here are trying to change. They are seeing just what can happen when Vikings are with dragons and they couldn't have done that without you. They will want to make it up to you in their own way, so just accept how they do it."

"Yeah, I know."

Toothless looks at Hiccup, purring as he rubs his head against the young boy. Hiccup smiles slightly as he scratches Toothless under the chin, Toothless relaxing and lying down in peace.

"Thanks for being honest, not trying to make it sound better than it actually was," Hiccup said, still holding Toothless' head.

"There wasn't much point, you would've known when I was sugar coating it," Thorong said, giving a light pat on Hiccup's shoulder as he goes back to his slab. "Oh, Hiccup," he said, remembering something. "Make sure you check on how Astrid is feeling later, ok?"

"Will do."

* * *

><p>Astrid's Conversation:

Astrid has crawled up in a ball, trying to stop herself from crying.

"Why do you have to make things so difficult, Hiccup?" she said quietly to herself. "Why do these emotions have to make me so confused?" She didn't notice the two girls walk up to her, being caught up in trying to keep her emotions under control. She slowly opened her eyes, tears attempting to break through, as Skura places her hand on Astrid's shoulder, her slight smile trying to comfort the distraught girl. Kura knelt down beside her, wanting to help anyway she could.

"Hey, it's okay," Skura whispered soothingly. "It's okay."

"Why do I feel like this?" Astrid asks, her voice cracked and shaking. "Why does this have to be so hard?"

"Umm, maybe you'd like to go somewhere else to talk about this?" Kura suggested, looking at the Vikings situated around them. Most of them were looking at the three girls strangely, having no clue about what was happening to Astrid. Astrid, stifling a sob, nods her head and gets up with the others. They head over to the far corner of the

dragons side, away from prying ears and eyes. The dragons realised this didn't concern them and let them be. Kura conjures up three chairs and Skura helps sit Astrid down into one, before they both sit down in the remaining ones.

"It's alright, you can talk to us," Skura said with a slight concern in her voice.

"Yeah, you can trust us," Kura added. "We don't bite. Promise!"

Kura's little joke gets a tiny laugh from Astrid, still sounding sad, before disappearing again.

"Don't be afraid, what is making you freak out?" Skura asks, placing a hand on Astrid's.

"I'm not freaking out," Astrid mumbles, pulling back her hands.

"Could've fooled me," Kura said sarcastically.

"That's not helping," Skura says, making Kura throw her hands up in surrender. Turning back to Astrid she tries again. "Sometimes it helps to talk about these things and get them off your chest. Considering your case, I think it would help a lot."

"And why is that?" Astrid snaps. "Why would that help me?"

"Because you've completely broken down," explained Skura. "This shouldn't happen to you. We expected you guys to change during the course of the movie, but nothing as dramatic as this."

Astrid's tears start flowing as she crawls up in a ball, unable to keep it in.

"Hey, it's ok," Skura comforted. "Just let it go."

"_Let it go, let it go, can't hold it back anymore._" Kura started singing, her way of reacting to what was said.

"Kura!"

"Ok, ok."

Astrid sniffs as she tries to rub some of her tears from her eyes. "I-I don't know if-"

"We just want to help, that's all," Kura said. "Please don't make us worry, because I worry too easily."

"We know that something has been trying to corrupt you all, but we have no idea who or what it is," Skura explained.

"Apart from maybe Thorong, he seems to know more about this enemy than even Night," Kura pointed out.

Before Skura could reply, Astrid spoke up. "But why us? Why me?"

Both look curiously at her. "What do you mean, 'why you'?" they ask in unison.

Astrid looks uncertain, but decides to tell them. "Some dark voice has been speaking in my mind. It persuaded me to turn Hiccup in, sparking and fuelling my anger at him, turning me against myself."

"When did this start?" Kura asks.

"I only really noticed it when we came in here, but I think it was working at my mind in the middle of dragon training."

"But still, something speaking through your mind shouldn't have made you act like this," Skura said.

"What did it try to do?" Kura finished, both girls looking and sounding concerned and worried.

"I think it tried to control me. First it wanted me to do its dirty work, removing Hiccup from the picture. When that didn't work it then proceeded to messing with my mind, trying to point me towards foolish desires and turn away from my true self."

"Make you take the easy way out," Skura mumbled, Astrid nodding in agreement.

"Finally, it got so angry that it seemed to try and crush me with my own emotions. I don't know if it just held back this stuff from me or it just magnified the effects, but it almost wiped me out. I just managed to hold on from the initial onslaught, but I'm constantly struggling with all of this. I just don't know how to deal with it."

"It must want to overload you, destroy your spirit," Skura began.

"That way it can take complete control of you without any resistance," Kura finished.

"I don't know how to deal with this," Astrid sobs, breaking down again. "I feel like it's going to crush me."

"Calm down," Skura whispered, "Shh, it's going to be ok. Please, just let us know what you feel comfortable saying."

Astrid sobs for a bit before wiping her eyes to get the tears out. "What else do you want to know?"

"Well, which emotions did this thing slam into you?" Kura asked.

"Large amounts of shame, guilt, anger and confusion hit me like a wave, feeling me with fear," Astrid said shakily. Skura placed a hand on Astrid's again, this time she didn't pull away.

"It's only natural to be afraid, it just means you're human," Skura reasoned.

"But that wasn't all that hit me. I felt something else that I just

couldn't understand."

"Can you describe it?"

"It makes me feel confused, embarrassed and nervous, yet happy and warm, all at the same time."

Kura and Skura look at each other before turning their attention back to Astrid.

"Do these feelings revolve around a specific person?" Skura asks carefully.

"Like, say, Hiccup?" Kura added, getting a side glare from Skura. Luckily for them, Astrid takes no notice.

"I haven't really thought about it, but I think it does focus on one person more than anything else."

Skura and Kura brightened up at that, both with knowing smiles on their faces. Astrid looks sceptically at them. "What do you two know about this?"

Kura laughs before answering. "Oh, we don't want to spoil it for you."

"Don't worry about it though," Skura reassured. "I don't believe that whatever did this meant to let that get to you."

"What do you-" Astrid began, before Skura cut her off.

"It's best that you figure that one out on your own."

Astrid nods, still sceptical before concern crosses her face.

"What is it?" Kura asks worried.

"His words keep tormenting me," Astrid says, shaking her head to try and be rid of those dark thoughts.

"They will until he is beaten and forced back," Skura explained.

"You're sure it's a 'he'?" Kura asked, curious.

"Yes, it sounded male."

"What did he sound like?"

"Dark, rasping and cracking with a sharp edge," Astrid recounted. "The more I listen to it now, the darker and eviler it gets."

Skura's face is concerned as she tries to think to the groups' previous encounters. "Did you happen to get a look at this thing?"

"Only once, though it wasn't a good one. He was shrouded in darkness, but his outline was tall, unnaturally tall. Also quite broad, looking very powerful."

"Were there any definitive features?" Skura pressed.

"No, that's all I could see."

Both Kura and Skura were picturing previous adversaries the G.M.A.D. had faced, trying to match the information they had. At each passing second their faces got graver. Both came to the same conclusion simultaneously.

"Oh no, I can't think of anyone," Kura began, really worried.

"Meaning that this is someone we haven't faced before," Skura finished, looking down.

"Neither of you know who is doing this?!" Astrid asks quietly, though ludicrously.

Both girls shake their heads. "I don't even think that Night knows who this is," Kura groans. "I mean, she didn't sense what was going on."

A look of stark realisation hit Skura's face at Kura's words. "Of course! Thor was the one that learnt what was happening, not Night. What if Thor knows who's behind this?"

"Then he would know how to deal with this!" Kura explained, jumping up, getting strange looks from some Vikings and dragons.

"Settle down, Kura," Skura said, grabbing the excited girl and making her sit down. "We don't know that for sure. It's just that it would make sense if he did." Looking back at Astrid, she asks, "Are you feeling better?"

"Yeah, a bit," Astrid answered, giggling a bit at Kura's previous reaction. "Thanks, both of you."

"See? Talking does help," Kura said brightly, her previous worries apparently vanishing into thin air. All three get up and head back, Astrid to the teens and the others to the G.M.A.D.

_What did they mean that this thing didn't want this strange emotion to get through? _Astrid pondered on her way back. _And why did Kura use Hiccup as the example?_ Her eyes fell on Hiccup as she thought this, the emotion getting stronger and her heart fluttering slightly. _It seems to revolve around him, but why would- unless I actually- No, no, it couldn't be. I couldn't have, could I?_

* * *

><p>The rest of the people in the room were talking as both conversations took place. When they ended everyone started to settle down, most looking at the G.M.A.D. to see if what the extended interruption was for.<p>

"How's Astrid doing?" Thorong asked Kura and Skura as they sat back down.

"She's feeling better now," Skura answered. "By the way, we thought

you might know who's doing this."

"What makes you say that?"

"Well you were the one that knew what was happening, so we thought you may have some knowledge on the enemy."

"Yeah, not even Night had a clue," Kura added.

Thorong looks thoughtful for a second. "Did Astrid see anything when this evil tried to corrupt her?"

"It sounded like she only got a glimpse," Kura began.

"But from what she said it was unnaturally tall and broad, feeling very powerful," Skura finished, listing off what Astrid said. "There were no features to be seen because it was shrouded in darkness and shadows."

"She also said he sounded dark, rasping and cracking with a sharp edge, and that the more she listened to it, the more evil it became," Kura added.

Thorong's face darkened in concern before vanishing like lightning, his expression thoughtful. Nearly everyone saw the concern, though most shook it off believing they had imagined it. "It does strike me as familiar, though I'm not sure where from," he replied after a pause.

Before anyone could press the matter further Snotlout spoke up. "Hey, are we going to watch this thing or not?"

"Shut your mouth, Snotface!" Check snapped. "We need to know what Thor knows about this."

"No, he's right," Thorong intervened, Snotlout surprised that Thorong agreed with him. "We should get back to the movie. Besides, I'm not real sure who this thing is."

Everyone turned back to the screen, a few not convinced that all was told, as the screen flickered back to life.

****The sparking head growls before the dragon lunges, head, body and all, Hiccup stumbling back. The dragon spreads its wings to make itself look bigger, trying to make Hiccup more scared than he already was. Gobber rushes forth to defend the boy, crying out to him, knowing he won't make it in time.****

****GOBBER: Hiccup!****

****Gobber manages to make a few leaps forth before he stops, eyes wide and jaw dropped, totally shocked. The Zippleback was slowly walking backwards from the boy, both heads looking fearful. Hiccup slowly got to his feet and cautiously walked towards it, thrusting his hands to make the dragon back away.****

****HICCUP: Back, back, back!****

****The heads are scared, looking at the boy. The teens and Gobber watch on, confused and shocked, all having no idea as to how Hiccup**

was making the dragon back away.**

"How in the name of Odin is he doing that?!" Stoick exclaimed, the Vikings gobsmacked. They, apart from Gobber and the teens, had never seen a dragon react to a Viking like that before, especially one like Hiccup. Gobber and the teens had, of course, seen the strange sight when it actually happened.

HICCUP (CON'T): Now, don't you make me tell you again! Yes, that's right.

The village elder, Gothi, watches the spectacle from above, as the Zippleback fearfully walks into its cage, watching Hiccup the whole time.

HICCUP (CON'T): Back into your cage. Now think about what you've done.

Hiccup glances back to make sure that no one can see what he's doing before he reveals the smoked eel from the cove. He flings it into the cage, unable to be seen by prying eyes, causing the Zippleback to crowd into the corner of the rocky cage, trying to get as far away from the eel as possible.

"So it was all a trick?!" yelled Stoick, rising to his feet.

"No, it was strategy," Night pointed out.

"Actually, I just wanted to see if all dragons reacted that way," Hiccup admitted, rubbing the back of his neck. "It was a last resort for if things didn't go so well in the ring."

"It's lucky you did, lad," Gobber said. "Otherwise, you would've been a goner."

"So all dragons hate eels?" Fishlegs inquired, wanting more information.

"Not all. It is the meal of choice for a Typhoomerang," Guardian announced, pointing at Nyr Frysta. "They are the only dragon that we know of that isn't afraid of them."

"So why didn't that Shock Fury freak?" Spitelout asked, pointing at Storm.

"He did," Thorong answered. "He just didn't do it outwardly."

Storm flicked the back off his rider's head with his tail. "_And where do I get that from?" _he growled. Thorong just smirked at his dragon's response.

Hiccup closes the groaning doors of the Zippleback cage, shutting them with a thud as the Zippleback continues to growl in fear. He rubs his hands on his vest before stopping upon seeing Gobber and the teens' reactions. They are all gobsmacked with what they just saw, none of them having so much as a clue as to how Hiccup did it. Fishlegs inadvertently drops his bucket. Hiccup tries to act as if nothing out of the ordinary happened.

A lot of Vikings and dragons laugh at all the stunned reactions in

the arena.

"I must admit, it took a lot of self-control not to burst out laughing," Hiccup said, trying to contain his laughter.

****HICCUP (CON'T):** Ok, so are we done? 'Cause I've got some things I need to â€¦ ******

****He gestures to the exit, then starts creeping over, before he runs for the exit, calling behind him.****

****HICCUP (CON'T):** Yep, I'll s-see you tomorrow.******

"Well, one technique down," Hiccup groaned, remembering that all his tactics would be revealed.

****The rest of them are left looking at him in amazement, yet still dumbstruck. The twins and Fishlegs look at him in a new light and Snotlout seems confused. Astrid seems the most perplexed, doing a double take on Hiccup and the Zippleback cage.****

_"Why didn't you tell them?" _Storm grumbled at Thorong.

_'I didn't want them to freak out,' _Thorong answered, using his aura techniques to telepathically communicate with Storm. _'Besides, it may not be him, or the other.'_

_"But you think it is him?" _Storm pressed.

'Well, if not either of them, then one associated with them.'

* * *

><p>(Queue the montage, there will be a line separating each bit by how each part connects******)******

****Hiccup is back in the forge, using the back of his hammer and mallet to add indentations to the leather project he has going on. He then sews across the edge of the product, stitching together the pieces so they don't fall apart. Another transition shows the finished project lying on the ground, a brown leather saddle. He quickly brushes off some dust before holding it up, the background changing from the forge to the cove.****

"So you lied when you said that it was just practicing the technique?" Gobber asked accusingly.

"Obviously," Hiccup replied. "Remember, I only lie to protect others."

"So you saw that before?" Stoick asked his best friend.

"Aye, I got a glimpse off it."

"And you didn't think that his excuse was strange?" he further questioned.

"I did think it was a little strange, but this was Hiccup. He always did things that were strange."

"I heard that," Hiccup said, some Vikings near the chief and blacksmith laughing.

****Toothless, seeing the boy walking towards him with the saddle in hand, gets into a crouched stance before leaping away, Hiccup chasing after him. Toothless roars in joy as he runs, looking back to see Hiccup holding the saddle above his head as he chases.****

"You really are just a big cat," Hiccup lightly accused, scratching Toothless scales. The Night Fury purred at this approach, making the Vikings see the resemblance between mighty dragon and small feline.

****Next thing we see is both dragon and boy flying over the pond, Hiccup using one hand to grip the saddle, the other one holds onto a string connected to the artificial fin, allowing him to change the fins' position from the saddle. Toothless' eyes are squinted as he looks ahead. Hiccup pulls forward on the string, making the tail unbalanced and swerve away causing both to exclaim as they plunge into the water, Toothless going sideways and Hiccup flipping over.****

"Hah! Just give up now, Hiccup!" Snotlout jeered.

"Never!" cried Hiccup, thrusting his hand into the air. The girls giggled at this uncanny response.

"Well, if at first you don't succeed â€|" Skura began.

" â€| try, try again," Kura concluded.

* * *

><p>Back in the forge Hiccup adds a clip to the saddle so that he won't fall off in mid-flight. There is also a thick belt around Hiccup's waist, a leather strap with a metal ring connecting off it to clip onto the clip (that isn't put very well, oh well). Back in the cove Hiccup and Toothless are flying again, this time around the cliffs that kept Toothless trapped. The string is attached to Hiccup's left foot now as he uses both hands to hold onto the saddle. Hiccup looks back to see that his efforts are struggling to keep the fin open. They both exclaim as they crash-land into a tall grass-like field.

Even though the landing is much softer than it could've been in the cove, some Vikings and dragons cringe at the crash.

****At some stage Hiccup comes free from the clip and stumbles free into the clearing. Confused at the pleased dragon sounds coming from behind him, Hiccup turns to find, to his surprise, Toothless rubbing his body all over the field near him in complete bliss. As Toothless enjoys himself, Hiccup holds a few blades of the plant in his hand.****

The dragons go wide-eyed with excitement, some of the younger and energetic ones jittering like jitterbugs, as they recognise the plant.

"We really need to find that field again," Hiccup whispered to Toothless, the dragon nodding its head vigorously with a big

gummy-smile.

"Does anyone know what that plant is called?" Fishlegs asked, his memory banks not recognising the plant. Most Vikings, along with Hiccup, shake their head.

"It's called dragon nip," Midnight answered.

"Dragon nip? Seems fitting to me," Hiccup said.

****The background changes to the arena, another training session for the teens. This session is their second with the Gronckle who, as we join, head-butts an attacking Tuffnut away, making his shield and spear clatter to the ground. The hovering Gronckle sets its sights on Hiccup, flying over to him. Hiccup fearfully closes his eyes, turns his head away and holds out his hand containing the plant blades. The Gronckle senses the plant and skids to a halt, inches from Hiccup, changing it from a rage to total ecstasy. Hiccup rubs against the Gronckles' nose, making its tail wag and it lie down on its side. Some more Vikings come over to watch, looking excited. Gothi watches on intrigued with Hiccup's sudden change. ****

"Two down, only many more to go," Hiccup counted, dryly saying the last part.

****Walking across the bridge leading back to the village Hiccup is surrounded by most of the teens that are bombarding him with questions, praise and ludicrous joy. Astrid is the only one not happy, choosing to behind the group, slow enough not to be included but fast enough to pick up on their conversations in case Hiccup let something slip.****

****FISHLEGS: That was incredible!****

"No, that is how most dragons will respond," Wolf said.

****SNOTLOUT: I've never seen a Gronckle do that!****

"You guys really need to start watching dragons more instead of killing them," Delta lectured. Most of the Vikings began watching these parts with increased focus, intrigued with what else could actually be learnt just by observing.

"That's what Boark did, creating the Dragon Manual," Gobber said.

"Yes, but you only looked at how to kill them," Rider said. "Boark learnt a lot more by just observing and interacting with them. So did Hiccup."

"Everything you think you now is about to change," Night warned the Vikings. "For better or for worse, that's your opinion."

The Vikings look at each other, wondering just how much different the dragons could be.

****Ruffnut shoves her brother out of the way and starts leaning towards Hiccup, a smile on her face.****

"Back off, Ruff," Rider warned. "Hiccup isn't yours." Ruffnut looks

angry at the statement while Hiccup is relieved.

"Thanks, I can't believe I didn't realise what she was trying to do until now," said Hiccup gratefully, Rider smiling in response.

****Hiccup, uncomfortable with the situation and wanting to get back to Toothless, makes up a plausible excuse to escape the group.****

****HICCUP: I left my axe back in the ring. Uh â€|****

****He starts to back away, the teens surrounding him believing him.****

****HICCUP (CON'T): Y-You guys go on ahead. I'll catch up.****

"You lot are so blind, I never had an axe when I was in the arena that session," Hiccup chortled, some dragons and G.M.A.D. joining in at the teens' short-sightedness.

****As he runs of he almost runs into Astrid. The group watch him leave, all but Astrid watching him in amazement and awe. Astrid glaring at the boy that was starting to show her up in training, rising up to take her place at first in training.****

"Ooh, Astrid looks like she's going to throttle Hiccup soon," Ruff said excitedly, her brother joining in with the giddiness. Astrid just watches on, hurt and swimming in guilt.

* * *

><p>Back in the cove Hiccup is scratching Toothless' scales, the Night Fury leaning up against him to get a more covering scratch. Toothless raises its head high in pleasure, allowing Hiccup to scratch under his chin. When he did so, the dragon fleetingly opened his eyes wide before dropping to the ground, sleeping peacefully. Hiccup looks at his hands in disbelief before walking forwards, another tactic for dragon training on his mind.

"Pressure points," Midnight states, answering the Vikings stunned faces. "Means you don't have to go in with weapons to win a fight."

"We're Vikings!" yelled Spitelout. "We cannot be subdued by a simple trick like that!" Vikings roar and cheer their agreements.

"Actually you can," pointed out Skura.

"All creatures have pressure points," added Kura.

"Would you like a demonstration?" Night asks, an evil grin and a sinister look in her eye. The Vikings shrink down at her look.

****In the arena Astrid hurls her axe at the Deadly Nadder's head, the dragon glancing the axe off of its hard spike in the centre of its head as it charged forward. Astrid dove aside, leaving a clear path to Hiccup who was holding a mace in his hand. Hiccup drops the weapon as the dragon comes close, making it eye him in curiosity. Its spines and spikes tense and rise as Astrid charges forward having regained**

her axe, yelling a battle cry as she runs forth to lop off the dragon's head. Hiccup reacted quickly, scratching the Nadder like he scratched Toothless before so it would be pleased, before hitting the sweet spot under the chin, dropping it into a peaceful sleep just before Astrid reached the dragon. She stopped short, looking at Hiccup dumbfounded, her axe handle falling on her shoulder.**

"I've got to be honest, that's the dumbest you've ever looked," Tuffnut joked, resulting in a powerful punch to the stomach.

In the Great Hall that evening Hiccup made his way over to his usual table, only one plate and mug on it. However when he sits down nearly everyone goes over to him to congratulate him or to find out his secrets. Astrid is left alone on her table, slamming her mug down in frustration.

"Better get ready. If the dragon doesn't kill Hiccup then Astrid will," Snotlout said cheerfully. "That will leave the position of heir to me." He relaxes in his chair, flexing as he puts his arms behind his head. However, at that moment, Night gets up and grabs one of Snotlout's arms, flipping him onto the ground before placing her foot on his back, twisting his arm near breaking point.

"Stop talking about Hiccup's death!" she shouts at him, before slamming his head into the ground and storming back to her seat. Snotlout got back into his seat nursing his arm and temple, clearly confused at the sudden outburst from the young leader.

"What was that for?" he asks, unable to think of anything else to say.

"You have no idea, no idea, what Hiccup does for you all!" Night shouts, furious. "You think it's funny to joke about his death like it's a light consequence?!"

"Night, settle down," Guardian says, placing to hold onto Night so she won't end up attacking Snotlout again. "They haven't seen those parts yet."

"What about all the stuff they have seen and know?!" she asks, ludicrously. "All the work he does in the forge, making and repairing all their weapons?! What about that?!"

"Night, it's okay," Thorong says. "Their eyes are opening up now. We are going to stop this soon for an interval and you can go fly around on Lightning to calm down. Just focus on that."

Night deepens her breath as her mind focuses on the exhilaration and peace that flying provides. Though still somewhat angry, it does manage to calm her down a bit, enough for her to cease her outburst.

* * *

><p>The next day in the cove a small light appears in the shadows, moving slightly before Toothless pounces on it, trying to catch it. He lifts up his paw to see if he caught the light, but then unable to see it chases after it as it reappears, darting away from each of the dragon's attempts.

All the dragons' eyes are focused on the beam of light, all wanting to chase the light as well. Some of the stronger willed and older dragons are able to contain themselves, also holding back some of the young and energetic ones.

****He leaps upon the beam, which appears on top of both of his paws before darting off again, the Night Fury giving chase. As he leaps away the image lingers on Hiccup, smiling as he reflects the sunlight off one of his hammer heads.****

Toothless' face falls into the same shocked expression from when Hiccup first attached the artificial tail. Everyone bursts out laughing at Toothless' reaction, who ends up whacking Hiccup on the back of the head with his tail.

"Ow! What was that for?" asked Hiccup after he recovered from the hit. Toothless just turns away, pretending to sulk.

****Another session in the arena has the locking pole on the cage rise slowly. A large crowd has turned up, larger than usual at this stage, most to see Hiccup's newfound skill.****

****GOBBER: Meet the Terrible Terror!****

****A small flap is pushed open in the large metal doors, a tiny dragon in comparison to everything else they have faced exiting. ****

Many of the Vikings shudder as they remember their own experiences with Terrors. Regardless of their small size, they are very hard to fight.

****It looks up in anticipation at the teens, its tongue flicking up and licking its eye. All apart from Hiccup laugh at the tiny dragon, Tuffnut the most verbal.****

****TUFFNUT: It's like the size of my â€|****

****He got no further as the small dragon leaps up and strikes the male twin, making the rest of the close group run back in defence. The crowd laugh, clap or groan at the start of this session. ****

****TUFFNUT (CON'T): Get it off!****

****The Terror is biting Tuffnut's nose, two clawed paws on his face. ****

"I want one!" Ruffnut said. "It would be great to use against Tuff when we need some damage."

****A beam of light falls upon the Terror's head, catching its attention. The light traverses to the arena floor, the dragon giving chase, leaving Tuffnut to tend to his wounds the only way he knows how.****

****TUFFNUT (CON'T): Oh, I'm hurt, I am very much hurt!****

****The Terror chases the light, making him turn round and round in circles, spinning as it slowly makes its way to the small flap of its cage, Hiccup using the metal in the centre of the shield to reflect**

the sunlight. The other teens watch on, most in amazement, Astrid in frustration. Tuffnut gets up, his nose red, making his comment to Astrid without thinking.**

TUFFNUT (CON'T): Wow! He's better than you ever were.

"Thank you. You are really helping my case," Hiccup said sarcastically.

"Hey, happy to help," Tuffnut said pleased, clearly not catching the sarcasm.

**Astrid glares at him before watching Hiccup angrily again.
**

"Yep, I am _so _dead," Hiccup groaned.

"Please, just stop talking about that," Astrid pleaded sadly, the teens and Hiccup looking at her surprised.

The dragon pushes itself into its cage as Hiccup puts his foot on the door to stop the dragon from escaping, looking back at the rest of the teens innocently.

**Astrid runs off to the forest, throwing her axe into the trees. Normally she would do this for training, but today it is more like a way to vent her anger at Hiccup without everyone seeing. Each throw hits the trees dead centre of the trunk, her aim perfect. Four throws strike solidly into the trunks. Astrid pulls out the axe and lines up again, rolling forwards before pulling her arm back, ready to throw her axe again. But this time she stops herself, her mouth open as her arm goes slightly limp. She stopped herself in time, otherwise she would've thrown her axe right at Hiccup, most likely killing him.
**

The Vikings and dragons stare in shock. Hiccup seems to keep cheating death each time it pops up.

"You have got to be the luckiest person in the world," Wolf said. "I don't think that many can survive so many experiences that could've killed them."

"He's a Viking. It's an occupational hazard," Gobber stated, some Vikings, including Stoick, nod their heads in agreement.

In Hiccup's arms is a redone saddle, a riding harness over his tunic. Both look surprised to see each other in the forest. Hiccup reacts first, making a sort-of apologetic, yet stressed, face as he turns and jog off, swerving behind a couple of boulders. Astrid follows him carefully, climbing up as she peers over the boulders. Instead of seeing Hiccup running away as she expected, she sees the virtually untouched forest, completely peaceful with no trace of the boy. She slams her fist against the rocky surface, angry that Hiccup has slipped away again.

"Where did Hiccup go so quickly?" Fishlegs asked. Hiccup suppresses a laugh, though not enough to not be heard. Astrid looks at him, questioning.

"I was crouched on the other side of the boulder to hide," Hiccup

explained, the G.M.A.D. laughing at his tactic. Astrid looks sheepish, unable to believe that she didn't think of that before.

* * *

><p>Hiccup makes it into the cove and makes some changes and additions to the gear on Toothless, adding some more connecting parts leading from the tailfins to Toothless' front leg, a round ring around the leg for the pedal. All these are made while Toothless is stuck digging into another basket of fish.

"Why do you need to keep taking fish to him?" Snotlout asks, curious.

"If I didn't then Toothless wouldn't stay still long enough so I could make changes and attach the gear," Hiccup explained. "It was the easiest way to achieve this."

**Hiccup and Toothless take to the sky, flying into the wind, tying a rope from an old tree trunk on top of a cliff to stop them from being carried off in the gale. Hiccup changes position on the pedal with his foot with Toothless matching the change with his own fin. The new tail position makes them land on the cliff, Toothless looking up happily at Hiccup. Hiccup marks down that position on a sheet attached to the saddle, separated into six spaces. **

"So you were going to keep riding the dragon?" Stoick questions.

"He can't stay on the ground forever," Hiccup reasoned.

"Yeah, you don't want to have a grumpy Night Fury that wants to fly," Rider admitted.

"It's not pretty," Wolf added.

Ready to go again, Toothless opens his wings to catch the next gust of wind. However, the next burst turns into a powerful gale, snapping the rope and throwing a roaring Toothless and shouting Hiccup flying into the trees behind them. Toothless lands on his back and flips over, dragging Hiccup up due to the harness still being clipped in. Hiccup pulls on the clip, unable to get it free.

HIICUP: Oh, great.

A Viking patrolling Berk at night passes Hiccup leaning casually against a building, lit up by the torch held by the Viking. The guard gives Hiccup a nod as he acknowledges him.

VIKING #1: Hiccup.

**Hiccup gives a casual wave as the guard walks off, allowing Hiccup and Toothless to make their move. Toothless, however, wants to follow the light of the torch being carried away. Hiccup pulls on the leather strap, making Toothless follow him. **

"Your curiosity is going to kill you, bud," Hiccup says. Toothless looks at him strangely, unable to comprehend what his friend means. "Don't you know the term 'curiosity killed the cat'?"

"_How will my curiosity kill me?"_ growled Toothless puzzlingly.

"_And who is this cat that you speak off?"_ The Night Fury's second part gets dragon laugh from the dragons and a smirk from Thorong.

**They silently make their way over to the forge, but when they get there Toothless instantly puts his head into one of the small buckets, associating the bucket with fish. Seeing no fish in the bucket, the dragon tosses the bucket further into the forge. It clatters into other tools and weaponry in the forge, making a lot of noise that catches the attention of a downcast Astrid. **

"Was that thing still hungry?" Stoick asked.

"He shouldn't have been," Hiccup defended. "I fed him more fish than usual that time so that I could get the gear on."

"_Doesn't mean I wasn't still hungry, flying is a consuming activity,"_ Toothless rebukes (remember, I'm still the only one in the fic that can understand them, unless people forgot to put it in their profile), some dragons nodding in agreement. "_Crashing even more so._"

She goes over to the forge, hoping that Hiccup is there so she can try to find out exactly what he has been doing that got him so good. Hiccup is trying to lift up the clip with the file to he can pry the ring out as her voice calls out.

ASTRID: Hiccup?! Are you in there?

"Busted," the twins say excitedly, hoping for some kind of action.

Hiccup and Toothless both perk up at her voice. As Astrid approaches the forge Hiccup jumps through the counter doors, before quickly closing them. During the time that Hiccup leaps through, you can briefly see Toothless behind him. Luckily Astrid doesn't notice this as she is surprised at the way Hiccup came out to greet her.

"I can't believe I missed that!" Astrid exclaims.

"I can't believe Toothless stayed still as long as he did," Hiccup added, getting a resounding whack from the tail. "What? You never stay still that long unless you're sleeping or eating."

HICCUP: Astrid, hey! Hi Æ| Astrid. Hi, Astrid. Hi, Astrid.

Toothless notices a sheep grazing in a field just outside the forge. The sheep, noticing the Night Fury, stops dead before trying to edge away.

ASTRID: I normally don't care what people do, but you're acting weird.

"Thank you, I'll take that as a complement," Hiccup said dryly, laughs coming from all sides.

"Funny as that may be, that is probably the nicest thing someone intentionally said to him in a long time," Thorong pointed out,

quieting the room instantly.

"Way to dampen the mood there," Rider said.

"Well, they need to see the truth," Thorong replied as the Vikings look down in guilt.

** A jolt from inside the forge makes Hiccup jump back, laughing nervously.**

ASTRID (CON'T): Well, weirder.

**A few more jolts and Hiccup is being held in the air, seemingly floating there in Astrid's eyes. **

"No way! Hiccup can fly?!" Tuffnut exclaims, leaning forward in his chair.

"Why would he need Toothless if he could fly by himself?" Guardian questions.

"Um, don't tell me," Tuffnut says, one hand on his temple as he tries to think.

"So the dragon's movements held Hiccup there," Ruffnut deduced.

"I said don't tell me!" Tuffnut yells as he starts a punch-up with his sister.

"I wasn't telling you! I was telling her!" Ruff exclaims as she starts to fight back.

He is suddenly pulled inside the forge with a yell, Astrid walking forward and pulling open the counter doors, looking upon a couple of hanging weapons and tools shaking, but apart from that there is no sign of Hiccup, or that he was ever there in the first place. As she gazes into the forge searching for at least a whiff of the boy, he and his dragon run behind her before silently taking off into the night.

"You got me out of there just in time," Hiccup said, Toothless nuzzling up to him. "I don't know how well that would've gone."

"Not well," Wolf answered.

* * *

><p>AN: Well, it seems I got on someone's bad side.**

If you wonder what the point of those conversations was for, part of it was because that is how we would try to sort it out, some of us anyway. It also gives you a chance to get a feel for what we're up against. And if you wonder why I usually use Skura and myself for those sort of things, it's because looking at the profiles of all the OCs in this story, they seem like the two most likely ones to do it, the others would more likely go after the one causing the grief, hence the Snotlout bashing.

**Now, if you're wondering when that interval thing I mentioned is going to happen, I will do one more chapter on the movie that will go

from when this left off to Hiccup saying "Leaving." Then there will be an interval of one or two chapters, depends on how much I right, in which there will be more plot development, more explanations (including a more detailed account of my weapons) and singing.
**

Don't worry, there will also be Hicstrid, which will be set up a bit in the next chapter, but will flow from the interval to the end, hopefully. I know how you guys like that so I will try my best to get it right.

If the ending is a bit sloppy then I'm sorry, the reactions were done when I was tired after the flight.

Also, I know someone will have noticed the person in line of the author notes. I'd prefer it if you didn't ask me who they are, which obviously means you all will just to mess with me.

Finally, I still want suggestions for songs and sword names (as I said in the previous upload, I would prefer if the names had something to do with their powers), so if you have any ideas, please put them forward.

Review and fav if you haven't, constructive criticism is welcome.

Next chapter: You've Been Keeping Secrets.

I think that's all, so, adios amigos!

10. You've Been Keeping Secrets

A/N: Here we go, another chapter at last. Was hoping to get this one up earlier.

We have gotten past 100 reviews and favs! Yabadabadoo! Thank you all! If you are wondering the 100th review goes to ToughGirlsRuleTheWorld. Your prize will be sent to you ASAP :)

Now, in reply to anonon, HTTYD is basically told from Hiccup's perspective, so of course he would get put on a fair bit.

If you aren't too happy with the biggish interuptions between dialogue then, I'm sorry to say, there is a fairly big one in this chapter, though it does relate to this entity that is threatening them. Astrid also goes a bit OOC, though I will tell you when that happens.

I will talk a bit more later on.

Don't forget to review and fav if you haven't, constructive criticism is welcome.

Enjoy!

**Disclaimer: I do not own How to Train Your Dragon, any of the characters associated with that franchise, or any of the characters in this story apart from Storm and myself.**

* * *

<p>Chapter 9: You've Been Keeping Secrets

A Viking filled ship pulls into the Berk port battered and burnt from the chaos in Helheim's Gate, looking lucky to be floating at all. The wooden sides are ripped up and burn holes from the fireballs riddle the ship. It slowly sails up to a slipway, the Vikings on the slip look shocked before they start to help those on board up onto land. The gangplank is lowered as more Vikings depart the ship, giving a front side look of the ship. It is leaning to the port side, close to the water, and the sail is tattered and burnt. Not much of the ship is left unharmed.

"Really? What were you expecting?!" Rider asks. "You were heading into an area that you couldn't even map out, let alone navigate! So how in Odin's name did you think that three ships were going to take on a dragon's nest?!"

Stoick is helped off the ship and gives a friendly pat to the one pulling others up. He then turns and walks towards the village, carrying his basket under his arm. Gobber approaches his friend, wanting the details of the search.

GOBBER: Well, I trust you found the nest, at least?

STOICK: Not even close.

"Of course you didn't," Hiccup said. "I mean, only a-

"Don't say another word," Thorong warned, raising an arm to stop Hiccup from saying anymore, though his warning cut him short anyway. Hiccup realised what he was about to say and placed his hands over his mouth. The Vikings, however, wanted to know just what Hiccup was going to say, believing it to be an important key to ending the war.

"Yes?" Stoick pressed, his hard gaze on Hiccup. "Only a what?"

"Nothing," Hiccup replies, clamping his mouth shut. The Vikings, annoyed, turn back to the screen.

"That was close," Delta said.

"I'm sorry, started to ramble again," Hiccup explained. "That always makes me give something away."

Stoick walks past his friend frustrated, Gobber following him using some sarcasm.

GOBBER: Oh, excellent.

STOICK: I hope you had a little more success than me.

"Yes, definitely," Fishlegs said.

Gobber grabs Stoick's basket and puts it under his own arm as he follows the chief, their conversation continuing.

GOBBER: Well, if by success, you mean that you're parenting troubles are over with, then yes.

Stoick looks at Gobber questioningly, eyebrows raised, before looking at the happy Vikings coming over to him, Gobber smiling cheerfully.

"You thought he was dead, right?" Night asked. When all Stoick did was look down, Night became angry. "How could you think that? Why don't you have any confidence in Hiccup's abilities?"

"Can you blame us?" Spitelout retorted. "Destruction would follow him like a plague."

"Cool, we should hang around Hiccup more often!" Ruffnut exclaims.

"We can help by blowing tuff up!" Tuffnut adds, both twins looking excited as they start to think up their plan of attack.

"If I find a single thing out of place when we get back, you two will be in monumental trouble," Stoick declared, the twins shrinking down a bit.

"Don't worry, it's not going to happen," Thorong reassured, the Vikings looking at him strangely.

VIKING #1: Congratulations, Stoick! Everyone is so relieved!

**The female Viking runs off excitedly as do the others when they speak. **

VIKING #2: Out with the old and in with the new, right?

VIKING #3: No one will miss that old nuisance!

VIKING #4: The village is throwing a party to celebrate!

Stoick opens his mouth, unable to speak as they run off to tell the others.

VIKING #4 (CON'T): Come over here!

VIKING #2: Hurry!

"Not the best time to be saying that. Especially to a returning parent," Skura points out.

Stoick looks back at Gobber, clearly confused and slightly distraught.

STOICK: He's gone?

Gobber looks unsure as to how to answer Stoick's question.

GOBBER: Uh, yeah. Most afternoons, but who can blame him? I mean, the life of a celebrity is very rough.

****Gobber continues to walk towards the village, Stoick listening as he follows.****

****GOBBER (CON'T): He can barely walk through the village without being swarmed by his new fans.****

****Gobber has a look of admiration on his face as he talks about Hiccup's success. Stoick puts a hand on Gobber's shoulder and pulls him back to face him, disbelieving.****

****STOICK: Hiccup?****

"Not what you were expecting at all, was it Stoick?" Delta asked.

"No," Stoick admits. "It was a miracle at the time, everything I had hoped for had happened. Now I'm not so sure."

"Open your eyes, Stoick," Midnight snaps. "It is a gift, not a curse."

"Just let them watch the next part," Thorong said. "That will let them see what man and dragon can do."

"What do you mean?" Fishlegs asks.

"Keep an open mind on the next part," he answers.

****GOBBER: Who would've thought it, ay? He has this way with the beasts.****

****Gobber is enamoured as Stoick looks on his son with heaps of pride and awe.****

* * *

><p>(In this part Astrid will be a bit OOC. Sorry if you don't like it, it sort of came to me as I went, though because of where I'm aiming for this to go, it made sense for it to happen**) **

****Toothless and Hiccup are gliding through the sky, the wind rushing past them. Hiccup is wearing his full riding harness and he looks at the new perspective in wonder, while Toothless scopes the skies in anticipation. They glide along elegantly high above the sea, with the occasional flap, preparing for their first true flight.****

****HICCUP: Ok, bud. We're going to take this nice and slow.****

"You're on one of the fastest dragons ever seen and you want to take it 'nice and slow'?" Rider asks.

"That's not going to last long," Guardian said.

****Hiccup gives Toothless a pat on the side, the Night Fury glancing back at him, before looking over the positions on his cheat sheet, trying to decide which one to do first.****

"You managed to do all that?" Fishlegs asked, impressed. "How?"

"It was difficult, but we managed it," Hiccup answered, gently patting Toothless head.

****HICCUP (CON'T):** Here we go. Here we go. Position â€| three â€| no, four.******

****Hiccup** clicks the peddle into the desired place, opening up the prosthetic fin to the allocated position. Toothless looks at it before focusing ahead, rolling his head and neck and giving a slight roar. He then matches the position with his real fin, his body tilting as they are sent into an arcing turn. Hiccup leans into the curve, before sitting further upright as he pulls on the saddle to make sure everything is holding together and looks back at the tail.

"That looks too easy," declares Snotlout. "I could do that blindfolded."

"Is that so?" Check asks, tempted.

"Well then, you can show us when we next stop," Thorong offers.

"Fine, I will!" Snotlout exclaims.

"Then again, I doubt that any dragon here would let you ride them," Hiccup joked, Vikings and dragons alike chortling.

****They** straighten out, slightly wobbling from side to side as the wind pushes around them, the tailfin flapping in the wind. Hiccup begins to psyche himself up.******

****HICCUP (CON'T):** All right, it's go time. It's go time.******

****Hiccup** leans forward as Toothless dives through the air like a knife towards the water, pulling up gently as they fly parallel with the water, his wings skimming the sea before gliding just above the calm waters. The young boy starts to egg on the dragon.******

****HICCUP (CON'T):** Come on, buddy! Come on, buddy!******

The Vikings watch on in awe of their connection. Both dragon and rider seem so happy and free. Some look at the duo sitting side by side, leaning against each other. They see the love they have for each other, like family would. _Is this what can truly be? _they think. _Can we live in peace and harmony with dragons? How do we know what is right?_

****Toothless** looks happy and determined while Hiccup looks a little scared, though excited as well. He looks up as they pass under the gapping arch in a rocky formation; many white birds fly higher above them in the group leaving the cover of the arch simultaneously with the duo. Hiccup looks around, clearly pleased with that part of the flight.******

****HICCUP (CON'T):** Yes, it worked!******

Stoick looks at the duo on the screen, then the corresponding pair on their slab. _Could Hiccup be telling the truth? That dragon has had

plenty of chances to kill him but it hasn't. Maybe they don't mean any harm at all. They certainly haven't tried to attack us in here._

In his mind the dark entity becomes visible, showing its shrouded form to Stoick. _YOU FOOL! THEY ARE JUST BIDDING THEIR TIME! THEY WILL WAIT UNTIL YOUR GUARD IS DOWN, AND THEN THEY WILL STRIKE! â€| They wouldn't dare, they fear us. They would be slaughtered if they tried â€| YOUR PEOPLE WILL BE DESTROYED AS WELL! BERK OBLITERATED! IT WOULD RUIN OUR PLANS FOR THE FUTURE â€| Our plans?! I am the chief! I run the village, not you! You will not rule through me, so drop the plan and leave us be! We will decide our own destiny â€| IT WILL NOT BE WHAT YOU THINK! I AM TRYING TO SAVE YOU FROM THOSE DEVILS, NOT DESTROY YOUR PEOPLE â€| And in the process you would have me kill my only son, the last family member I have? He may not be much, but he is still of my blood â€| YOU FOOL! YOUR BLINDNESS WILL BE YOUR UNDOING!_

The darkness seems to vanish, though it still lingers on Stoick's mind. _Why does that thing give me the shivers every time he comes? _Stoick grasps his head in frustration.

"Is everything alright, old friend?" Gobber whispers, noticing Stoick's condition.

"I'm fine, Gobber," Stoick lied, looking up at Gobber. "Just a headache."

"Uh huh, like Astrid's one earlier?" Gobber asks dryly, obviously not convinced. Stoick doesn't answer, instead looking at the screen.

Hiccup, with a big grin on his face, begins to look confident. His eyes focus and he leans to turn again, away from a sea stack. Unfortunately, he forgets to click the pedal into another place, making Toothless head straight for it. Both try to pull out, but without the tail, they crash into it before launching of it. Toothless looks at his rider annoyed.

HICCUP (CON'T): Sorry!

"Spoke too soon," said Delta.

"Me and my big mouth," Hiccup complains.

They notice another rocky pillar in front and try to pull out of that as well, resulting in a crash similar to the last. Hiccup apologizes again.

HICCUP (CON'T): That was my fault.

Toothless, irritated at Hiccup's carelessness, slaps him in the cheek with his ear, making the boy cry out.

HICCUP (CON'T): Yeah, yeah, I'm on it.

Toothless gives Hiccup another slap, this time with his tail.

"Come on, bud. You already got me. What was that for?"

"_I just felt like it," _crooned Toothless.

Looking again on his sheet he locates the next position.

HICCUP (CON'T): Position four. Uh, three.

The fin clicks into place again and the pair start to climb, Toothless flapping his wings powerfully. As they climb higher and higher Toothless' tongue flops out of his mouth, flapping in the wind. Both are getting more exhilarated and carefree, losing themselves in the thrill of the moment.

HICCUP (CON'T): Yeah! Go, baby!

Everyone in the room start to feel excited and exhilarated, getting drawn in by the joy of the two on screen.

They rise so high they end up above the mountains themselves.

HICCUP (CON'T): Yes! Oh, this is amazing! The wind in my â€¦

Hiccup's cheat sheet flaps furiously in the wind, the clip holding it in place. Suddenly, the paper comes free, caught in the air. Hiccup starts to panic.

HICCUP (CON'T): â€¦ cheat sheet! Stop!

Hiccup snatches frantically at the sheet, desperate to get it. As he manages to grab it, Toothless obeys the command and stops flapping his wings. This resulted in Hiccup being thrown forwards due to the momentum. Things began to play out like in slow motion as Hiccup's clip holding him to the saddle unhooked itself, due to him being thrown forwards.

The Vikings and dragons look horrified as they take in a sharp breath and hold it. The same thought resonates throughout the audience (minus Hiccup, Toothless and the G.M.A.D.). _Oh no, not now! Not like this!_

HICCUP (CON'T): No!

Toothless looks briefly at him before recognising what it meant, before both begin to hurtle towards the ground, yelling and roaring in the descent. Both flail around as they exclaim in total panic.

Despite the tension and desperation emanating from the group, Kura somehow chooses that moment to start singing.

"_I don't need a parachute _

Baby, if I've got you

Baby, if I've got you

I don't need a parachute

_You're gonna catch me _

You're gonna catch if I fall

Down, down, down"

Everyone is surprised that Kura could implement a song at such a time. The Vikings and dragons stare at her, gobsmacked. The various members of the G.M.A.D. are either amused or stumped. Skura just puts her hand on her head and sighs.

"How could you possibly choose a time like that to sing?!" Stoick exclaims.

"I was bored, and I sing when I'm bored," Kura answers.

"Maybe not the best song to choose to sing," Midnight replies.

"Or maybe just the wrong time," Check adds.

"Hey, if it was Kook he would've sung 'Blood and Gory'." Rider puts in, the G.M.A.D. nodding. "That probably wouldn't have been so flash either."

"Yami?" Kura says, poking Skura in her arm.

"What?" Skura replies.

"Are you ok?"

Skura sighs as she takes her hand away from her head. "You really can be a child, you know that."

"Yami!" Kura whines at Skura's ploy.

"Ok, enough with the songs," Night orders, finally taking charge. "Let's settle down and get back to the scene."

****HICCUP (CON'T): Oh, gosh! Oh, gods! Oh, no!****

****Hiccup spreads his body, slowing him down somewhat, as they speed towards the ground. Toothless has lost all control, his body twisting and spinning, as he roars at Hiccup. Both try to get back to each other, Hiccup trying to keep a level head.****

****HICCUP (CON'T): All right, ok, you've just gotta kind of angle yourself.****

****Toothless angles his body, but in the wrong direction, flattening out instead of diving, making him spiral with his tail flailing around.****

****HICCUP (CON'T): Ok, no, no, no. Come back down towards me. Come back down â€|****

****Hiccup couldn't get any further as Toothless' outstretched tail whacks him in the face, making him yell out in pain and pushes him further away. ****

_Please, don't let this be it! _Astrid prays, her eyes closed, unable

to watch the fatal plummet. _Odin, please aid them!_

_THEY WILL DIE! _the entity returns, tormenting her. _THEY WILL SMASH INTO THE GROUND AND YOU WILL NEVER SEE THEM AGAIN!_

Astrid clutches her head in agony, her heart shattering at the dark words. She falls out of her seat and onto the floor, tears streaming down her face. _No! No, it can't be! It won't happen â€| IT WILL AND THERE'S NOTHING YOU CAN DO! SAY GOODBYE, BECAUSE YOU WILL NEVER SEE HIM AGAIN!_

Everyone watches her struggle mortified, unable to comprehend what is going on. Hiccup looks crushed at her whimpering form, swivelling around to face Thorong. Hiccup opens his mouth to ask, but no words are able to come forth.

"Go!" Thorong insists, answering Hiccup's unspoken question. Hiccup gets straight to his feet and rushes over to the crying Astrid. Thorong slides into a meditative position and closes his eyes, a pale blue light starts to shimmer around him. The rest of the G.M.A.D. are at a loss for what to do, looking back and forth between the two.

"No! No! I-It can't be! Leave me alone!" Astrid screamed, most not knowing who she is talking to as they cannot see anyone there. The Vikings seated around her start to move back, frightened due to what is happening. Hiccup reaches her side and frantically attempts to calm her.

"Astrid! Astrid! It's ok!" Hiccup says, shaking her in an attempt to get her to focus on him.

"G-Get out o-of m-my head!" Astrid sobs, oblivious to Hiccup's attempts. "J-Just l-leave mm-m alone!" The darkness just cackles at her defeated state.

"Everything will be ok," Hiccup says desperately. "Listen to me, Astrid. You're going to be fine. It can't hurt you here. Please, just let me help you."

"N-no! He won't d-die!" Astrid sobs, barely hearing Hiccup. Her voice becomes quiet as she whispers, "He just can't die."

_Die? _Hiccup ponders, before recognising what the darkness is trying to do. "Astrid, I won't die," he says calmly, lifting her up and holding her against his body so she can cry into him. "No one is going to die."

Hiccup's words finally get through as she starts to recognise what is happening, though the darkness still torments her. _YOU ARE AN AMUSING ONE TO TORTURE! I THINK I WILL KEEP GOING! YOUR DREAMS WILL TURN INTO NIGHTMARES!_

Suddenly, a piercing light shines in her conscience, breaking through the shadows, causing the entity to scream in fury. _YOU! WHY DO YOU HAVE TO KEEP INTERFERING IN MY PLANS?! FINE! I WILL GO, BUT I WILL BE BACK!_

The darkness lifts itself from Astrid's mind, though again part still lingers in the corner of her mind. She opens her eyes and sees that

she is being held against him in a comforting embrace, responding by burying her head further into his chest as she continues to cry.

As the darkness dissipates and the two young ones hold together, Thorong opens his eyes which glow blue before dimming and returning to their normal colour.

"What did you do?" Night asked as Thorong returned to normal.

"I managed to disperse the shadows before they could do too much damage, but it seems to be anchored in her mind," Thorong explained. "I think the only way it will leave is if she manages to beat it, or if it leaves willingly. It is probably the same with Stoick."

"_How strong was he?" _Storm growled.

'_Stronger than I expected,' _Thorong communicated through his aura. '_The seal must almost be broken.'_

_"__How could that be?"_

_'__I'm not sure.'_

Hiccup gets up and leads a distressed Astrid back to where the G.M.A.D. are sitting. "Is it ok if Astrid stays with us for a bit?" he asks.

"Sure," they say, clearly concerned with what just happened.

"Though it is up to her," Thorong adds.

"Is that fine with you?" Hiccup asks Astrid, who just nods as she starts to brush the tears from her eyes. They walk over to Toothless who lets them lean against him, wrapping his tail around the duo to give them a sense of comfort and protection. Astrid huddles against Hiccup, seeking the comfort of the familiar person.

"I wasn't expecting that," stated Rider.

"She's just distraught, let her be," replied Guardian.

"Look up, Astrid," Hiccup whispers. "You'll see that I won't die." She looks up teary eyed as everyone continues to watch the plummet in fear and anticipation.

**Hiccup regains his form and floats towards Toothless stretching for the saddle, placing the edge of the cheat sheet in his mouth. After a couple of miss grabs he manages to grab on and pull himself back onto the saddle, re-clipping the ring onto the hook to keep him attached. They manage to regain control and slice their way to the ground like a knife through the air. Hiccup moans through his clenched mouth and leans back, Toothless opening up his wings and body in a desperate attempt to slow down and pull up. The air slams against the Night Fury as he falls through the sky, air lines spreading from the wings. Toothless roars in pain and desperation. **

The Vikings and dragons (I've got to find a better way to sum them up) watch wide eyed and fearful, only one thing can happen in their minds.

****Hiccup pulls the cheat sheet from his mouth and quickly glances back and forth between the paper and the rapidly approaching sea stacks, encased in fog. He then throws the sheet away and leans in, clicking the pedal into place. Toothless matches the movement, flying straight as an arrow. Each movement allows them to swerve and dodge all the rocks, Hiccup's instincts reacting perfectly. The duo move in perfect sync, showcasing just what dragon and rider can do. ****

The two groups (there we go) watch on awestruck, following every move in amazement. They recognise the precision and reactions needed to pull off such a feat.

****Each pedal change is mirrored with Toothless' fin, moving through the labyrinth at incredible speed, at one stage barrel rolling over and into an opening. Finally, they glide out of the rocky death trap, leaving the mist and pillars behind. Filled with the adrenaline and the tension and fear of near death again slowly fading, the pair is left with a sense of relief, excitement and exhilaration. Hiccup sits upright and throws his hands into the air, crying out in happiness.****

****HICCUP (CON'T): Yeah!****

The two groups cheer and roar with excitement along with Hiccup's exclamation, letting out their sighs of relief if they haven't already. Regardless of how they felt before and the earlier situation, they are truly happy that the duo could achieve that on their first flight.

"That is the mark of a true bond between friends," Gobber said, pretending to wipe tears from his face. Many people nod in agreement.

_I hate to admit it, but that was pretty impressive, _Stoick thinks, surprisingly not feeling the entity's presence. _Maybe having dragons with us could be advantageous._

Astrid is beside herself with joy, crying again but not in sadness. "Please don't do anything so reckless again," she whispers to him.

"You know me," he replies. "Trouble always seems to find me." Astrid just laughs and playfully punches him on the shoulder. (no, that's not happening â€| yet)

****Toothless displays his joy by shooting a plasma bolt through the sky, exploding above the water. Hiccup's spirits are lowered a bit as he realises Toothless' plan.****

****HICCUP (CON'T): Come on.****

****The duo flies straight into the slowly expanding fiery explosion, the flames engulfing them.****

Everyone laughs at Hiccup's dryness as the first flight comes to an end. Thorong speaks loudly so he can be heard over the joyous calamity. "And that, ladies and gentlemen, is just a mere glimpse of what humans and dragons can do when they become one."

* * *

><p>Hiccup is sitting against Toothless at sunset, his face slightly sooty and singed from the fiery celebration, hair pushed behind him and held in place from the wind and heat.

"You couldn't have done anything else, could you?" Hiccup moaned to Toothless. "That took a lot of explaining to get out of trouble." Toothless just gives him a lazy look and lays his head down over Hiccup and Astrid.

"Stupid dragon," Hiccup mumbles, Astrid laughing at the warmth between the two.

****The Night Fury makes the same weird gurgling sound as when it first ate with Hiccup, the boy looks over curious. Toothless regurgitates a fish head, looking at Hiccup expectantly.****

****HICCUP: Uh. No, thanks. I'm good.****

"I'm not eating that again unless I am absolutely starving," Hiccup says.

"And don't you go giving another drink, Thor," Check said.

"Wasn't going to," Thorong replied.

****He holds up his fish on a stick, showing Toothless that he still has a meal, before going back to roasting it over the small fire made on the ground. Toothless has a double take, before settling back down to his meal. A small group of Terrible Terrors fly over to boy and dragon, Hiccup looking perplexed at their decision and Toothless eying them warningly. The Night Fury growls and slightly tucks in a couple of fish back into the large pile that he is lying on top of. The Terrors wander over to the duo, lured in by the smell of fish. An orangey coloured one gets close first but is halted by a sharp growl from the Night Fury, while a green and red one takes advantage of the situation to grab the regurgitated head and drag it away. ****

"Don't you know that sharing is caring?" Kura asks, the Night Fury taking no notice.

****It begins to nibble the head as a reddish Terror tries to sneak up for a bite, but retreats as a stream of fire is launched by the eating Terror. Toothless eyes the skirmish, but his eyes go wide as a fish juts straight up in the air, as if it is standing on its tail. He watches the fish edge away until another Terror is revealed coming out as it pulls the fish towards him. Upon the Terror being revealed, Toothless' eyes turn to slits and he lunges at the fish, instigating a mini tug of war with the small dragon. The Terror stumbles back with only a small piece of a fin in its mouth, Toothless swallowing the remainder and giving an echoing dragon laugh, mocking the small reptile. ****

"Can't you play nice?" Gobber joked.

****It spits out its miniscule portion and stamps its feet, preparing to fire upon the Night Fury, regardless of the foolhardiness. ****

"Apparently not," Gobber mumbled, answering his own

question.

****Toothless watches with an amused look, waiting for the opportune moment. The Terror stands up on its rear legs, opening its mouth to fire its flame on the legendary dragon. Right at the opening, Toothless fires a small fireball from an open gap in his mouth straight into the Terror's mouth. The Terror swallows the fireball, resulting in it getting blown up like a balloon before deflating and dropping to the ground. Toothless has a smug look as the Terror gets up shakily and walks around dazed and uncoordinatedly for a bit.**

Everyone laughs uproariously at the sight. The group of Terrors that had flown over to the duo began to tussle about in the middle of the dragon's side.

****Hiccup takes note of the weakness.****

****HICCUP (CON'T): Huh, not so fireproof on the inside, are you?****

****Feeling sorry for the dragon Hiccup tosses it one of his fish.****

****HICCUP (CON'T): Here you go.****

****The Terror is delighted when the meal drops in front of it, grabbing it and swallowing it whole. It then looks curiously at Hiccup before, noticing that he is unarmed, crawls up to him and under his arm. Hiccup softly runs his hand along the dragon before it curls up at his hip, fully trusting the boy as it goes to sleep. Hiccup looks astonished as all the lifelong teachings he has been taught have come to a single conclusion.****

****HICCUP (CON'T): Everything we know about you guys is wrong.****

The Vikings are shocked at this new revelation. Looking over at the dragons on the other side of the room, they begin to doubt their ancient teachings. _They haven't done anything to attack us. They've acted completely against what we believed. Maybe we should try to be friends instead._

* * *

><p>Hiccup is back in his personal room in the forge, sitting in his seat with his head and torso lying on his bench over some of his sketches of Toothless and his prosthetic fin. He is rolling his charcoal pencil away, having it return back due to the lean towards him. He looks a bit depressed as he contemplates all the new knowledge he has on dragons and how his views contrast in comparison to the village. The pencil careens to the side, Hiccup picking it up and setting it straight before rolling it again as approaching footsteps can be heard, the boy not paying attention to them. After a couple more rolls the pencil spins around and rolls on the other side. As he looks at the pencil Stoick head peeps through the door, making Hiccup jump.

****HICCUP: Dad! You're back!****

****His hand lands on his pile of sketches which he then proceeds to**

quickly brush them into an indecipherable pile, hoping that his father hasn't seen what they were about, whilst stutteringly trying to find out why his Stoick is here and not with the others.**

HICCUP (CON'T): Uh, Gobber's not here so â€¦

Stoick calm, soft reply catches Hiccup off guard.

STOICK: I know.

Stoick manages to squeeze his way through the door without too much difficulty. He straightens his helmet before continuing.

STOICK (CON'T): I came looking for you.

"That was a big surprise," Hiccup admitted.

Stoick looked surprised. "Why is that?"

"Because the only time you would speak to me was when I had involuntarily caused some sort of damage."

"And we thank you for doing it," the twins said, many eyes rolling around the room.

Hiccup is trying to close his notebook whilst keeping eye contact with his father, as if he isn't doing anything at all.

HICCUP: You did?

Hiccup manages to close the book and slide it slowly towards him as Stoick pressed on.

STOICK: You've been keeping secrets.

Hiccup tries to act casually as if he has no idea what Stoick means, resting his elbow on his book for good measure. Unfortunately for him, the rushed way he got into that position and his stuttering reply gave him away.

HICCUP: Uh-I-uh-uh-wh-I-I have?

"You need to act better under pressure," Delta said.

"It's my father, he's difficult to be calm around at the best of times," Hiccup complained.

Stoick sternly looks at his son, exerting a powerful presence with his calm, strong tone.

**STOICK: Just how long did you think you could hide it from me?
**

Hiccup nervously tries acting oblivious to the situation.

HICCUP: I-I-I don't know what you're â€¦

**STOICK: Nothing happens on this island without me hearing about

it.**

Hiccup looks really worried now.

HICCUP: Oh.

STOICK: So â€¦ let's talk â€¦

Stoick takes a couple of steps forward, making sure he towers over his son.

STOICK (CON'T): â€¦ about that dragon.

Stoick is irritated with himself. _I was so close to finding out! If I had kept pressuring him, then maybe this fiasco could've been avoided â€¦ no, what am I thinking? I would never do that to him._ Stoick places his head in his hands. _Oh, what have I done?_

Hiccup takes a step back and his composure, along with his posture, slips, making him catch himself on his desk before he could hit the grounds. Afraid that Stoick had found out about Toothless he begins to nervously ramble.

**HICCUP: Oh, gods. Dad, I'm so sorry. I-I-I was going to tell you. I just didn't know how to â€¦ **

Stoick's hearty booming laughter stops Hiccup from giving away too much information. Hiccup, not expecting this reaction, fearfully laughs along before asking what he was afraid of.

HICCUP (CON'T): You're not upset?

Stoick's laughter ends abruptly at his son's seemingly strange question.

STOICK: What?! I was hoping for this!

The Vikings are confused, thinking that Stoick had found out about the dragon. _Stoick wanted him to befriend a dragon?_

Hiccup, clearly discombobulated now, carefully implements his question to understand his father's reaction.

HICCUP: Uh, you were?

Hiccup's question sails cleanly over Stoick's head as his pride towards his son grows larger and larger, far larger than it had ever been.

STOICK: And believe me, it only gets better! Just wait till you spill a Nadder's guts for the first time! And mount your first Gronckle head on a spear!

A look of understanding dawns on the Vikings as they realise what Stoick meant.

Stoick looks up at the ceiling, thinking of his first experiences of the like before turning back towards Hiccup.

****STOICK (CON'T): What a feeling!****

****Stoick punches his son in the arm, throwing him back into the shelving and landing in a basket.****

****STOICK (CON'T): You really had me going there, son!****

****Hiccup struggles to pull himself out of the basket, yet he does succeed while Stoick continues his proud rant.****

****STOICK (CON'T): All those years of the worst Viking Berk has ever seen.****

"There is no way that Hiccup was the worst Viking of all time!" Night snapped.

"Calm down, Night," Midnight said. "Things won't get better if you flip out now."

****Hiccup looks upset at hearing his father think that he had been the worst of all Vikings, though Stoick takes no notice.****

****STOICK (CON'T): Odin, it was rough. I almost gave up on you. And all the while you were holding out on me! Oh, Thor Almighty.

****Stoick pulls himself a chair and sits down, ready to hear what his son has done.****

****STOICK (CON'T): With you doing so well in the ring â€|****

****He brings his chair closer, Hiccup just standing where he is.****

****STOICK (CON'T): â€| we finally have something to talk about.****

"The only time he wants to talk is when I can't do what he expects me to do," Hiccup mumbles, Astrid just leans up against him more, feeling bad for him.

****A long silence passes between the two. Hiccup looks unhappy, taking a breath to say something, but ended up closing his mouth and staying quiet. Stoick's face is lit up with happiness and pride, expecting his son to go into large detail about what happened in the arena and how he was accomplishing all those feats. After a bit, though, that began to fade as he realised that Hiccup didn't want to talk. His voice goes back to warm and soft, like it used to all those years ago, as he grabs out an item he brought with him.****

****STOICK (CON'T): Here, I brought you something to keep you safe in the ring.****

****He holds up a helmet of the same size, shape and make as his own, minus the dents from attacks. It had two horns protruding out from the sides, smaller than Stoick's, that curved up and in. He places it in Hiccup's hands, the boy looking grateful and happy with the gift.****

****HICCUP: Wow. Thanks.****

He starts to tilt it so he can inspect it, rubbing his hand across the metal.

STOICK: Your mother would have wanted you to have it. It's half of her breastplate.

**Hiccup gingerly removes his hand upon hearing Stoick's comment, giving a slightly embarrassed laugh. **

"Awkward," Tuffnut comments, the teens laughing. Hiccup looks embarrassed that they found out the origins of the helmet.

Stoick tapped the one on his head as he continued.

STOICK (CON'T): Matching set. It keeps her â€| It keeps her close, you know. Wear it proudly. You deserve it. You've held up your end of the deal.

Hiccup makes a strange whispered sound as he carefully places the helmet on the desk. He then stands upright, before forcing a yawn and stretching, trying to indicate that he is tired.

HICCUP: I should really get to bed.

STOICK: Yes, good. Ok, good talk.

Both start talking at the same time again, like when the deal was made.

**HICCUP: I'll see you back at the house. Great.

>STOICK: We should do this again.

**HICCUP: Thanks for stopping by â€|

>STOICK: I hope you like the hat.
HICCUP: â€| and for the breast hat.**

"Why can we never have a proper conversation?" Hiccup asks. Stoick doesn't answer, though he does look upset.

Stoick clears his throat before taking his leave.

STOICK: Well â€| Yep. Good night.

Stoick squeezes out the door a lot easier than when he got in. As soon as he was gone Hiccup put his hands on his hips and heaved out a sigh, shaking his head. Just outside the door Stoick is doing the same thing, except he is nodding his head, obviously pleased with how that all panned out. As he takes a step he nudges a hanging metal piece, making him jump back in surprise, resulting in some weapons and shields clattering to the ground. He straightens his helmet before leaving the forge.

"You two really are alike," Gobber mentions, the older Vikings murmuring in agreement.

* * *

><p>The decider in this year's dragon training is taking place, a lot of Vikings turning up to watch the event. The Gronckle

flies around the perimeter of the ring, searching for its adversaries. Hiccup is one of the last two left, his new helmet donned on his head and a shield and axe in each arm. He is hiding behind a barricade, listening and watching the dragon's movements. Shortly after we see the boy, Astrid, the second trainee left, dives behind the same barricade. They both notice each other at the same time, though Astrid has to take a double take to be sure. Hiccup smiled at her as a slight blush crept up on his face. The feeling was not mutual; unfortunately, as Astrid slams Hiccup's shield into the ground, catching her favourite axe in her other hand. All she does is give him one warning.

****ASTRD: Stay out of my way! I'm winning this thing.****

"I'm really sorry, Hiccup," Astrid whispers as she turns her head into his chest. "I didn't mean any of those things that I said."

"It's ok, Astrid," Hiccup says, giving her a light embrace.

"No, it's not," she moaned. "I was just jealous and stupid. I couldn't see beyond my own desires."

"Don't worry, Astrid," he reassures. "You don't need to be upset."

****Hiccup seems happy to let her do so, not wanting to have to face the Nightmare in the final where everyone will expect him to kill it. Astrid dashes off to make her move, Hiccup replying to her leaving figure.****

****HICCUP: Good. Please, by all means.****

****He slowly rises and looks to the crowd, straightening his helmet. His gaze falls upon his father standing next to Gothi, the elder. Stoick gestures to his son by clenching his fist, conveying his message without the others noticing. Hiccup replies with a forced grin, before his face droops in depression, the Gronckle hovering around in the background. The Gronckle hovers low over the arena, mostly traversing the middle section with the most barricades, still trying to locate its foes. As it heads towards one side of the arena, Astrid's head looks over one of the barricades. As the Gronckle moves she lunges to the next barricade, using it as cover, before diving and rolling to the next, her face filled with grim determination.****

****ASTRID: This time, this time for sure!****

"She is going to kill someone soon if this keeps up," Snotlout says happily.

"Ooh, dibs on Snotlout's weapons," Tuffnut says.

"No fair, I wanted to get them," Ruff complains as they start tussling again.

****Astrid stands and vaults her way over the barricades, yelling her battle cry as she leaps forth to engage the dragon. As she pulls her arm back, she stops absolutely dumbfounded by the sight before her. At the final barricade stood Hiccup, arms up to shield himself from**

Astrid's assault, helmet, axe and shield discarded on the ground. The Gronckle was lying on the ground, one leg in the air and tongue hanging out. When Hiccup realised Astrid wasn't going to attack he put on an apologetic face, gesturing to the dragon as if to say 'It was an accident' and 'I didn't mean for this to happen'. The crowd of Vikings watching erupt into cheers. Astrid stands still before her rage takes control, swinging her axe around her and cursing Hiccup, regardless of whether she meant it or not.**

ASTRID (CON'T): No! No, son of a half-troll, rat eating, munge-bucket!

"Where did you learn to curse like that?" Guardian asks concerned.

"Viking society," Hiccup states. "It happens often."

Gothi taps her staff against the frame of the arena having reached her decision, trying to get everyone's attention, though due to the loud cheering few pay attention. Stoick ends up having to address the crowd so they could be quiet.

STOICK: Wait, wait.

Inside the arena Gobber looks at Hiccup with happiness, who is trying to leave the arena without anyone noticing, dreading to hear the verdict.

HICCUP: So, later.

Gobber stops his escape plans by grabbing him by the back of his vest with his hook.

GOBBER: Not so fast.

The blacksmith looks up at Gothi and Stoick as Hiccup tries to make a valid reason.

HICCUP: I'm kind of late for â€|

Astrid storms up to him and places her axe at his throat, completely livid.

ASTRID: What?! Late for what, exactly?!

"Toothless gets grumpy when I'm late," Hiccup says, Toothless looking innocently at him.

"Must run in the family," Rider says, Speedstrike slaps her with his tailfin.

**If looks could kill then Hiccup would be long gone due to the fury across Astrid's face. Stoick raises a hand to quieten everyone.
**

STOICK: Quiet down! The elder has decided.

**Both teens take their places on either side of Gobber, just in front of him. Gobber holds his hook above Astrid, a smile on his face and a questioning look at the same time. The girl puffing out her

chest and holding herself high in an effort to convince them that she should be the winner. Gothi ****looks at her and shakes her head, the crowd moaning disappointedly for Astrid, sorry that she wasn't chosen. Hiccup and Astrid look shocked, Astrid's rage building higher, as she and Gobber look at Hiccup before Gobber places his hand above Hiccup's head. Gothi looks at him and smiles, pointing her crooked finger at him. Hiccup looks crestfallen as the crowd go wild, Gobber ecstatic as he congratulates his apprentice.**

GOBBER: You've done it, Hiccup! You get to kill the dragon!

The Vikings now feel bad for Hiccup now that they have seen how dragons are truly like.

Hiccup glances at Astrid, who returns it with a glare cold as death. She is livid that she wasn't chosen but for now all she can do is fume.

The other teens run up to Hiccup and hoist him up like a hero, jumping and cheering as they move. The crowd outside is in a frenzy, apart from Gothi who wears a warm smile on her face and Stoick who is beyond proud of his son.

STOICK: That's my boy!

As the teens minus Astrid cheer and whoop as they carry Hiccup on his lap of honour, Hiccup joins in completely unenthusiastically.

HICCUP: Yeah. Yes. I can't wait. I am so æ|

The image changes to the cove, Hiccup with a basket on his back and his riding gear on.

HICCUP (CON'T) æ| leaving!

"WHAT?!"

* * *

><p>AN: So there we go. Hope you enjoyed that.**

So thanks for everyone who suggested names for my swords and songs for the fic. The poll is up for the sword names so make sure you vote on that. If you are a guest or you can't find it for some reason, put your preferences in the review section.

Next up is the interval, still not sure if it will be one upload or two, and I'll be explaining some more stuff then.

Oh yeah, the song that Kura sang was 'Parachute' by Cheryl Cole. I also thought of doing that small part afterwards between Kura and Skura from reading some of their reviews on other stories. Some of which would play out like that.

I probably won't be updating again till early next week, partly so that you all can have some time to read and vote. I'm still open for song suggestions though, 'cause there will likely be some singing at the end of this fic.

****Anywho, next chapter: Emotions, Secrets and Novasteel. (you lot have no idea what I have in store now)****

****Please review and fav if you haven't, constructive criticism is welcome.****

****Farewell, until we meet again!****

11. Emotions, Secrets and Novasteel

****A/N: I'm really, really, really sorry guys! I know what I said and I wanted to get the chapter up about a week ago. Excuses are that I ran into two lots of writer's block which my usual methods couldn't cure, school started up which took away a lot of my writing time and a lot of the things that are happening to me at the moment are leaving me incredibly frustrated, which I tend not to write when feeling that way. However, by talking to some other people, I know that they have it a lot harder than I do so I won't complain too much. For what I'm hoping are obvious reasons, I will not be naming said people.****

****Now for some happier notes. First of all, I have finally seen HTTYD 2. I have to say it was a magnificent film. And no, I didn't cry. Not even close. I will definitely be doing a 'Watching the Sequel' fic, though I'm not sure if it will be along the same sort of lines as this one.****

****Secondly, this story has passed 20,000 views! You guys are giving this a lot of viewing time. The next time I will let you know when we reach a milestone in terms of views will be when this gets 50,000 views, if we get there while I'm still writing this.****

****Thirdly, the G.M.A.D. celebrated their first Anniversary on Sunday, meaning that we are now a year old. Happy Anniversary to all members! (even if it is a little late) Our website is also up, the link to it is on Wolf's profile page.****

****The poll result is also in. The winners are ... well, you'll have to read to find out.****

****I have also made a beta profile, so I am a beta-reader now. If anyone want's to get my help, PM me and I'll get back to you. Though of course the best way to know how I do things is to read this story and the others to come.****

****Now to the chapter. This one and the next one will have less to do with the movie and more to do with plot development and giving you guys some sort of insight into Thorongil. There will also be another member joining us, along with a Hiccstrid moment which I hope you guys like as it is the first time I have written along that area.****

****Anyway, I'll let you guys get to it. Enjoy!****

_Disclaimer: I do not own How to Train Your Dragon, any of the characters in that franchise (they are owned by Dreamworks) or any characters in this story, apart from Storm and myself.**__** (except for another introduced in this chapter)****

* * *

><p>Chapter 10: Emotions, Secrets and
Novasteel.

Last time (probably the only time this will happen) â€|

HICCUP: Yeah. I can't wait. I am so â€|

The image changes to the cove, Hiccup with a basket on his back and his riding gear on.

HICCUP (CON'T) â€| leaving!

"WHAT?!"

* * *

><p>"WHAT?!" the Vikings exclaim. "What on Earth do you mean 'leaving'?" Hiccup shies down, trying to make himself seem smaller. As the calamity of questions barrage into Hiccup, Thorong stands up and walks over to the front of the room while Night goes to the back.<p>

"QUIET!" Thorong shouts, making the room quiet and all eyes fall upon him. "Now I think this is as good a time as any to have a break."

An unhappy uproar spills forth from the Vikings. "We need to know why Hiccup is leaving!" "Why is he leaving?!" "What do we need a break for?!"

"ENOUGH!" Thorong raises his voice above the calamity, silencing them once again. "Now then, there is some logic behind this. For one, you can't deny that you are all feeling hungry." A grumble of stomachs on both sides confirms this, some Vikings blushing and chuckling sheepishly. "Secondly, this gives you an opportunity to fully contemplate what you have just learnt. And thirdly, this is the point where everything changes, so it will be better if it happens now so that all the parts that would've happened without this darkness interfering can be seen all at once."

"Now, because you will be entering the lair, there are some things that I need to tell you â€|" Night says, getting the rooms attention as they spin around to face her.

As she tries to organise what is going to happen, Thorong looks at Storm looking like he has a plan. Both nod, knowing what it is, and they start to charge up their attacks, Storm with his lightning and plasma, Thorong with his fire, ice and aura. The noise grabs everyone's attention as they look at the duo in confusion. Before anyone can react, both send forth their powers, meeting in between the two. Both bursts explode against each other, spilling forth a blinding light throughout the room. When the light disappears, the room is revealed to be empty, dragons, Vikings and G.M.A.D. alike having vanished into thin air.

* * *

><p>Inside a large, dark, cave-like room, a ball of swirling energy appears in the centre before exploding. Fire, ice, lightning, plasma

and aura burst forth, spreading across the whole room. Scorch marks and thin icy spears scatter the ground and walls as the large group of Vikings, dragons and G.M.A.D. members spill onto the floor. Thorong and Storm are the only ones standing, everyone else is either on their backs or sitting.<p>

"Again?!" Stoick shouts. "How many times must this happen today?!" The Vikings are completely confused.

"Twice more," Thorong replies as he and Storm walk towards one side of the room.

"Why did you have to do that, Thorong?" Night asks, a bit angry. "I thought that we were having the break. Where did you bring us?"

"If you all would calm down," Thorong says upon reaching the wall, "then you can hear my explanation." After a moment which most people settle down, some just bury their irritation in case they still need it, Thorong continues.

"Now, if you would all follow me, I can explain as we walk to our destination." When he finishes, a huge gaping hole appears behind him, which he and Storm walk through. The others, wanting their explanation and not wanting to be left behind, follow suit. The gaping hole leads to a long, wide, spiralling rocky tunnel, the group walking upwards. Thorong and Storm are at the head, followed by the G.M.A.D. members, Hiccup, Astrid, Toothless, Stoick and Gobber, the remainder of the Vikings and dragons following behind, most intertwined within each other.

"So what's this all about?" Night asks, getting the ball rolling. "You obviously don't think that they will be safe at the lair, so why would they be safer here?"

"It's not so much about whether or not they will be safe at the lair, it's more about precaution," Thorong answers. "I know that they would be safe at the lair, but they will also be safe here. However, this thing can learn and observe through those it affects, so it could very well learn the layout and schematics of the lair through the Vikings. I assume you would rather not give him something to go on if he attacks." When Night doesn't answer, someone else asks a question.

"So where are we?" Midnight inquires.

"You could say that we are in an old base of mine, you will see it shortly. It isn't too far from the lair, about 10 km from the nearest point of the lair."

"What are you going to let us do?" Hiccup asks.

"Well, there will be lots of food for all, plus it is a very large space so you can go around and explore, as long as you don't leave the main areas."

"What do you mean 'main areas'?" the twins ask sceptically.

"You'll see."

They walk for a bit longer in silence before they reach the exit.

Stepping through they shield their eyes from the sunlight as they quickly adapt to the bright light again. They walk into what looks like an ancient ruin, bathed in light. Unfamiliar architecture pave the room around them, some are cracked and have small chunks missing, moss and plants growing off some of the pillars and holes in the roof. To the right was a balcony that lead to the outside, showing some more of the ruins across the gap. Archways covered the far and right sides. Everyone gawped in amazement; just the shock of this scene took them away.

"Welcome," Thorong says, throwing his arms wide as he spins around.

"Where are we?" Delta asks.

"This is one of the living areas," Thorong stated.

"I mean, what is this place?"

"Follow me and you will see," Thorong said as he walks to the right side. The others follow him onto the balcony. The sight before them takes their breaths away.

In front of them was a small ancient citadel (like a smaller, slightly ruined version of Rivendell), the buildings looking as if they came from another world. Plant life grew aplenty in gaps and on the architecture. The ruins were built into the side of a concave cliff face that slowly lead down into a cove far below, the remains of a vast port lying in the water that lead out to the ocean. Above them lay two levels, the lowest contained many archways and balconies while the level above only held six larger overhangs jutting out slightly. Down below lay some courtyards and halls; platforms, stairs and sloping pathways lead down, connecting the whole complex. The largest of the courtyards was directly below them, reaching across to both sides of the citadel. Many elegant statues stood in intervals, beautiful creatures carved in serenity, as if nothing was wrong with the world.

As the crowd leaned over the barrier to take in the magnificence in front of them, a rush of wind knocks some of them back. They regather themselves and peer over, astonished. A group of dragons, consisting of a Nightmare, a couple of Gronckles, Nadders and even a Timberjack, have just gracefully glided down into the depths of the citadel. Seeing the dragons allows the large group to notice all the other dragons scattered across the ruins. Some species surprise them as a few of them notice some Whispering Deaths and even a Skrill, neither type, nor any other for that matter, were causing any chaos. Instead they looked completely at peace with all around them.

"Are all these dragons yours?" Hiccup asks.

"No, they are all wild ones," Thorong replies. "They choose to stay here in peace, as hardly anyone knows, or knew as the case is now, that this place is here. At times if I need some help around here then they will give me a hand, but otherwise they can be at peace. The only dragon I have is Storm." Storm brushes slightly against Thorong as he says this, showing his appreciation.

Most of the dragons in the citadel (not the ones from the archipelago) spread their wings and roll their joints, preparing to

take off. "What are they doing?" Fishlegs asks, curious.

"Well, seeing as it is around midday, they will be heading out to the sea for their feeding time."

"Does that mean-"Night starts.

"No, there isn't a Bewilderbeast here," Thorong answers.

"What in the world is a Bewilderbeast?" Stoick inquires, slightly concerned. All the Vikings look curious and concerned, not having heard of a creature.

"You'll find out in your future, so I'd rather not say. Anyway, if you want to see something really cool, then follow me," Thorong says as he walks along the pathway leading away from the room they were in. The rest of the group follow him along the path as it curves to the left and ends on a large viewpoint. As they reach the middle they hear a rush of wings. The group rush forwards to the edge, younger ones at the front, and look down. The citadel dragons, along with some that have flown out of the lush forest surrounding the ruins, have flown into a large group near the bottom of the cove and soar altogether up and out, spiralling elegantly into the air (like when Hiccup first sees the inside of the sanctuary). When they fly above the ruins they flip over and swoop away, gliding far out over the water. The Vikings stand with their mouths wide open.

"Magnificent, isn't it?" Thorong asks, the Vikings and dragons nod in agreement. The dragons cannot remember the last time that they could go out together without fear of their return. "No matter how many times I see it, it still looks incredible."

"Master Thorongil," a deep voice calls out from one of the buildings to the right of the platform. "I see you have brought the Berkians."

"Ah, nice to see you again, Erthain," Thorong says spinning around to the source of the voice and walking towards him. The others' gaze follows their hooded host, eyes falling upon the one that spoke before. He is a dark skinned, stout, solid, middle aged man with a large brown afro, wearing a grey t-shirt and black baggy pants. Thick black boots and gloves cover his hands and feet.

Thorong spins around to face the large group, gesturing to the shorter man behind him. "This is Erthain. My old friends and I rescued his village, well â€¦ the remains of it, when we visited another realm. As it was about to collapse at a moment's notice, we brought them back to this world."

"So there are other people here?" Rider asks.

"No. There are many places around the world that they use as outposts, in many different conditions. Everyone else went to other areas to help out, while I chose the solitude here."

"Wait, this in an outpost?!" Kura exclaimed, the rest of the G.M.A.D. look surprised at the proclamation.

"I'd love to see what you'd call a base," Skura concluded.

"That can be done another time," Thorong replies. Before anything else could be said, the faint sound of a strumming guitar floats in off the wind, catching everyone's attention.

"Please tell me I'm not the only one hearing that," Wolf says.

"Nope," Thorong answers, looking to the sky. "Come on, Storm," he calls, followed by both diving off the platform and the rider mounting the dragon they shoot off into the air. Those looking up see the duo racing off towards a large speck in the sky.

* * *

><p>High above the ground a young boy rides atop a large, four winged dragon, the melodious sounds of the guitar in his hands coming to a halt as the song ends. The boy had auburn hair and red eyes, a mask covering half of his face. His attire consisted of a jet black leather jacket, black fingerless gloves, black pants and black fur boots.<p>

"So what do you think, Vieux?" he asks the Stormcutter that he is riding. "What should we sing next?" Vieux glances back at him expectantly, waiting for the answer. His eyes sparkle as he rights the guitar in his hands, readying it for the next song. "I think I know â€|" He shuts his eyes as he begins to strum his guitar, the melody coming from it starting off slow and relaxing. As he opens his eyes, he begins to sing.

"_I figured it out,_"

I figured it out from black and white

Seconds and hours,"

Maybe they had to take some time"

Thorong and Storm silently fly glide slightly behind the boy and the Stormcutter, feeling the smooth tones and notes coming from the pair.

"_I know how it goes,_"

I know how it goes from wrong and right

Silence and sound

Did they ever hold each other tight

Like us?"

Did they ever fight

Like us?"

Thorong decides to make his presence known, taking the opportunity to sing the next part.

"_You and I_"

We don't wanna be like them"

"Whoa, Thorong!" the boy jumps, though never missing a single note in the tune. "What are you doing here?"

Thorong just smiles as he continues.

"We can make it 'til the end"

Nothing can come between"

You and I"

The boy sings along, turning the song into a duet, as Night and Rider take off to join them.

(Boy) "_Not even the gods above_"

Can separate the two of us"

No, nothing can come between"

You and I"

(Both) "_Oh, you and I_"

(Thorong) "_I see what it's like,_"

_ I see what it's like for day and night_"

(Boy) "_Never together_"

_ 'Cause they see things in a different light_"

_ Like us_"

(Both) "_But they never tried_"

_ Like us_"

(Boy) "_You and I_"

_ We don't wanna be like them_"

(Thorong) "_We can make it 'til the end_"

_ Nothing can come between_"

_ You and I_"

(Both) "_We don't wanna be like them,_"

_ We can make it 'til the end,_"

_ Nothing can come between_"

_ You and I_"

_ Not even the gods above_"

_ Can separate the two of us_

_ No, nothing can come between_

_ You and I_"

"What in the world are you doing here, Thor?" the boy asks. "Did Night send you on a mission?"

"Not exactly," Night shouts out as she and Rider pull up level with them.

"How's it going, John?" Rider asks.

"Not bad, thanks," the boy, John, replies. "What do you mean, 'not exactly'?"

"Well, let's just say that we have the Berkians and Archipelago dragons together," Thorong explains.

"So they're at the lair?"

"Not exactly."

"What is it with you people and, 'not exactly'?"

"They aren't at the lair, they are at Thor's outpost," Rider elaborates.

"Wait, Thor has an outpost?"

"More like a citadel," Night points out.

"And I have more than one," Thorong says. "But that's beside the point. How about you come and join us? We could really use your help."

"What is it that they have done?"

"It's not so much what they have done as opposed to what the thing that's affecting them is doing," Rider says.

"So there is something controlling them?"

"You could say that," Thorong replies.

"We'll fill you in later. Now are you coming or not?" Night asks.

"Yeah, I'll come. Not much else as exciting to do," John answers, before all four dragon and rider combinations fly back down to the ruined citadel.

* * *

><p>The four riders touch back down on the platform, the group standing back to give them room. Each of the riders jump off their dragons as they begin to close in.<p>

"Oh no, not another one," Snotlout groans, noticing the new rider. He

receives a sharp glare from him, making the obnoxious teen back down.

"Who are you?" Hiccup asks.

"I am Johnriley245, Rider of the Stormcutter, Vieux, Guardian of Music and Epic Swordsman," he replies. "Just call me John."

"Music? Does that mean you were the one making those songs?" Gobber inquires.

"Yes."

"Why is your tittle different? No 'sorcerer' or 'archer' level?" Stoick asks, joining the conversation.

"Not everyone in the group has the same powers or attributes," Night explains. "Some of us have a combination of strengths, while others focus on only one or two."

"Anyway, I'll explain what's going on," Thorong cuts in before anyone else can contribute. "This was originally going to be the only interval, at least before that craziness before. As I assume everyone is hungry somewhat, there will be food and drinks in the main courtyard, which is on the level below us." He gestures to the platform below them, which is already laid out with large tables and barrels of food and drink.

"Wow, when did that get there?" Tuffnut asks.

"Erthain put it there while we were up in the sky. He took to his training well."

"That explains why he called you 'Master'." Skura concludes.

"It just happened after a few sessions with us. Soon all the older ones were, regardless of us asking them not to. But that's beside the point."

"What is the stage for?" Astrid asks, pointing to the stone platform on the lookout part of the courtyard.

"That used to be used for performances by the bards and poets. I thought that we could use it for any songs that people want to sing. As John has turned up, that presents a beneficial opportunity. If that's okay with you."

"Sure, I don't mind," John replies. "In fact, I think I can help modernise it a bit."

A pale light shimmers above the group. The Vikings look confused as it rains down upon them.

"What just happened?" Gobber asks.

"Due to me being the Guardian of Music, I was able to delve into the vast amounts of songs across history and bestow that knowledge upon you all," John explains. "So while you are in this area, you will know pretty much all the songs ever made."

"Which brings me to another point. I don't mind if you want to explore this place, just don't wander into the forest," Thorong warns. "Believe me when I say that you don't want to face what lives in there."

"Huh, there isn't anything that can scare me," Snotlout boasts, puffing out his chest to seem bigger and more impressive. (key word is 'seem')

"Trust me, this one is furious with Vikings, so he won't be as peaceful as the others," Thorong states. "He will protect this place with all his might, and he is very powerful. Just stay out of the forest."

Just then a couple of Whispering Deaths with mouths filled with fish fly over the citadel, heading to the forest.

"Where are they going?" Guardian asks.

"To feed the dragon that I've been talking about," Thorong replies.

"Is there anything else?" Stoick inquires.

"No, you are all free to go."

The large group scatter, most heading out to get filled up. John goes over to the stage and sets himself up for the performances. Some of the younger children cautiously make their way over, still wary of the dragons. The dragons have gone to eat some fish, taken off to fly around the citadel, or flown to relax in other parts of the area.

* * *

><p>Hiccup grabs Gobber and walks over to Thorong, the blacksmith and Toothless in tow. Gobber looks surprised at the wondrous look on Hiccup, unable to remember the last time Hiccup was this enthusiastic.<p>

"So, can you tell us more about your swords?" he asks as they reach Thorong. Gobber's eyes light up at the question, his attention drawn in at the prospect of metalwork.

Thorong smiles at the reaction before speaking. "Definitely. Follow me." He and Storm lead Hiccup along the pathway back towards the tunnel. This time they walk past it and into the large building behind them. Inside is a vast hall, some pillars had crumbled along with some regal-style chairs. A slightly tattered red velvet carpet lead from the main doors that lead to the courtyard to the main altar, where an elegant throne stood, missing a small chunk of the back. Instead of staying in there they went up a set of stairs to a higher level in the same room before climbing up a spiral staircase situated above the throne. Going up one floor lead to a long corridor going both left and right, with many doors aligning the opposite walls, leading to the rooms visible from the outside. They then go up to the top floor, where upon they leave the staircase and go to the second room on the left, which coincidently is positioned just above the hall they entered into.

Inside is a large room rounded off at the roof. Some small holes

riddle the warm roof, allowing shrubs and vines to dangle through. It has a very elvish feel to the room, lots of ancient stone and texture winding up the small curved arches that edge up the roof, feeling as if it is alive. Inside the room are several bookcases, one containing modern books, a few holding ancient historical books and a couple more with scrolls and books containing legends and myths. A large bed occupies the left corner closest to the corridor. A table and a few chairs rest near it, a chess board with figures looking like true medieval warriors currently occupies the surface. Another table in the shape of a semicircle sits against the right wall near the overhang, in between two bookcases. On top sits some photos that are currently indiscernible due to the distance and angle. In the middle of the right wall is a solid steel door, capable of sliding away, a leather wheel in the centre to help move it.

Other than that, the rest of the room contains some posters, cupboards, a stone slab next to the bed and two mannequins on the left side of the room in football gear, one with a red t-shirt and white shorts, a pair of red socks folded inwards on a small, slightly slanted plaque along with a pair of white and red Asics boots. The other has a grey and black long sleeved top with a small amount of padding in the elbows, white and blue Adidas gloves, black Adidas shorts with padding on the sides, black socks and white and blue Asics boots (if you have seen 'The Last Game' video then it is based off that). Both shirts had a logo with two rampant lions holding aloft a shield containing the royal crown above the Southern Cross. A soccer ball balances on top of the shield. In between the mannequins is a single poll rounded out at the top, a Brazuca balanced on top.

"This is my room," Thorong says as he walks through the door, Hiccup and Gobber gaping at the sight.

He walks over to the steel door and turns the wheel, sliding the door away. The two Vikings follow him in while the two dragons look in for a moment before having a conversation together. Behind the door is a darker, smaller room, with a workbench and grindstone along one wall, a rack of weapons opposite it, a rack of weapons, mostly swords, on the far wall and a large roaring furnace in the centre (like the one in Berk). In the corners are open shelves and cupboards containing various types of materials along with blade, head and hilt moulds. The room is lit mostly by the furnace, though there are some torches as well.

"This is what I use to create my weapons," Thorong says, gesturing to the room. "The steel door is designed to keep the heat in here and out of my room."

Gobber walks over and picks up one of the sheathed swords in the rack, a muramasa. He unsheathes it, revealing a shiny silver blade with a white hilt and a round, jet black hand guard. He takes a few test swings with it in his hand, listening to it whistle as it slices through the air, before inspecting the blade in more detail. He could see the detailed markings along the flat of the blade, along with runes that he couldn't understand.

"It's very light and incredibly sharp," observed Gobber, "but it's too flimsy and slightly unbalanced. It wouldn't stand up well in a battle."

"First of all, a muramasa is designed to be used with two hands, not one, meaning that for you it will be somewhat unbalanced," Thorong points out. He then grabs an iron greatsword from off the ground and gives it to Gobber, who trades it for the muramasa.

"Secondly â€¦" he says as he brings holds the blade in both hands, Gobber bringing up the greatsword in a defensive stance. Thorong slashes swiftly and in the blink of an eye the light blade has sliced through the greatsword like butter, the point clattering uselessly to the ground. "â€¦ this is made of a mixture of materials that you lot haven't found or used yet. Almost all of my weapons are made of materials that you haven't heard of. They are much lighter and stronger than iron, making them incredibly useful in battle."

"So does that mean that the three on you are made of the same?" Hiccup inquires.

"Not quite, the mixture that they are made of is much stronger. It contains the two in this muramasa, along with one other extremely rare metal."

"What are they?"

"The first metal is Gronckle Iron, which is made in the stomach of Gronckles when they eat certain rocks," Thorong explains as he grabs a small lump of it and places it on the workbench. "The second is a rare metal called Mythrill; it shines like silver and is stronger and more durable than Gronckle Iron, which is on its own very strong. How rare it is depends on where you are. Some areas have veins of it while others have only slithers. It also depends on the world you are in." Thorong grabs a small lump of Mythrill next to the Gronckle Iron, allowing the two Vikings to compare the difference. "The third and final one is incredibly rare-"

"Why is it so rare?" interrupts Gobber.

"Because it is found within the cores of meteorites, and only then it is a small chance that the celestial form contains any." He places a small piece the size of a tennis ball down on the workbench. In the light it shines like a dimmed star. "It is called Novasteel, and it is much stronger than Gronckle Iron and Mythrill combined. Due to that strength, there is a specific technique that must be used to shape it. Only four people in the world at the moment know how to do it. I am one of those."

"Can you teach us?" Hiccup asks enthusiastically.

"Unfortunately I cannot. Even if you were lucky enough to come across even a slither of it, the technique requires magical powers which neither of you possess."

"Is that why you can wield magic through your swords?"

"Yes, though Gronckle Iron itself is durable enough to withstand the pressure and remain intact. However I have only found Novasteel and the three metal combination to be able to be infused with the aura powers I have. Whether that is because of the durability or if it is just due to the strength of mine I have no idea."

"Can we see your swords?" Gobber asks, gesturing to the ones Thorong

is carrying.

"Sure thing," he replies as he unsheathes and places them on the workbench. He then flicks a switch which turns on some lights above the bench, letting them view the weapons in a better light. The first sword he places down is his lightning one.

Gobber and Hiccup gaze at the weapon, taking in every detail they can. The blade is mostly storm grey, though there are small patches of darker metal. There are also a few light flashes, like lightning cutting through the stormy sky. It truly looked like the blade was part of a raging storm. Along one of the edges were similar runes to the ones on the muramasa, though these glowed ever so lightly in a pale blue light. The guard looked like your standard guard, but the rest of the hilt shot up, swerving and splashing like a stormy sea being caught up in a cyclone. Atop the hilt lay the electric blue gem, an apatite, flashing slightly like lightning lighting up the dark skies.

"What do the runes say?" Hiccup asks, managing to get over his gaze.

"It is the name of the sword," Thorong explains. "This is Blitzkrieg."

As he says the name, electricity crackles slightly across the blade, the gem lighting up somewhat as small electrical bursts zap inside. The sudden release of energy makes Hiccup and Gobber jump.

"Why did it do that?" Gobber asks, slightly fearful.

"Sometimes when you speak the name of a magical weapon, it can respond by bringing forth some of its power," Thorong says. "Though the name needs to be either the weapons true name or be part of its true name."

Next he pulls out the fire sword, this time it doesn't ignite as it leaves the scabbard. Instead of being red hot as it was when it was sheathed, it has cooled to a coal black, the edges and some small dots speckled around the flats a dull orange, like a fire clinging to its last embers. The hilt was shaped like a dragon wrapped around something like a pole, the dragon's head at the top of the hilt. In the mouth of the dragon at the pommel sat the red diamond, flickering every now and then like a candle. The wings of the dragon spread wide for the guard, whilst the metallic tail feathers of a strange bird seemed to embrace the blade, strengthening the connection. The runes along the blade shimmer in a deep red glow.

"What about this one?" Gobber asks, intrigued by this one.

"Phoenix," Thorong answers, the dull orange bits light up into an intense orange slightly like when air is blown into a dying fire, adding life to the sword. "It is named for that due to the idea that it is reborn over and over through fire, never truly dying. I'll show you something cool," he says as he leans closer and blows out a long steady breath.

As the air hits the blade it steadily grows brighter, like when the name was spoken. He steadily increases the intensity of the breath,

the blade lighting up more brighter and intensely. Suddenly the tip combusts, the flame spreading all the way along the blade, not as fierce or as colourful as before, though still quite hot and strong.

"What is it that makes the flame stick to the blade?" Hiccup asks.

"Magical enchantments help contain the flame, allowing me to change just how powerful and hot it is, also giving me the ability to control how it acts."

"Can it be done on any other weapons?"

"Yes. The most common way of doing it is to coat the metal in Nightmare spit."

"Of course. Because the spit of a Nightmare allows it to light itself on fire," Gobber reasoned.

"Exactly. Occasionally I will spread some on Phoenix, but not often."

Thorong then draws forth the third one, the aura sword, from the scabbard on his right hip, laying it gently on the bench. This one is mostly white, though there are some darker patches in places. The edges shine brighter than pure Mythril, like starlight. Small specks shine like stars throughout the blade, casting the darkness away. The hilt showed metal plates interlocking and overlapping, swerving up similar to the pillars in his room, making it seem alive. At the top of the plates lay the black opal, colours swirling like a supernova in its dormant state. Encasing part of the gem was a dragon the likes of which Vikings had never seen. Large, slightly tattered wings wrapped around some of the bottom half of the gem, as if protecting it. A long tail wraps itself around the top of the hilt, two powerful legs alongside the metal. A long neck protrudes from the mid-region, ending in a head that was slightly spear-shaped, a single horn jutting out above the eyes.

"This is Nova," Thorong says as the two Vikings stare in wonder, "Sword of the stars."

Recognising the name, Nova reacts. The dark patches seem to increase and grow darker, like the night sky, trying to engulf the white parts. The shining edges and specks illuminate the darkness, showing pure light. The opal's colours change their pattern, shimmering celestially like Arvendale's Fire.

"Sword of the stars?" Gobber inquires, looking confused.

Thorong nods as he replies, "Made from one of the purest forms of Novasteel ever found and is one of the strongest weapons ever forged. Odin himself would look upon this blade with pride."

"I can see why. It looks as if the stars give strength to the blade," Gobber replies.

"One thing I don't understand is why the gemstones are placed in the hilt," Hiccup says. "They seem to react with the blades and look as if they are truly alive."

"Gemstones are able to store great amounts of magic," Thorong explains, "meaning that you can store your own magical power within the stone and draw upon the deposit when you need it. How much it can carry depends on the stone."

"Can you store your aura in it as well?" Gobber inquires. "I assume it isn't a type of magic."

"You're right, it isn't a form of magic. It is possible, though if successful it cannot be a lot."

"What is aura?" Hiccup asks.

"Aura is the life force or energy of a being," defines Thorong. "Everyone has their own unique aura, varying in compatibility, strength and other aspects. There are few that are able to draw upon its strength. Some, like martial artists, can draw upon it within their own bodies and bring incredible strength and movement, truly being at one with themselves. What I can do is even rarer and greater, though it has its consequences. A few people are able to draw out their aura and implement it as an external form, like an energy sphere or a shield."

"Like you did before?" Gobber inquires, remembering in the theatre room.

"Yes."

"What consequences are there?" Hiccup asks.

"The risk of using your aura in such a way is that you can use too much and end up burning it. This only really happens when you use it constantly without giving it a chance to regenerate or if you draw upon all of it at once to perform a true miracle. There are always risks for such power."

"What happens when you lose your aura?" they ask slightly worried.

"In most cases you become encased in a crystal-like substance, becoming an empty shell. You cannot move, see, think, breathe, live. You just remain, preserved and untouched by time."

"And that will happen to you?" Gobber asks.

"Could be, could be not. Couldn't rightfully say," he says, a slight hint of sadness in his voice. "I do not know what fate awaits me."

'_You and your smooth lies,' _Storm telepathically communicates with Thorong, who had been listening to the conversation.

"What are you working on here?" Hiccup asks as he looks over the furnace. Gobber and Thorong walk over and look into the intense heat. Shards of metal are being heated on top of the furnace. In one group are ten bright orange jagged shards, quite large and lumpy as it still needs to be melted. The other group contains six slightly curved, slender shards, glimmering in a white light.

"They look like shards of a sword," observes Gobber.

"They are," confirms Thorong. "These ones are almost ready to be merged together with the hilt." He gestures to the slender shards before going over to a shelf and grabbing one of the intricately designed hilts, bringing it over for the two to see.

The hilt itself was black, shimmering slightly like the night sky. The frosty blue guard was circular where the blade was to be connected, the edges jutting up and out like thick icicles. Sitting on top of the pommel was an aquamarine gemstone cut like an ice shard. Swirling around it was a frosty web that seemed so fragile (something like those overlapping chocolate decorations on a dessert). All together it seemed so delicate, yet impregnable.

"How is it that these can be designed so vividly?" a stunned Gobber asks as his eyes pass over, absorbing as much detail as possible.

"That's my secret," Thorong says with a smile.

"So another blade for you?"

"Not this one. This one I am making for one of the G.M.A.D., though not one here right now. Those other shards are for a weapon for me, though they are nowhere near ready yet."

Neither one had noticed that Hiccup had walked out of the room and had gone on to looking around Thorong's room. His current attention was on the photos on the tables. Most of them contained a group of six children, three boys and three girls. They all seemed really happy, either laughing or smiling in all of them, like they didn't have a care in the world. None of them showed an inch of armour, not even Thorong who was showing a side that few had ever seen. Instead he wore a black dressy t-shirt and black sports pants (like those you would get in a squad team). Because there was no hood on his face could be seen clearly. There were a few freckles scattered on his face. His hair was frosted brown and cut short, sitting up with the top pulled back slightly. The scar over his eye is still there, intriguingly coloured silver, though it didn't stop at the hairline. It actually continued until around halfway across his head, making one hell of a battle scar by most Viking standards.

Hiccup's attention was drawn to one photo in particular, one that had two people in it, Thorong and a lightly golden blonde haired girl. She was fair faced with a pearly white smile and blue eyes. She was wearing a white t-shirt with an old looking dragon displayed on the front, along with denim jeans. Both seemed really happy as they sat side by side, their hands held caringly upon the others, resting on their legs. Their heads were tilted slightly to face each other, both smiling as they gazed at each other.

"How long?" Hiccup asks, making Gobber and Thorong walk out of the forge and over to Hiccup. He holds up the frame, showing it to the pair, and adds more to his question. "How long have you liked her?"

His expression falters slightly and his eyes soften as he looks upon the picture. "It was never like that. Nothing happened between any of us."

"Are you sure?" Gobber asks, eyebrows raised in a teasing fashion.

"Yes, I'm very sure," Thorong answers bluntly, "and I would like a change of topic if you don't mind."

"Ok then," complies Gobber as he turns around to face Hiccup. "So, how's it going with the ladies?"

"Oh, way to get the mood back on track," Hiccup replies sarcastically as Thorong and the dragons laugh.

"Come on, we all saw the way you looked at Astrid," Gobber says, enticing Hiccup into a reaction. "And the way you went to help her didn't help your inconspicuousness."

"Regardless of how I feel, it would never work out," Hiccup replies glumly.

"Ok, away with you," Thorong says, interrupting the banter. "The others are going to want to know where you have gone. Get down there." As Hiccup, Gobber and Toothless turn to leave Thorong calls out one last time. "Oh, Hiccup!"

When Hiccup turns around Thorong kicks a football straight to his feet. Hiccup traps the ball, stopping it dead.

"What is this?" he asks as he picks up the ball curiously.

"That is a football," Thorong answers. "Take it outside and kick it around. I'm sure some of the others will want to join in at some stage. Now go."

They walk towards the door, Hiccup rolling the ball between his feet. Just as they are about to leave, Gobber notices a gleam of metal peeking out from underneath a bundle of rags. He carefully lifts up the cloth that is draped over on top, revealing another sword hilt, this time with an alexandrite in the pommel. As Gobber reaches out to grasp the hilt, it flies out of reach and into Thorong's outstretched hand. A couple of rags hung loosely of the scabbard, revealing nothing of the sword.

"I'm sorry but I still need to figure out some kinks with this one," Thorong apologises. "It's probably safer if it stays within the scabbard."

Gobber shrugs his shoulders and leaves with Hiccup, going down to join the Vikings and dragons. When he was sure that they had started going down the stairs, Thorong carefully draws the sword forth from the scabbard. At the guard, dragon wings seem to embrace the blade, holding it to the hilt. The blade itself has a notch just near the guard on one edge and another near the point on the other edge. Although the blade is thicker than Thorong's three, it has an insanely sharp edge, which curves outwards after the first notch and slants inwards to make the tip just after the second one. The blade is black, no other visible signs on it apart from the dulled stormcloud grey flaming dragon in the middle, the runes of the same colour and the silver edges.

As it leaves the scabbard, Storm cringes slightly.

'_Why do you need to keep that thing here?' _he asks telepathically, just in case someone else is sneaking around.

'_Well, I can't just carry it around with us all the time,' _Thorong answers in like. _'You know what effect it can have on dragons and I cannot risk its location being discovered by someone like him.' _

_ 'And if the dragons sense its power?' _

_ 'They won't. I've been hiding its presence from the senses of the dragons. They will never know it is here unless they come looking for it. The trick is going to be explaining what it is to any of the G.M.A.D. if they spot it.' _

_ 'They may not be as understanding.' _

_ 'Which is why I need to keep moving it around with us when we go to another outpost, so that no one can get a read on its location.' _

Storm huffs as he lays down on the stone slab. _ 'So long as you know what you are doing.' _

_ 'Let's hope so,' _Thorong replies as he sheathes the sword and recovers it in a different position. He then grabs a hammer as he enters his personal forge and begins to sing in an ancient language as he begins to merge the slender shards together, creating the new blade. The metal reacts to his singing as he pounds away, weaving itself into a flawless surface (if you have read the Inheritance Cycle, you will know what I mean).

* * *

><p>As Gobber, Hiccup and Toothless step outside into the fresh air, Thorong's melodious singing resonates out from his overhang. Everyone pauses what they are doing, even the Vikings performing a song and John playing the music stop and listen. After a moment Stoick manages to break the silence.<p>

"What is he doing?" he asks.

"He is creating another sword," Erthain answers. "And if he is using that song, then he must be making another one like his own."

Then everyone notices Hiccup and Gobber and suddenly the Vikings run over to them, incredibly cheerful. Most want to speak with Hiccup and apologise for how they treated him in the past. Soon the music starts up again and everyone is enjoying themselves, some Vikings are even offering fish to the dragons as a peaceful gesture, after seeing Hiccup do it of course.

As Hiccup started knocking around the football with some of the younger children and Toothless bounding off as he plays with the other dragons, the teens sat around in a group discussing this recent turn of events.

"Do you think that Hiccup could teach us all how to befriend a

dragon?" Fishlegs asks. "I mean, think of all the possibilities."

The twins look really excited at this proclamation.

"We could cause so much destruction!" Ruffnut exclaims.

"It would be so beautiful," Tuffnut says as he wipes his eyes.

"Are you crying?" Ruff asks surprised.

"No. Maybe. Don't judge me!"

Snotlout scoffs at their glee, staying adamant to his own thoughts. "Useless has been, is, and always will be, useless," he teases maliciously. "He will never be equal to any of us, especially me."

"That's because he will soar above us all," Astrid cut in, defending the boy that wasn't there. "Come on, Snotlout. He managed to befriend a dragon, a Night Fury! How can any of us compare to that?"

Snotlout huffs in annoyance, crossing his arms over his chest and leaning up against a statue. "You call that a dragon?!" he exclaims. "Anything with that sort of reputation should be huge! A giant among them all! Something like the Nightmare, not the scrawny small thing it is."

"If you'll remember back to the arena, the Night Fury-" started Fishlegs before he was cut off.

"Toothless," Astrid interrupted, the teens looking confused and surprised at her. "His name is Toothless," she said softly, not wanting to remember the arena. Truth be told she was blaming herself for what had happened today, believing that she could've changed everything if she had just stayed and listened to Hiccup. Tears were threatening to pour forth again but she kept holding them back, clinging to what was still standing of her mental defences and not wanting the others to see her cry again. Once was enough.

"Ok, Toothless," Fishlegs continued, adding the dragon's name, "was able to fight off the Nightmare with considerable ease, kicking it off him even though it was much larger than he was."

"It took a cheap shot!" Snotlout complained. "It hit below the belt!"

"Which you certainly haven't done before, have you Snotlout?" Hiccup said sarcastically, making them all jump as none had noticed him sneak up on them. Toothless was behind him, glaring at Snotlout, who backed away slowly under the menacing look.

"Oh, Hiccup!" Fishlegs exclaimed excitedly. "Can you teach me all that you have learnt? It would really help with all that's going on." The enthusiasm coming from the boy was huge, making him speak faster. "O-Oh, can you also help me befriend a dragon?!"

"Us too?!" the twins exclaim in unison, their attention finally caught on something for once.

"What is happening to all of you?" Snotlout complained, walking out to the centre of the group. "Just yesterday you were all so keen to kill these beasts, and now you want to save them?! What has turned you against the Viking way?!"

"We've accepted what we've seen," Astrid snaps back. "We can see how the dragons truly are. Why can't you?"

"Because I'm not stupid enough to believe what Useless the Runt preaches," he scoffs, trying to take a stab at Hiccup.

Hiccup doesn't react, standing resolute and firm. However, his taunts have gotten to Astrid who leaps at the boy, grabbing his collar and hurling him into the ground. As he makes to stand up, clearly shaken, she grabs him and slams him into a statue, holding him there and staring daggers at him at close range.

"He is not a runt and he is not useless!" she yells, scaring the living daylights out of the boy. The other teens are also shocked, Hiccup most of all that his crush is defending him. Astrid gives him a punch in the gut and lets him fall to the ground, winded.

"Never call him that again!" she shouts as she storms off to another platform out of the way, the tears about to fall down her face. The teens gape at her leaving figure, some of the dragons and Vikings also looking their way, her frustration drawing their attention. Hiccup is the first to recover from his shock and follows after her, Toothless in tow. The others try to follow but as they make it to the stairs connecting to the pathway, Check comes forth from the shadows of the plant life and blocks their way. Soon Wolf, Rider and Night join him.

"Don't even think of going past," Rider warns.

"Why can't we go past, yet they can?!" Snotlout exclaims, gesturing to where Astrid and Hiccup had disappeared to. The platform that the path leads to was out of sight, hidden by the trees and bushes as it rose along a hill.

"Because this is something they need to talk to each other about. _Alone,_" Night says, emphasising the last word.

"What is going on?!" Snotlout yells. "We were perfectly fine until you all came around."

"Change," Thorong says calmly as he walks onto the platform, the others look at him surprised as they didn't realise he had finished his task inside. "Change is happening, for the better."

"I get it!" Tuffnut exclaims.

"Really?!" Wolf says surprised.

"Absolutely â€¦ I think." Tuffnut tries to concentrate, actually looking like he is thinking hard, before he gives up. "â€¦ Nope, I've forgotten. What are we talking about?"

"Hiccup and Astrid need to talk to each other about what has been happening," Thorong explains. "Hiccup is the one person here that can help Astrid through her ordeal the most."

"It doesn't matter. She will still fall for all of this," Snotlout brags as he puffs out his chest, flexing his muscles. Night, Rider and Ruffnut all gag upon seeing the horrendous sight.

"I think Snotlout is being controlled by this thing," Wolf observes.

"Nope, he's just being his stupid self," Check replies.

"What do you mean that the change is for the better?" Fishlegs asks confused, paying no mind to Snotlout's arrogance.

"Your mindset is falling back to how it should be, untouched and uncontrolled by all but yourselves," Thorong explains.

"We can just stop it," Snotlout retorts. "There is nothing that Vikings cannot defeat."

"Change is something that cannot be prevented, just as you cannot stop death itself," Thorong replies.

"Um, we do have a way around that," Night says.

"Only a few situations can that be stopped," Thorong points out. "There are other ways for us to go. Anyway, while they are talking up there, no one is to go up this path. And don't think we won't be watching."

"Come on, you two," Wolf says as he walks up to the twins. "How about I tell you about some of the dangerous stuff that I've done?"

"Cool!" they exclaim, banging their heads together as Wolf leads them away.

"I better go and make sure that they don't get any ideas," Rider groans as she follows them. Fishlegs and Snotlout follow suit, Snotlout glaring at Night and Thorong as he makes his way to the large group in the courtyard.

"I guess we should find a place where we can make sure no one goes up here," Night suggests.

Thorong nods as he replies, "I know just the place, and we can keep an eye on the couple too."

Both turn slightly up the path, their dragons following them, before they turn into the bountiful greenery.

* * *

><p>Hiccup and Toothless slowly walk along the path, losing sight of most of the citadel as they look for Astrid.<p>

"Astrid?" Hiccup asks gently, searching for any sign for the blonde haired girl. _Please tell me she didn't wander into the forest,_ he thinks worriedly.

Toothless shares his concern, though nowhere near as much. He is

still somewhat sceptical of the Viking that had hurt Hiccup in the cove, sensing her growing distress but not fully trusting it. Still, he can tell that Hiccup cares for her and sees that he would do anything to help her.

They turn around a gentle turn and reach the end of the path, a smaller, yet, unlike the rest of the citadel, untouched by time or erosion. Sitting down on a bench at the far side is Astrid, crying her heart out with no notion that Hiccup is there. He stands still, unable to contemplate that Astrid Hofferson, one that never showed her emotions to anyone, could possibly be the same person that is breaking apart right in front of him, that she has done so twice already today. Seeing her like this pains him so much, yet he can't help but think that she is the most beautiful thing he has ever laid eyes on, and probably ever will, no matter how she feels. Angry, happy, sad, scared, it doesn't change anything. All it does is make him want to help her more than ever. He slowly makes his way over to her and sits down next to her, Toothless lying down at his feet.

"Hey, Astrid," Hiccup says, unable to think of anything else to say.

"_Smooth,_" Toothless warbles, rolling his eyes.

Astrid wipes her eyes and glances in Hiccup's direction. "Hi, Hiccup," she replies.

"You didn't have to defend me back there," Hiccup says. "I could've dealt with it. I mean, I have for a while now."

"Just â€¦ don't go there, Hiccup," Astrid says, her blue eyes shimmering with the tears from before. "You don't need to dwell in the past anymore. I need to make up for ignoring you for so long."

"You don't need to do anything," Hiccup replied. "You did what you needed to so you could be the one you wanted to."

"But it wasn't me!" she says, Hiccup looking surprised at the intensity of her declaration. She looks down at her feet as she continues. "My parents always wanted the best for me, so they kept pushing me harder to be the person they thought I should've been, not who I was. In the end I kept getting pushed further and further away until I was nothing like who I was, keeping my true self out of sight."

Hiccup sighed as she started to open up to him. "At least it gave people a reason to like you, unlike when I tried to like them."

"But they didn't like me for who I was, only for what they saw," she pined. "You wanted to prove to them that they could be someone they could trust, I shouldn't have needed to."

Hiccup looked sad a bit at the memories returning to him.

"But you didn't focus on that, did you?" Astrid asks, looking at Hiccup.

Hiccup is surprised by the question. "What?"

"You see everyone for how they truly are, not how others portrayed them."

'_ARE YOU SURE ABOUT THAT?! HE'S JUST LIKE ALL THE OTHERS! SELLFISH! ARRAGANT! OBNOXIOUS! YOU WILL NEVER BE HAPPY WITH HIM â€| I thought you were gone! Why are you back?'

"What happened to us, Astrid?" Hiccup asks, looking like he is reliving memories. "What happened to the childhood friends we once were?"

Astrid smiled sadly as she remembered the fun they had when they were little. "Everyone pushed us apart and we â€" no, _I_ didn't do anything to stop it. You got left behind, all on your own."

'_I'M HERE TO TORMENT YOU, WHAT ELSE?! DO YOU REALLY THINK I CAN BE DEFEATED SO EASILY â€| It certainly seemed like it. I won't succumb to your tricks anymore â€| TRICKS?! I ONLY SPEAK THE TRUTH!'

Astrid is trying her hardest not to let the darkness show, not wanting for Hiccup to worry about her. _He's done so much for us, and we weren't there for him. I don't want him to worry about this as well._

"I wasn't alone. Gobber was always trying to look out for me."

"Hmm, good old Gobber. He treated both of us like his own children, letting us run around all over the place."

"No matter how much we drifted apart, I always remembered the fun we had together." Hiccup's smile was warm, inviting Astrid to let her happiness blossom.

She couldn't though, feeling terrible for ignoring Hiccup for so long. Regardless of her heart fluttering in her chest with Hiccup being so close to her, she couldn't bring herself to brighten up. Her smile wavered and disappeared as she quietly spoke. "Those are the memories that I cherished the most."

'_OH, ARE THEY?! THAT'S GOOD! NOW I KNOW HOW TO CRUSH YOU COMPLETELY â€| Don't you dare touch those memories! I will kill you if you try â€| I DON'T HAVE TO TOUCH THEM, ALL I HAVE TO DO IS MAKE IT SEEM LIKE A NIGHTMARE! Stay away from me, and leave Hiccup alone!'

"Astrid, I want to show you something," Hiccup says. "But only if you want to."

'_AH! MAYBE I DON'T HAVE TO DO ANYTHING TO YOU! I MIGHT JUST KILL HICCUP INSTEAD! No! Don't do that! Please, anything but that!'

"What is it?" she asks hesitantly, as she struggles to keep her pain inside.

"I want to show you what I should've shown you back in the cove," Hiccup replies. "I want to show you why I took to the skies with Toothless."

Toothless looks unsure at the proposition, warbling concernedly at

Hiccup. As the boy turns to reassure the Night Fury, Astrid allows her defence to slip a bit as she continues to fight with the entity.

'_ANYTHING?! FINE THEN! I WON'T KILL HICCUP, INSTEAD I THINK I WILL MAKE YOU KILL HIM! '_

Astrid lets a sob escape her when she grasps her head again. Hearing her sadness, Hiccup turns around and is horrified to see her completely distraught.

'_No! No! Just leave us alone!' _Astrid cries in her mind.

"Astrid, is it back?" Hiccup asks in desperation. When she doesn't answer he tries again. "Please tell me, Astrid."

Unable to speak, Astrid just nods her head, the tears starting to flow from her eyes again. Hiccup tries to move closer to her, wanting to hold and comfort her like before. However, this time Astrid jumps up and edges away, leaving Hiccup hurt and confused.

"Astrid, I just want to help," Hiccup pleads as he moves towards her.

"N-no, Hiccup! J-just stay back!" she stammers, catching on her own tears.

"Astr-"

"Please, Hiccup. It's safer if you stay back."

"Why?" Hiccup asks, only worrying about Astrid.

"It wants to kill you!" Astrid cries. "It wants to force me to kill you! You need to stay away!"

'_THAT'S RIGHT! MAKE HIM AFRAID! MAKE HIM FEEL THE PAIN OF BEING ALONE! FOR IF HE GETS TOO CLOSE, HE WILL DIE â€| '_

"I'm not going to die, Astrid," Hiccup reassures, speaking calmly to try to get her to calm down.

"No, Hiccup!" she shouts, in hysterics. "I don't want you to get hurt."

"Please, Astrid. Let me help you," Hiccup pleads, Toothless looking warily expecting something to jump out and attack them.

'_Leave us! Why can't you just disappearâ€| THIS IS ENTERTAINING! WHY SHOULD I LEAVE?! '_

"Hiccup â€| "

"It's going to be okay, Astrid."

'_I hate you! Just go away â€| NOT UNTIL I RULE OVER ALL! WHY DO YOU DEFEND THIS RUNT?! THIS DISGRACEFUL EXCUSE FOR A VIKING?! '_

"Because I love him!" Astrid shouts aloud at the entity, squeezing her eyes shut as she weakly braces herself, waiting for the

onslaught.

Instead, the force and loving acceptance in Astrid's declaration shook the entity enough that it knocks it out of her conscious for the time being, lifting the shadow that hung over her heart. Feeling the darkness leave, she slowly opens her teary eyes, looking upon a disbelieving Hiccup. Hiccup feels crestfallen, believing that she was in love with someone else. His unhappiness turns to confusion as Astrid runs up to him and hugs him, bawling her eyes out as she cries into his chest.

_I'm going to have to change my shirt soon, _Hiccup manages to joke amidst his confusion. Unable to think of anything to do, he holds Astrid closer to him and places his head on top of hers, resolving to comfort her no matter who she loved.

"I'm sorry, Hiccup," Astrid sobs. "You shouldn't need to be involved with all this."

"I just want to help you, Astrid," Hiccup says softly.

As they hold each other, Hiccup decides to tell his feelings no matter how she felt, thinking that he wouldn't get another chance.

"A-Astrid?"

"Hmm?" she murmurs.

"I-I guess y-you a-already know this f-from t-the movie," Hiccup stutters. _Damn it! Why do I have to keep stuttering around Astrid. _"b-but I think I should s-say it anyway."

"What is it?" she asks, her voice soft and quiet, sending a shiver through Hiccup.

"I-Iâ€¦" _Why does this have to be so hard? _"I-I l-love y-you â€¦"

"What?!" Astrid gasps, surprised that he managed to come out and say it. She did realise that he did thanks to the movie, and she admittedly thought he may have had a crush on her beforehand, but she was still caught off guard, especially because she didn't think he would've had the courage to say it.

"I-I l-love you, I a-always have," he continued, trying to get on top of his stuttering. His face was a bright red, blushing furiously. "From t-the f-first time I saw y-you, I fell for everything t-that made you, y-you. T-The more time w-we spent t-together as kids, I kept on falling. I-I suppose y-you should know that, e-even though you don't f-feel the same."

Astrid, a slight blush on her face, looked up into his eyes and lost herself in the forest that was encased within momentarily. _I never noticed the beauty within his eyes before, _she observed._ He is so perfect, in every way._

She shook herself from her entrancement and, remembering why she looked up at him, gave him a curious look. "What do you mean, I don't feel the same?"

"D-Don't you r-remember what you said?"

Astrid shook her head. As far as she could remember, she hadn't said anything that could've led to that conclusion.

"Y-You shouted b-before, 'because I love him'," Hiccup recollected, Astrid's eyes going wide in horror.

"Did I say that aloud?" Astrid mutters, though Hiccup still heard her.

"Y-yes, I assume y-you meant to shout it at t-the d-darkness," Hiccup stutters. "I d-don't blame y-you. I mean, n-no one ever r-really l-looked out for me before."

Astrid buries her head in his chest as the blush on her face grew. "Hiccup, I don't like anyone else."

"Then why did-" Hiccup started before he was cut off in the most unexpected way (for him at least).

Astrid leaned up towards Hiccup and pushed her lips onto his, kissing him in a moment of pure innocence and love. Hiccup's eyes were wide open in shock as his crush was kissing him, before closing his eyes and kissing back. Time seemed to stop around them as they gave into their hearts' desire. The world could be ending around them and they wouldn't have cared, each being captivated by the other. When they finally part, they gaze into each other's eyes, the majestic ocean in Astrid's spanning across to meet the enchanting forest in Hiccup's.

"I was talking about you," Astrid whispered, her blush showing her embarrassment as she looks away. "I couldn't stop pretending anymore. I-I love y-you, Hiccup," she stutters, surprising both teens. Astrid never stuttered, not once in her life.

"Why?" Hiccup asks, Astrid looking up strangely at him. "Why do you love me? I mean, I'm not special or normal. I'm useless-"

Before Hiccup could say any more, Astrid punches him hard in the shoulder.

"Oww!" Hiccup cries as he recoils, rubbing his shoulder.

"That was for calling yourself useless," she explained rather sternly, before softening and giving him a quick kiss on his lips again. When she pulled back, Hiccup looked confused again.

"That was for everything else," she added. "You're not useless, Hiccup. You never were and you never will be."

Hiccup responds to her compliment with a small nod, though he doesn't seem convinced. Astrid puts on a kind smile as she talked again, wanting to bring him out of his slump. "So €| what was it that you wanted to show me?"

Hiccup's goofy smile returns, sending Astrid's heart into a fluttering frenzy. "Would you like to fly through the skies with me?" he asks. "No one else. Just you and me."

Toothless gives him an annoyed shove. Both Hiccup and Astrid laugh happily.

"And Toothless, of course," he chuckles, giving his friend a gentle scratch under the chin. Toothless purrs and pushes himself further into the boy, before giving Astrid a piercing gaze, delving into her fears.

"I don't know," Astrid says slightly scared, eyeing Toothless warily.

"It's ok. Toothless is a really nice dragon," Hiccup reassures.

Toothless seems to judge Astrid as trustworthy, especially after that moment before with his rider. He drops the intensity of his gaze and walks up to her, giving her a friendly nudge. She gives a light laugh and rubs his head, making the Night Fury hum gently.

"See? Toothless trusts you," Hiccup says as he hops up on Toothless when the dragon walks back up to him. Sitting back down in the saddle and placing his foot in the peddle, he holds out his hand to Astrid. "Ready to fly?" he asks.

Astrid takes his hand and lets him help her up. She sits down behind him and wraps her arms around him, placing her head on his shoulder. Hiccup blushes slightly before clicking the tail into place. Toothless takes a run up and soars up into the air, flying calmly away.

* * *

><p>Hidden by the dense gardens that surround the platform, two humans and two dragons watch by a thick tree as Hiccup and Astrid kiss each other, sharing their feelings for one another.<p>

"Young love," Thorong says as he sits up high on a thick branch, legs stretched out along the wood. Storm lies on a thicker branch next to him, eyes closed as if sleeping but actually fully aware to all around them. "There isn't much that could ever be as pure of heart and spirit."

"They finally opened their hearts to one another," Night agreed, sitting at the base of the tree with the trunk against her back. Lightning lay down next to her, one of her hands placed on his head. "Though the moment could've been smoother," she added.

"True," Thorong agreed, looking concerned, though Night couldn't see it. "The darkness moves swiftly, not giving up easily. He will not be easily beaten."

"When is it ever?" she points out, before losing herself in her thoughts.

'_You're just focused on her, aren't you?' _Storm communicates through his aura. '_You're worried about her.' _

_ 'I worry for all of them,' _Thorong admits. _ 'You were there with me, with all of us, when we last took him on. You know why we are

here, why we are the only ones still fighting. If he returns, then their hope dwindles.'_

'You need to stop living in the past, focus on the here and now.'

_'That's an ironic thing to say to someone who can travel through time,' _Thorong replies, making them both chuckle.

'But seriously, are you sure that you're fine? I mean, you never seem to get this worried about this sort of thing.'

'That's because we would be bringing the G.M.A.D. into it as well. No matter what they have faced before, this will drive them to the limits. Knowing what happened before, can you really expect me to throw them into something so dangerous?'

'You need to trust them more.'

'Do I, or do I need to be more realistic? They may be prepared to fight, but they could all die if we don't play our cards right. It would be safer for all of them if I fought him alone.'

'So you're not going to summon the old alliance together, hold them to their oaths?'

_'They know what he is capable of. These kids,' _Thorong shakes his head sadly, 'they know nothing of hell.'_

As Astrid and Hiccup fly up into the sky, Night seems to return to the world.

"You know a lot more than you are letting on, Thorong," she observes, taking note of how he has been acting during this crisis. "You seem to be distant, as if you don't want us to be involved. Don't you trust us?"

Thorong sighs as he tries to think of the best way to answer her question. Giving a glance to Storm, he slowly responds.

"It's not that I don't trust you all. I mean, you all took both of us in, offered us a place to stay. Even though my parents would've let me stay with them, it was better that we went with others like us."

"You're parents know what you are?" Night inquires, surprised.

"Yes, they know a lot, including that I go through time and space to protect everyone."

"So why don't you want us to get involved?"

Instead of speaking, Thorong reaches into one of the sleeves of his cloak and pulls out a scroll shaped like the Elder Scrolls. He drops it from his hand, the text landing next to Night. Confused, she grabs the scroll and carefully unrolls it.

"What is this?" she asks.

"That is what happened the last time anyone tried to resist his full

might," Thorong says, looking into the past. "That is the legend behind the Battle of Dolore Magna, last conflict in the Great War of Proponuntur. Translated, it means the Battle of Great Sorrow, last conflict in the Great War of Final Hope. Kind of an ironic name, it was called the Great War until the end. Then they tried to give a bit of optimism to the aftermath, naming it Final Hope in honour of the resistance, the greatest of alliances since the dawn of time."

Night's eyes flowed over the parchment, growing wider and graver with each passing second.

"I see why you didn't want to tell us this." Looking up at the branches that Thorong and Storm are placed on, she asks, "How do you know that this is all true?"

Looking down at her sadly, he replies, "Because I was there. I fought in that battle. I wrote the legend. Storm and I were the only one of our friends that returned from that war."

* * *

><p>AN: And the plot thickens! Now before you guys go believing what you want to, the entity hasn't been forced out from Astrid's mind yet. She has just struck a big blow to his pride and chances.**

So, I guess in terms of swords, the one I was just hammering isn't another one for me, but for one of the other G.M.A.D. members, one that isn't in this story. Don't worry, you guys will see the finished product by the end of this story. The other shards are for a new weapon for me, whether or not that will be seen is up for debate. And as for the one that the G.M.A.D. probably won't like, for all intensive purposes the design is somewhat like the dragonsbane from Dragon Quest 8. If you want to take a guess at what its power is, feel free to put it in the reviews. I will only tell you if it is right or wrong.

As for the names of the war and battle, I was tired so I just went for Latin. I may end up changing them later, I don't know.

The song at the start of the the chapter is 'You and I' by One Direction. This was a song that John wanted sung, so I decided it was best that he came into the story with it.

I hope that I explained the aura techniques efficiently. If not then PM me and I will try to explain what you guys don't understand.

I should also thank Chancey74 for giving me the idea of having Astrid yell her feelings at the darkness.

Anywho, the next chapter will be a bit more of a filler, with a lot more singing, along with some more plot development. You also get to see the protector of the citadel.

Speaking of which, next chapter: The Sky's the Limit.

**Don't forget to review and fav if you haven't, constructive criticism is welcome. If anyone else is going to complain about the

number of OC's, don't bother. I get the message but it's not going to change for the rest of this.**

Anyway, if you guys get bored waiting for the next chapter, I would suggest watching the 'Dragon Quest 8 Walkthrough' and 'Final Fantasy XII Let's Play' done by a Youtuber called VyseElric. The parts he does with LordLamo are exceptionally funny.

**Until we meet again. **

12. Author's Note (No, not again!)

A/N: Gods damn it! Not again! Oh well ...

Hi guys. Sorry, this is not an update. I have run into another set of blocks. I don't think I should call them writer's blocks in the sense that it isn't actually me having no idea what I want to write, when in fact it is just I can't find the right way to say what I want to say. So, with that hopefully conceivable logic, I will refer to these sorts of blocks as vocabulary blocks.

Now then, there are some things that I want to put forth to you people, including a possible idea for a fanfic and also the announcement of a fic I have taken up. There are also some things that I should point out from the previous chapter.

First of all, in response to a few people asking me, no I am not pairing myself up with Night. I understand that it may have sounded like it, but that was not my intention. As for if there was anything between me and the girl in the photo, that's your interpretation. I won't give anything away on that because it may change between now and the GMAD story, which I can say will be titled 'Darkness Over Time'.

Secondly, I do have a new fic up and running for those of you who don't know. **_Well_**** ... I say new. I have actually taken over the story 'Dragonborn' which was originally written by Incinerator1. In case you are wondering, yes that is the writer I had a go at in the last AN upload. For those of you that have paid attention to what they have written, you will no doubt notice that they have two 'Dragonborn' stories. I have taken over the original one, not 'A Hiccup's Tale'. I uploaded the first chapter last night, and may end up uploading the second chapter tonight if I have another longish spell of vocabulary block. So please, go check out my version if you have the time.**

**Thirdly, yes I am working on the next chapter at the moment. Yes, it will be another narrative aspect. By the way, I'm fairly surprised that only one person said they were curious about the black blade. Would your curiosity be increased more if I said that it was one of the four Blades of Power? Would I also be increased if I said that I know where three of them are, and that I can wield those three, though one for not very long? Anyway, after the next chapter, it will go back to the movie reactions, before a final 1-3 narrative chapters. Why so many? Well, where I stop will depend on when you guys want me to stop this story and lead onto 'Darkness Over Time'. There may also be a bonus section after everything, but I will get to that when I get there. Also, I think I know the answer, but how do you guys feel about Astrid and Hiccup singing 'All of Me' together?

Do you want me to do it? You guys may also PM me about any queries you may have about the story. I won't refrain from any answers unless I think it will spoil too much that will happen later on.**

Fourthly, due to some queries, I have given some people a somewhat brief summary of what happened in the Great War of Proponuntur. Now, by brief, I actually mean four paragraphs. I think to explain things a bit better, I will share that now, my reasons as to why will be explained at the end.

- (Yeah, been having trouble with the horizontal line recently. It seems to disappear sometimes when it uploads) -

The war took place 3,000 years ago, or two years ago in my lifetime. At the time I was with another group, a group of six people, three boys and three girls, and their dragons. The entity rose to power through persuasion, deceit and destruction. He emerged with an army the likes of which hadn't been seen since the dawn of time. At the time, there were many hidden kingdoms that were incredibly advanced for the time, but they, as the name suggests, hid themselves from the rest of the world. The entity began crushing any that came across him, wiping them out in an instant. Sensing the destruction, my friends and I travelled back to that time and began banding the kingdoms together into a strong alliance, while making critical strikes wherever we could. The tide had started to change as the battles became more drawn out and fierce.

Soon, there were only four kingdoms left that weren't in the alliance and hadn't been crushed, the dwarf-like kingdom of Barlode (meaning 'Crushing Citadel', mostly dwarves and humans), the elven-like fortress Orethlenor (mostly elves and humans) and the impenetrable fortress of Taergoria (elves, dwarves and humans, also the strongest and most advanced of the three). The final kingdom, Sidere Lucet, had refugees and soldiers from all the other kingdoms, the largest and most prominent of all. It was also the first to fight the darkness head on, and the last to join the alliance after everyone else did. The main significance of this kingdom was that it was ruled by the High King Vesbelran.

The three kingdoms had a venomous dislike for each other, but at the emergence of three heroes, each realm trusted that of a hero which lead to them all joining the alliance together. Once representatives of all the allied kingdoms, along with my group and the three heroes, came to Sidere Lucet, the High King was joined the alliance, embracing the newfound peace between all the kingdoms.

Soon the battles became drawn out, each side losing many casualties. Many of the allied kingdoms no longer sent forth soldiers to attack, keeping them in reserve for the defence of the nominated stronghold, which was Sidere Lucet. Soon only four factions remained that would send forth their armies; Baldore, Orethlenor, Taergoria, and Sidere Lucet. A challenge was issued forth from the entity, tempting us to send forth our might and meet his on the plains of Soledad. The four factions sent forth as much as they dared, leaving some for the defence in case the worst was to happen. At the head of the army was Vesbelran, along with the leaders of the three factions, my group and the three heroes. Sidere Lucet had the least amount of forces as they had lost more than any other. Orethlenor had the bulk of the army. Even with the strength thrown forth by the alliance, we were still

outnumbered 100/1. Our skill in battle seemed to be far superior to the entity's army, however. As the battle drew on and on the tide seemed to be turning our way, until the entity joined the fray. He reigned supreme, crushing all forces around him like ants. In a thrilling battle, he slew Vesbelran and lopped of his head, flinging it towards the heroes and my group. Together, we all charged forth, sending the hopes of the alliance into whether we could defeat the entity. In the midst of the battle, one of the heroes and one of my group were consumed and corrupted by the shadows, turning against us. As they became isolated by the others in their own fights, soon only the leading hero and myself were left to battle the entity. The entity was defeated, an incredible burst of aura launched by the hero breaking through the entity's defence. Losing his physical form, his powers rose up into the air, determined obliterate all who stood on the field of battle. At the last moment, the ancients, along with the help of the gods and the powers of myself and he hero, managed to transport him to an unknown location and seal him away. When we returned, the dark army was retreating, or what was left of it anyway. Nearly destroyed as they were overrun, the two corrupted fled with the army to places unknown. In celebration of our victory, the remaining two heroes and five riders returned to Sidere Lucet.

So there you all go, hopefully that explains a few things. It will also discombobulate a lot of you when the heroes are explained. Now, as for why I showed that to you. I have been told by a few that this would create an interesting fic, and that I should make into a story. This I wanted to run by you all. So, do you guys want this to be turned into a story?

Please leave your suggestions and opinions either in the review section or message me. I will try to get the next chapter up as soon as possible. Could be tonight. Could be tomorrow. Could be in a few days. I won't set a specific time, as last time I did that I was behind by a week. And keep your eye out for 'Dragonborn'.

In case you have forgotten, next chapter: The Sky's The Limit.

See you all soon ... I hope.

13. The Sky's the Limit

A/N: **_Steve Gerrard, Gerrard, He's better than Frank Lampard, He's big and he's_**** - Oh ... hello there. Well, it's back, you're not halucinating.**

I'm really, really, really, really, really, really, really sorry guys for the wait. What's it been now? 8 weeks? Jesus Christ! Sorry, complications arose, school is a pain and I've had to deal with some of these people that have been trying to bring down the G.M.A.D. But I'm now on holidays, so I'm going to try and get as many of the chapters for both my stories up as possible. Hopefully this long chapter makes up for a bit of it.

**Speaking of which, if you are here anonan, if you really want me to react you're gonna have to do better than that. I'm not changing my style just because of one person. Plus, cowards like you who don't want to talk civilised are pathetic, and that goes for all the people that abuse writers anonymously. You want us to explain ourselves,

Speak to us. Easiest way to do that, make an account and PM us. For those that this doesn't affect, sorry but they've been asking for it. I'll be putting up a doc to address this soon. Let me know if you've had this done to you.**

Otherwise, I would like to thank you all for your reviews. And yes, that last A/N: was a bit confusing. Don't worry too much about that. On the upside, we have also passed 150 in terms of reviews and favs, so thanks a lot for your support.

As I said before, this is another narrative chapter. Then, there will be about 5 or so more chapters till this is all over. We are nearing the end. I might have a surprise for you all, but we'll deal with that when we get there. This also focuses more on the actual characters themselves, for a bit of a change of pace.

**I'll say a bit more afterwards. For now, please enjoy the long awaited upload. **

**Disclaimer: I do not own How to Train Your Dragon, any of the characters in that franchise (they are owned by Dreamworks) or any characters in this story, apart from Storm, myself, Erthain and another in this one.**

Enjoy!

* * *

><p>Chapter 11: The Sky's The Limit**

Flying through the blue sky are the trio of Hiccup, Toothless and Astrid, the latter now looking all around them in absolute wonder. Hiccup and Toothless glance behind them knowingly, Hiccup smiling at Astrid's amazement. Toothless glides closely towards a large, fluffy cloud, enticing Astrid to stick her hand out. It passes through the whiteness without contact, her thumb rolling against her fingers as the mist flows away.

"It's not solid!" she exclaims. "It just feels like my hand is passing through a water spray!" Her hand retracts back as the cool vapour of the cloud starts to make her feel cold. She turns around again to gawp at their surroundings again, sitting straight up as she holds on to Hiccup with both hands.

"This is amazing!" she exclaims, before facing Toothless and gently petting the Night Fury. "He is amazing," she adds, Toothless purring happily in response.

"This is what I see each time we fly," Hiccup explains. "This feeling â€¦ it-"

"It makes you feel alive," Astrid finished, an agreeing nod from Hiccup confirming it. "It makes you feel free."

They glide gracefully through the sky, Toothless gently angling his body to turn in a long sweeping fashion. A break through the clouds allows them to see the elegance of the citadel in its ruined glory. The Vikings and most of the dragons appear incredibly small, yet each can be identified clearly from their position. Both Astrid and Hiccup look awed at the sight, unable to comprehend that which they see

before them. Looking the other way, they can see the dragons that flew off earlier swooping down and blasting the ocean, soaring back up with fish in their mouths.

"I can't believe we never saw this till now," Astrid said, looking happy and free of her worries.

"I know. Someone must've tried to find peace before," Hiccup admittedly agreed, slipping into his thoughts of the past, sometimes long before he was born. Toothless warbled what sounded like an agreeing sound in his throat.

"Maybe we should ask your dad," Astrid suggested, placing a hand on Hiccup's shoulder.

"Maybe â€¦" he mumbled, looking a bit uneasy at that thought. Toothless seemed to share his wariness.

"Don't worry, Hiccup. I'm sure that if we can all change, then Stoick can too," Astrid said as reassuringly as she could, pressing her body up against his as she held him tight.

"I hope so â€¦" Hiccup whispered, giving one of Astrid's hands a squeeze, "â€¦ otherwise I may as well leave. Now that he knows what I'd do, I can't stay if we won't be accepted." He gave Toothless a gentle pat, who replied with a warm croon.

"I'm coming with you, then," Astrid declared, leaning in closer into his back.

'_I can't leave you again â€¦ not now. Not after this â€¦'_

Hiccup slightly turned back to her, giving her a grateful smile.

"Thankyou, Astrid," he said quietly.

Toothless slowly rose into the air before slowly flipping over and gliding back towards where they flew off from.

"I guess you're telling us we should head back now, eh bud?" Hiccup asked the Night Fury, who answered with a simple nod. "I'll take that as a yes, then."

"I don't want this to end," Astrid whispered.

"Me neither," Hiccup admitted, "but the others will wonder what's taking so long if we don't."

Toothless lightly touches down in the courtyard, taking a few steps forward due to his momentum and smoothing the landing out even further. When they came to a stop, Hiccup unhooked his foot from the pedal and slid out of the saddle. He offered his hand to Astrid, who accepted it and dismounted with his help. Seeing their return, Night, Thorong and their dragons made their way unnoticed from their watching spot out to where everyone else was. They knew they no longer needed to keep an eye on boy, girl and dragon. It wouldn't be long till they joined the others anyway.

"Are you ready to head back?" Hiccup asked Astrid, taking a step

towards the pathway.

Astrid nodded somewhat reluctantly, looking a bit downcast, though she did let go of his hand. Hiccup gave her a small smile before he slowly began to walk towards the path leading to the main courtyards. Toothless plodded up alongside him, a hand from the boy placing itself on the head of the dragon. Astrid seemed to be tossing between whether or not she should do something, and came to her conclusion before they could leave.

"Hiccup," she called after the duo, not with her usual confidence. Both turned to face her curiously, Hiccup a bit surprised at her tone.

"Yes, Astrid?" he asked. She took a moment to compose herself before continuing.

"Thankyou," she said, first looking at Hiccup, then at Toothless, "to both of you. My eyes have finally been opened and now I can be free â€| all thanks to the two of you."

Both looked at each other briefly before Toothless sauntered up to her, purring calmly as he rubbed his head against her. He tilted his head slightly as he looked up, his eyes saying what he couldn't convey to her vocally. With a slight giggle, Astrid gently scratched his chin, a draconic purr expressing his pleasure.

"You're welcome, Astrid," Hiccup said with a chuckle as he walked towards them, his amusement directed towards how Toothless was acting. "Thankyou for accepting who we are," he continued, gesturing to Toothless as well as himself.

Astrid stepped towards Hiccup and placed a kiss upon his cheek.

"Of course I would," she replied, a blush creeping up her face. An almost identical one settled on Hiccup's face, particularly around where she kissed him.

"I â€| uh â€| I guess you would want to go back first?" Hiccup stammered, holding out an arm towards the path while rubbing the back of his neck with the other.

"No, silly," she chided, embracing him. "I don't want to pretend anymore." She looked into his surprised eyes, hers swimming with warmth and love for Hiccup. "If they can't accept that â€| then I'll just have to settle for being with you." She leant into him, resting her head against his chest for the umpteenth time. "That's all I really want. No more hiding â€| no more being scared of who I am â€| This is my true self. I shouldn't have to hide it away."

"But â€| what about your reputation? Your standing?" Hiccup asked, concerned for Astrid. "I don't think you should risk it all just for-"

Before he could say anything else, Astrid let go of him and walloped him on his shoulder very hard. Hiccup cringed as he grabbed where she hit, wincing as it stung.

"Argh â€| that's gonna form a bruise â€|" he hissed through his teeth. "Why would you do that?"

"That," she said sternly, placing her hands on her hips, "was for even daring to think that! Why would you ask that, Hiccup?"

"I just didn't think you'd throw it all away â€¦"

Again, she interrupted him with an action. This time, however, she cut him off by bringing her lips against his, pressing against them as she pulled him in for another kiss. When they pulled out, Hiccup was completely stunned.

"You're all that I want, Hiccup," she said softly. "That all means nothing compared to being with you."

Hiccup gave a soft chuckle at her words. "Thankyou," he whispered, sending shivers down her spine and sending her heart soaring through the sky. Again, he held out his arm towards the path, but this time bowing slightly in politeness.

"Together?" he asked, eyebrows raised slightly in complete innocence.

"Oh, now you're just teasing me," she giggled, raising a fist. "Don't go thinking I'm all soft now, dragon boy."

"I wouldn't dream of it," he replied as he straightened, raising his hands up in surrender.

"Stop it, Hiccup," she said, rolling her eyes as she pulled a hand down and held it gently in her own. "Together."

Side by side, hand in hand, they slowly walked down the winding path, Toothless following a few steps behind them content with watching over the couple. In both their heads, they couldn't believe that they were with the other and wondered if they had strayed into a dream, one they'd both had for years.

"Anyway, Snotlout's reaction should be priceless," Astrid pointed out as they walked, laughing as she did so. "I'd think you'd want to see that. Now you can get back at him â€¦ plus he might finally see that I'm not for him to take."

"Oh, that just instils me with confidence," Hiccup replied sarcastically, his spirits dropping a bit.

"What do you mean?" Astrid asks, looking up concernedly at him.

"It just gives him another reason to come after me â€¦" he muttered.

"I swear, Hiccup, I'll hit you even harder if you keep doing this," she sighed, Hiccup tensing up in response.

"Relax, I didn't mean it," she replied soothingly, at the very least releasing some of Hiccup's tension. "But you need to stop thinking like you deserve it. He'll have to go through me to get to you â€¦ not to mention Toothless too."

Toothless perked up at the mention of his name, bounding in front of them both and giving them his signature gummy-smile. Both teenagers

laugh at Toothless, which drives him to jump joyously around them, keeping up the smile and having his tongue flop out. This makes them laugh even harder.

"I guess you're right," Hiccup responds, clearing his throat as he decides to flash his lop-sided grin at Astrid. Again, her blush slowly begins to show.

'_Thor, damn it! That smile always makes me act like a fool!_' she thinks to herself.

"Of course I am," is how she answers Hiccup. "I'm always right."

"Oh, is that so?" Hiccup chuckled.

"Yes it is," she said with a tantalising grin. "Do you want to test it?"

"No â€¦ I guess we'll find out," he answered as they reach the end of the path, walking out towards everyone else.

* * *

><p>While Hiccup and Astrid soared through the sky on Toothless, everyone else was doing their own little thing. A lot of the Viking children were approaching the dragons, some playing around with them, especially the Terrors. They would tumble around and play Fetch and other bonding games with the dragons, while the others resorted to petting and feeding the Archipelago dragons. The adult Vikings were having a merry time, drinking and conversing happily with one another, some getting up on the stage and singing merrily to John's music. He seemed to be enjoying himself, regardless of whether they could hold a tune or not. He and some of the other G.M.A.D. members would get up and sing the odd song or two, receiving a resounding applause each time. However, by far the most frequent performer was Gobber, who would rise to the occasion singing every second or third song. No matter how flat or off key he was, his performances were met with glorious cheers. Some just chose to sit and drink with one another, listening to the music and laughing amongst themselves.<p>

The dragons were not without their pleasures either. Many barrels filled to the brim with fish were there for them to eat, not to mention patches of Dragon Nip lining some of the smaller platforms. Those were filled with dragons sleeping blissfully, melting onto the stone itself as they drifted into the seemingly never ending peace. Many of the dragons were interacting with the Vikings, some being fed and petted while others engaged in a more playful approach, more specifically the young and smaller ones.

As for the G.M.A.D., they were spread out across the various groups. John was supplying the music for everyone, always willing to take the requests that people had and occasionally joining in too. Midnight would join in with the occasional song or two, though she was much more content with listening to everyone else perform as she laid out a book in front of her. She would hold a pencil in one hand and freely write down her stories, gaining inspiration from things around her as she created enchanting literature. Playing around with the children and dragons were Kura and Check. Kura would spin in and out

of them all, jumping from one to the next and getting them all involved in one way or another. Check would keep darting in and out of the shadows, appearing out of nowhere to the squealing delight of the Viking children, before disappearing just as quickly and jumping out from somewhere else. Some would try to catch him, either by sneaking up or searching for him, though they would always come up unsuccessful. That didn't do anything to discourage them, though, as they kept persisting in their attempts, some getting quite creative. Watching the two of them interact with the young was Skura, happily watching over them all and occasionally joining in too, though she mainly tried to make sure nothing got too out of hand. Wolf and Delta were talking with the twins, each sharing their various experiences and â€| for want of a better word â€| experiments. The twins looked amazed, though they were paying full attention to what the two boys had to say funnily enough, drinking in what they could and trying to think of how they could try it when they returned to Berk. They were all getting on quite well, roaring laughter coming from their respected area more often than not. Snotlout sat within earshot, though slightly out of the conversation. He was sulking somewhat, constantly muttering obscurities. "Muttonheads" seemed to be a popular choice of word by him, though he was also very interested in what was being said. Rider and Guardian were chatting with Fishlegs, sharing and exchanging knowledge between the two groups. Fishlegs' questions revolved mostly around dragons, undiscovered species to the Vikings, strengths, weaknesses, how to train and befriend them, etc. Rider and Guardian would also ask the occasional frivolous question, mostly going alongside the gossiping area *(not trying to stereotype here)**.

Stoick, needing to consult the council on the recent turn of events, called together the Elders along with a few highly held members of the village, such as the teens' parents. Gobber joined them after he was able to convince the Viking crowd to allow him a respite from the performances. Amongst the things consulted were the recent outbursts, the changing viewpoints of the villagers, dragon involvement, the actions of the teens, the G.M.A.D's trustworthiness, and above all, Hiccup and Toothless' fate. Some were still a little sceptical as to whether or not things should change so readily. A few, like Spitelout, seemed fairly strongly against a lot of points. In his case, it was to do with the dragons, whether the G.M.A.D. could be trusted and if the village should be willing to change so easily. Most, however, seemed to be for those things. As for Hiccup and Toothless' fate, they seemed fairly split. On one side, he did seem to be right so far and the path he was taking was leading towards the end of the war and peace. But on the other, he was still branded a traitor and disowned by Stoick, who's mind seemed to be contemplating these choices most of all. After a lot of quarrelling and debating, they decided that they should wait until they see what should've happened before they hand out a decreed doom, much to the disgruntlement of a few. Once the council dispersed, Stoick stood up and walked over to a secluded spot where he could be alone with his thoughts, yet still able to see pretty much all the going-on's. After a little bit, Gobber joined him, taking a seat besides the chief.

"So â€| how are you taking this, old friend?" Gobber asked, raising his mug hand to his mouth.

"I don't know how I'm supposed to feel, Gobber," Stoick sighed, rubbing his temple and setting his mug aside. "There are too many

things that need to be taken into consideration."

"Well, it seems the rest of the village seems to be getting along well with the dragons," Gobber pointed out, gesturing to the scene in front of them. Sure enough, the interactions between species seemed to be going well, with no casualties or consequences sprouting up so far.

"Not everyone seems to be pleased," Stoick remarked, and sure enough, Spitelout and Snotlout looked quite grim and unhappy with these happenings, along with Mildew hiding in a corner holding his sheep Fungus. Mildew was grumbling and muttering curses under his breath, glaring and scowling at the dragons and the G.M.A.D. members.

"Like father like son, eh?" Gobber joked, looking at Spitelout and Snotlout. "But I know how you tend to do things. You wouldn't let a few people get in the way of what's best for the village."

"Oh, is that what you think?" Stoick inquired, looking curiously at Gobber.

"As a matter of fact, it is. Why? Don't you?" Gobber asked back, looking a bit surprised.

"I don't know how I should feel about them," Stoick sighed. "Yes, it does look like they get along well with us â€|"

"Plus they'd make powerful allies," Gobber added.

"Yes, that too. But on the other hand, they've slaughtered so many of us. Who's to say they won't do that again? Then there's also the issue of explaining to the other tribes that we've allied ourselves with dragons," Stoick continued, bringing up the rebuttals used earlier. He looked like he wanted to say something else, but he couldn't seem to get it out. Gobber was able to see his conflicting thoughts and guessed what else it was that was troubling his friend about the dragons.

"This last thing," he said cautiously, "it's about what happened that night, isn't it?" Stoick looked pained slightly. "It's about what they did to Valka."

Stoick's throat went dry as he slowly nodded. He took a drink from his mug before he responded verbally.

"Yes, it is," he admitted. "I â€| I don't know whether or not I can forgive them. They took her away from me, Gobber. They took her away from Hiccup and I."

"Well, you may have to decide soon whether to or not," Gobber replied, draining the remains of his mug. "Speaking of which, how are you going to deal with Hiccup and his dragon?"

"We said we'd leave that decision until we see what else happens, Gobber," Stoick said sternly.

"I know that, Stoick," Gobber replied unfazed. "But â€| say you had to make a choice now â€|"

Stoick let out a sigh and got to his feet.

"I don't think now is the best time to be talking about this, Gobber," he said.

"Well â€¦ better out than in," Gobber remarked, Stoick looking slightly amused at that proclamation.

"Does that even fit this topic?"

"Eh â€¦ it could do," he answered.

Stoick let out a soft chuckle before sitting back down again.

"I guess so â€¦ Well, I'm not real sure. He does make some good points, but he has gone behind us again and again. Regardless of whether or not he has found the solution, he still broke our laws and traditions in order to reach it. It is still a serious act to perform to just get away unscathed."

"Sometimes exceptions can be made," Gobber said as he stretched, glancing at Stoick out of the corner of his eyes.

"But as the chief's son?" Stoick asked. "Questions would be asked, concerns raised. It seems too risky â€¦"

"Why him, though?" Gobber muttered.

"What was that?" Stoick pried.

"Well, it seems that whoever is doing this is targeting the lad. Question is â€¦ why?"

"Hmm â€¦" Stoick hummed, thinking about it. "It could be something that Hiccup was meant to do. Besides, he's not the only one it's going after. He's got that group in his sights too."

"That could be disastrous for us, then," Gobber exclaimed.

"No matter â€¦. We'll see what'll happen soon."

"Of course," Gobber replied, though he still seemed to have something on his mind.

"Alright, out with it," Stoick said after a moment. "What else is on your mind?"

"Well â€¦ I guess it's about Astrid," Gobber answered. "She's been taking a lot of this, yet I can't think of why. Do you think that she has something to do with Hiccup later on?"

"Astrid?! With Hiccup?!" Stoick exclaimed. "I seriously doubt that, Gobber. I mean, look at them. You would have a hard time convincing even the most gullible of people."

"That's a bit harsh now, isn't it?"

"Well, she might have something to do in an involuntary matter, but I don't think it would get to anything serious."

"If you say so, Stoick," Gobber said, shrugging yet not entirely

convinced.

Afterwards, they both seemed to brighten up and mix around with the others, reminiscing about the days lost long ago. Gobber seemed to get on well enough when the dragons approached him, though you could see that he was incredibly nervous. Stoick, due to his uncertainty, chose to keep away if he could. Overall, they seemed to act as if their conversation had never happened and the spirits of everyone grew â€| that is, of course, until Snotlout had to spoil it all.

* * *

><p>The general consensus of everyone, dragon and Viking, was getting on Snotlout's nerves a lot. He was constantly glaring at everyone, his arms crossed over his chest as he sat near the twins. Their merriment with Wolf and Delta brought another annoyance to him, one which had constantly bugged him since this incident all started. His mind strayed into his frustration as the trio in the skies touched back down where they took off.<p>

'_Just who do they think they are? They think they can just waltz on in, take us away to a far place and change who we are?!' _he thought, pouring through his frustrations. '_This is stupid! They are obviously with the dragons! They've just created all that so that we'll believe them and hang off every single word. Isn't that right?'

From the depths of his mind came a voice dark and sinister, overflowing with cruelty and malice.

'_YES â€| OF COURSE. THEY ARE NOT TO BE TRUSTED. KEEP DEFYING THEM AND YOU WILL GET ALL YOU DESIRE â€| Good. Soon, I will be able to rule over Berk as its chief. Hiccup will be no more and Astrid will be mine. She cannot be so stubborn when I'm chief â€| and with Useless out of the way, those dragons won't stand a chance!'

'_GOOD,' _the voice chuckles. '_YOU LEARN QUICKLY. I'M SURE YOU'LL MAKE A WONDERFUL CHIEF â€| THE BEST BERK WILL EVER HAVE â€| Of course I will! Huh â€| stupid Hiccup. There's no way he could ever do all that. He's Useless, and that's all he ever will be. He made a deal with Hel when he tried to tame that devil, and I will make him pay! JUST KEEP YOUR EYES ON THE PRIZE. LET ME DEAL WITH THE TECHNICALITIES. EVERYTHING WILL GO ACCORDING TO PLAN â€|'

The conscious lifts its presence from Snotlout's mind, though the darkness emanating from it doesn't seem to be noticed by the child. In truth, he is still pretty much in control. The darkness is just pushing him along in the direction he wants, using him for the right time to strike.

He is brought out of his thought searching by an uproarious laugh from the twins, their amusement coming from a recollection by Wolf.

"Oh â€| that is brilliant!" Tuffnut exclaimed. "I can't wait to do that!"

"Me too," Ruff said as she walloped her brother from behind, thumping him on his shoulder blade. "It shouldn't be too difficult to do

â€| "

"Yeah, remember that empty room?" he chuckled.

"Argh! That's it! I've had enough!" Snotlout exclaimed, getting everyone, dragon, Viking and G.M.A.D., to look at him surprised.

"Can't you all hear yourselves?!" he asked, looking at everyone, which was met with some disconcerted murmuring.

"What are you talking about?" Stoick inquired as he pushed his way to the front, followed by Gobber. Elder Gothi hobbled over with her stick shortly afterwards.

"Don't you see what's happening?! You're all falling for this charade!" he shouted. "One moment you all want this to end! The next, you're all wanting to be friends!"

"What's your point?" Gobber asked, looking fairly unconcerned.

"What happened to you all?!" he yelled. "We're supposed to be Vikings! What happened to the warriors?! The fighters?! All I see are a bunch of scared-"

"Careful with your words, lad," Stoick warned. "You realise I could be one of those that your words are directed at?"

"Yes, I do," Snotlout said, "and as far as I'm concerned, you're mostly at fault. If you remember, it was your son that started this catastrophe."

"You leave my son out of this," Stoick said sternly, his eyebrows lowering as he glared at the teenager daring to say such things.

"Oh, but he's not your son, chief," Spitelout said, looking at the back of his hand. "You disowned him, or did you forget?"

"Quiet, Spitelout," he retorted. "That can still be reprimanded."

"But in doing so, it will show you as a weak chief," Spitelout smirked, "and we have no need for a weak chief."

Murmuring broke out in the crowds, most agreeing with Spitelout's words as Stoick glared at him.

"Actually, it wouldn't," said a female voice from within the vast numbers. The person pushes through the crowd to the centre, revealing Night who had returned.

"Of course it would," Spitelout said, waving her off. "You know nothing, child."

"Uh, I lead the G.M.A.D., remember?" she retorted, crossing her arms over her chest. "And besides, it doesn't mean he's weak. If the people agree with him, then he can take the majority vote."

Surprise took over the Vikings as she stood up to Spitelout, who was

sneering at her. The dragons had her side, along with a lot of the Vikings who were fairly split.

"Thankyou lass," Stoick thanked, nodding his head to her.

"Besides, _Useless_ can't do anything right," Snotlout jeered, getting Night's temper flared again. "There's no reason at all that he should be part of the village. He should've been thrown out ages ago."

Both Stoick and Night took a threatening step towards Snotlout. Gobber put a hand on Stoick's shoulder to stop him, but Night took another step.

"You want to say that again?" she threatened, clenching her fists.

"Oh, I will," he smirked. "Hiccup is completely useless. He can't do anything and he should've been kicked out ages ago. What are you going to do about it?"

Night let out a yell and charged towards him, but she got held back by Rider, Midnight and Check. She struggled against their hold as she tried to break free.

"Let me go!" she yelled.

Over her struggles, a slow tune played out from a guitar got everyone to look at the stage. John was sitting on a chair, his body facing side on to the centre of the crowd. The guitar lay in his hands and rested upon his knees as he played it. He then opened his mouth and began to sing.

"My folks were always putting him down,"

Check, Wolf and Delta looked at each other and shrugged, before backing him up.

"_Down, down, down"_

(John) "_They said he came from the wrong side of town,"_

(Trio) _"He came from the wrong side of town"_

A voice rang out, not from John, joining in the song. Everyone bar John looked around to find who and where he was. They then noticed Thor walking on top of one of the stone railings surrounding the main courtyard.

(Thor) _"They told me he was bad"_

(Quartet) _"So bad"_

(Thor) _"But I know he was sad"_

(Quartet)_ "So sad"_

(Thor)_ "I'll never forget him,"_

(All)_ "The leader of the pack."_

The music ended then, the notes catching on the wind and flying off. Everyone looked perplexed at John and Thor.

"What was the point of that?" Snotlout finally asked.

"That â€¦ was pretty much how you all treated Hiccup," John answered, carefully putting the guitar down.

"How so?"

"Well, you all pushed him aside and put him down," Thorong said, pacing along the railing before turning to face them. "However, your opinions can change â€¦"

"Oh, yeah? Prove it," Spitelout jeered.

Thorong turned his head slightly to where Hiccup and Astrid went, gesturing in that direction with a nod. "Take a look," he said.

Everyone turned and looked towards the path's opening, and the Vikings were all shocked to see what they did.

Astrid and Hiccup walked out of the path, hands linked and with Astrid leaning against his shoulder. Toothless plodded along slightly to the side and behind them, occasionally nudging them playfully. When they saw everyone looking at them, Hiccup seemed to freeze up, staying where he was. Astrid then leant up to him and said something to him that the others couldn't hear. She also brushed her lips against his, though from the distance they weren't sure what was happening. Hiccup sighed and they continued walking, until they reached the outer reaches of the crowd. Astrid pushes the people out of the way, pulling Hiccup along behind her with Toothless bringing up the rear. Soon, they reach the centre and they stand side by side again, Hiccup looking a bit scared at everyone while Astrid looked at them all with a fierce intensity.

"What are you doing, Astrid?" Astrid's mother asks. "What are you doing with Hiccup?"

"What does it look like?" Astrid asked back, almost snapping it at her. "I'm doing what I should've a long time ago."

"You were saying, Stoick?" Gobber whispered to Stoick.

"Not now," Stoick muttered back, before taking a step forwards. "Are you saying what I think you're saying, lass?"

"Yes," Astrid said, nodding her head and laying it against Hiccup's chest, putting an arm around him. Hiccup lightly put his arm around her as well, embracing her. "I â€¦ I love him,"

Everyone looked wide eyed at them, before a cocky, arrogant laugh sounds out from Snotlout. They turn to see him doubled over, rolling on the ground. He slowly gets up, wiping his eye from the laughter.

"Oh, that's funny, Astrid," he chortled, taking deep breathes. He then straightens and puffs out his chest. "Now, why don't you step

away from Useless and come to a real man?"

Toothless drops into a crouch and growls menacingly at him. Astrid shrugs herself out of Hiccup's hold and walks up to Snotlout, stopping just in front of him. He reaches out an arm for her, which she takes with a smile.

"What's going on?" Gobber asked, confused.

"Oh, this should be good," Rider chuckled.

"You've finally come around," Snotlout smirked. "You finally realised you're mine."

Astrid's smile transformed into anger in a split second and bent his arm back, cracking and spraining it. Snotlout's gloating face was exchanged for pain as he dropped to a knee. Astrid then proceeded to punching him in the gut before walloping him in the face, causing him to drop to the floor. She then grabbed him by the scruff of his tunic and held him up.

"You listen to me and you listen well," Astrid snapped. "I don't love you. I've never loved you â€| and I'm definitely not yours!"

Snotlout whimpered slightly as her fierce angered gaze seems to pierce into his heart.

"And another thing! Don't â€| call â€| Hiccup â€| Useless â€| again!" she yelled, hitting him with each word.

She finally lets go of him and tries to go after him again as he slams into the floor. However, Toothless steps in between them, wrapping himself around her and walking back towards Hiccup on his hind legs, all the while Astrid thrashing around.

"Toothless! Let â€| me â€| go!" she said as she struggled to get free.

Toothless drops her down next to Hiccup and he puts his arms around her before she can run off.

"Astrid, please stop," he pleaded against her thrashing. "You've done enough."

And he was right. Snotlout's wrist was sprained, he had a broken nose and a big black eye over his right eye. He pinched his nose to stop the blood trickling down from his nose.

"But he has no right to say that!" she shouted as he turned her to face him. "He deserves it for all he has done."

"Hiccup's right, lass," Stoick said softly, walking up to them. "You've done enough â€| for now, at least."

Astrid calms herself down and nods. "Ok chief," she muttered.

"But â€| how did this come about?" Fishlegs inquired shakily.

"I â€| I always had some sort of feelings for Hiccup," Astrid said

slowly, widening everyone's eyes, including Hiccup's.

'_Always? Wh â€¦ Why?'_

"I just â€¦ because of how you all treated him, I â€¦ was â€¦ I was scared of how I'd be treated if I stayed with him," Astrid confessed, looking down at her feet. "So â€¦ with everyone's help, I pushed away from him."

"Astrid â€¦" Hiccup spoke softly, cupping her cheek with his hand. He could feel her smooth skin shiver from the touch, but there was also a dampness to it. Lifting her head slightly, he could see that she had tears running down her cheeks as she pressed her head into his hand. Surprised murmuring breaks out from the Vikings as they see this as well.

"I â€¦ I'm sorry, Hiccup," she whispered, silently crying into his hand.

The dragons looked on with sympathy. One Nadder in particular watched Astrid with understanding before slowly walking forwards to the duo. The Vikings backed off cautiously, still slightly suspicious of the dragons. Astrid saw the movement too and took a couple of steps back, nervous fear settling in the depths of her eyes.

"Whoa, whoa â€¦ it's okay," Hiccup said, holding a hand out to the Nadder while extending another for Astrid if she wanted to take it.

"Now's your chance, Hiccup," Thor said, walking through the hesitant crowd.

"Chance?"

"Now you can show them that they can be trusted," he explained, Hiccup nodding in understanding.

Hiccup saw that the dragon was holding its gaze on Astrid, its eyes showing concern. Its' blue scales took nearly the same shade as Astrid's eyes, while the hardened yellow spines showed sharpness. They currently weren't erect, instead folded down against the tail.

"Well, you certainly are a beautiful girl, aren't you?" Hiccup complimented, walking slowly towards the Nadder, who squawked pleasingly. Her attention then returned to Astrid, whom Hiccup then looked at.

"I see â€¦ you want to help her too?"

The Nadder locked eyes with Hiccup â€¦ well, locked _eye_. Only one eye could be used as she turned her head to the side. After examining him and registering that he wasn't a threat, she then straightened and nodded.

"Okay, how do you feel about â€¦" Hiccup said softly, before leaning in and whispering so that no one else could hear. When he finished, the Nadder chirped affirmatively, brightening up a bit. Hiccup then walked back to Astrid, holding out a hand to her.

"Astrid, do you trust me?" he asked, letting her decide.

"Of course I do," she said softly, taking his hand. They both walked slowly up to the Nadder, who was waiting patiently.

"Now â€¦ don't freak out," Hiccup advised as he held his empty hand out to the Nadder. "Just â€¦ listen to your heart."

He held out his hand to the Nadder, who closed the distance between them. Toothless walked up next to the two teens and looked at the Nadder, purring as he watched with his ears up. The Nadder dropped its head to Hiccup's hand but didn't touch it, instead stopping inches away from it. She gave a tentative sniff, eying it as Hiccup slowly exchanged one hand for the other, holding Astrid's where his was.

"Hiccup â€¦ I-"

"It's okay, Astrid," Hiccup reassured. "Just let it happen,"

The Nadder sniffed her hand, examining Astrid and giving the occasional chirp.

"It's okay, girl," Astrid said, her voice a ghost of what it once was.

After what seemed like an eternity, the Nadder closed its eyes and pressed her nose against Astrid's hand. Astrid gave a sigh of relief, until she noticed that the tail spines were raised slightly.

"Uh â€¦ Hiccup?" Astrid called nervously, afraid to move.

"It's okay, Astrid. If she trusts you, then she'll let you smooth down her spines. Now's the time for you to do that," Hiccup instructed.

Astrid nodded and took a deep breath before moving slowly around the Nadder, keeping her hand on the scales.

"You really are beautiful," Astrid complimented, getting a happy chirp from the dragon who was watching her all the way.

She got to the tail and cautiously placed her hand on it, making sure she didn't pierce her skin with the spines lest the venom take hold. She then slowly smoothed out the spines, flattening them onto her skin. When all the spines were smoothed out, she looked up hopefully at the Nadder. She gave a happy chirp and a little jump. A grin broke out on Astrid's face as she ran to the head, embracing the dragon.

"Now what?" Astrid asked cheerfully, looking at Hiccup.

"Try naming her," Hiccup suggested.

"Naming? Hmm â€¦" Astrid mused, looking at the bright Nadder. "You are beautiful â€¦ but I'd say you're also a fighter. Wouldn't you say?"

The Nadder responded with an affirmative chirp, her yellow eyes glinting slightly.

"Hmm â€¦ how about Stormfly?" Astrid asked, the Nadder squawking and jumping happily at the name.

"Alright then â€¦ Stormfly it is," Astrid giggled as she scratched under Stormfly's chin. "Hiccup â€¦ thank you."

"You're welcome, Astrid," Hiccup replied, placing a hand on Toothless' head as he came beside him.

"Now do you all see what I mean?" Hiccup asked, addressing the crowd who were talking with astonishment and wonder. It's one thing to see a bonding, it's another to actually witness it happening.

"Can you do that with us?" many of the Vikings asked, swarming around the young boy.

"Give him some room!" Stoick called out, getting them to take a step or two back. "So â€¦ Hiccup? Can you help them out?"

"I â€¦ guess I can," Hiccup stammered, not used to many people asking for his services. "But it's up to the dragons too."

The dragons all seemed up to it and showed it, each giving a hearty roar.

"I'd say they're up for it," Night chuckled.

With that, most of the Vikings tried to clamber around Hiccup, trying to get in early and essentially overwhelming him.

"Hey!" Rider called out, pausing them mid-trample. "We can help too. How else do you think we got our dragons?"

Speedstrike came out and up to Rider, nudging his head against her just to prove her point.

With that, the rest of the G.M.A.D. went around helping those that were willing to bond with a dragon do so along with Hiccup, while some of the younger ones just played with the small dragons. Fishlegs managed to bond with a brown Gronckle who he named Meatlug, one which acted a lot like a mother. They were currently huddled up against each other, Fishlegs' large beefy arms wrapped around Meatlug. Despite some grumbling, Snotlout managed to get along alright with a fiery Nightmare that he named Hookfang. He was trying to shout at the dragon in order to get it to listen to it, so of course Hookfang deliberately ignored him. Lots of Vikings were starting to enjoy themselves and it seemed like peace would be able to be achieved sooner than anyone thought.

Suddenly, a ferocious ear-splitting scream sounded out from the forest, disorientating most of the dragons. They shook their heads to regain their bearings as the Vikings rubbed their temples, wincing slightly.

"What was that?" Gobber asked.

A multitude of chaotic explosions shook the ground in the forest. The explosions were then replaced by the yells of two young people, one male and one female.

"Oh no â€|," Thorong said as he ran forth towards the chaos in the forest.

"Thorong! What is it?" Night called out.

"No time to explain!" Thorong said quickly. "Come on Storm!"

Storm leapt forth from a group of dragons and rushed up besides Thorong. Thorong jumped up and over the railing, rolling as he landed, and continued running. He held out a hand and muttered a spell. From out of his room, a long black staff with Mythril inlaid in intricate swirls flew out and landed in his hand just before they disappeared into the trees.

"I hate it when he does this â€|," Rider muttered.

"Come on!" Night called out as she and Lightning chased after Thorong, followed by the rest of the G.M.A.D. Nearly all the dragons and Vikings went in after them, curious as to what awaits in there.

* * *

><p>During the time that Hiccup and Astrid returned from their talk, the twins, Ruff and Tuff, chose that time to sneak off into the forest to see what lurked in the depths. They'd always had a bit of a problem with following orders â€| and today was no exception.<p>

"Just how far in could this thing be?" Ruffnut asked after they had wandered around for a while.

"Does it really matter?" Tuff asked, looking excited. "If it's as awesome as they made it sound, then this thing can cause some serious destruction!"

"Eh â€| I guess you're right," Ruff replied, brightening up.

The snapping of a twig behind them spun them around. They peered through the greenery, only to find nothing there.

"What do you think it was?" Ruff asked.

"It must be that Tree Giant from back home," Tuffnut deduced, sounding confident. "He must've been transported here when we were."

"Oh yeah â€| that could be it," Ruffnut thought aloud. "Hang on, why wouldn't we have seen it when we were watching that magic moving picture thingy?"

"Duh â€| because it was hiding," Tuff said, rolling his eyes. "Just like now."

"Oh â€| that makes sense," Ruff decided as they continued on their way, unaware of two identical green heads lifting themselves out from the bushes watching their movements.

Soon they came to an area littered with snapped and burnt trees,

rocky walls scorched and cracked, and large multiple burn marks tainting the ground. The twins' faces turn to awed as they walk around the carnage.

"Whoa â€¦" Tuffnut said as he crouched down to a trunk three times thicker than Snotlout, passing his hand over it. "This â€¦ is â€¦ awesome!"

"This whole place â€¦ ultimate destruction!" Ruff exclaimed as she picked up some of the burnt dirt, running it through her fingers.

"We are so keeping this thing when we find it!" Tuff declared, his twin nodding in agreement.

A deep rumbling emanates from further ahead, turning more and more into a rage driven growl. The twins freeze when they first hear it, but they then slowly walk towards the noise.

"This must be it. Sounds different from the Tree Giant," Tuff said.

"Uh, hello? The Tree Giant was following us, not us looking for it," Ruff chided, before stopping. "Wait, should we be going towards the strange noise?"

"Yeah, we always do," Tuff pointed out.

"Good point," Ruff replies as she follows on.

They soon come to a small clearing. A very large, very chipped boulder stood in the centre, with a huge dark cave on the other side to the twins. They run to the boulder and hide behind it, peering out from either side.

"Ok â€¦ whoever guesses closest gets to keep it," Tuff proposed. "Deal?"

"Deal," Ruff said, both spitting into their hands and shaking them before butting helmets.

"So, what do you think it could be?" he asked.

"I'd say â€¦ a vomiting yak with a big horn," she answered, leaning up against the stone. "You?"

"Damn, that's what I was going to say!" Tuff exclaimed, making Ruff chuckle. "Hmm â€¦ thinking â€¦ thinking â€¦ thinking â€¦ I say, an enormous ravenous stomach!"

"Hmm â€¦ Good guess," Ruff said.

"Yeah â€¦ you too. Now come on, let's do this."

"Yeah!"

They both step out from behind the boulder simultaneously and slowly creep forwards. Unfortunately for them, that was the worst thing that they could've done. A calamitous ear-splitting scream bellows out from the cave, the force of it pushing against them like a sonic

blast from a Thunderdrum. They throw their hands in front of them in an attempt to brace, but the final push throws Tuff, sending him sprawling to the ground in a flurry of pained exclamations. He pushes himself up as Ruff shakes her head.

"Wow â€¦ now I really want one!" Tuff said, throwing his hands in the air, which resulted in him falling back on the ground.

"Get up, you muttonhead," Ruff said as she pulled him to his feet. Tuff dusts himself off before they look to the cave entrance again.

"Well, sneaking didn't work â€¦" Ruff announced.

"So â€¦ let's charge it!" Tuff yelled.

"Brilliant!" his sister shouted as they clashed heads before running towards the mouth.

That plan fell drastically short as a multitude of large fireballs in rapid fire flew out of the cave. The first three exploded on the ground, hurling the twins back to the tree line. The last few slammed into the boulder, engulfing it in flames and cracking it even further.

"Uh â€¦ okay? Maybe not go for that again â€¦" Ruff said.

"Finally, you're talking sense â€¦" Tuff breathed as they both looked at the entrance as movement could be heard.

Coming forth from the shadows was a gigantic dragon, heavily scarred from various encounters, white scaled, vivid blood red eyes, a red tail and huge spikes sticking out from its body. This was a Screaming Death, and it had its sights set on the twins.

"Oh â€¦ my â€¦ Thor!" Tuff exclaimed. "That thing is awesome!"

"Uh â€¦ I think we should get out of here," Ruff said scared, slowly crawling back.

"Why?" Tuff asked before looking at the Screaming Death.

Its eyes showed pure rage as it looked at the twins. It then launched a flurry of huge spikes towards them both. The twins managed to roll out of the way of the ones that were going to impale them, using their momentum to rise to their feet quickly. The spines not aimed at them pierced the ground and trees, some trunks getting struck so hard that they fell over.

"Uh â€¦ yeah, you're right," Tuff said as they both scampered off, yelling in fear.

The Screaming Death watched their retreat into the trees, narrowing its eyes. It gave a powerful shriek and gave chase, swooping down and crushing the boulder with its head as it tears through the forest. Spines would occasionally fly in from certain intervals, aiming to impale the twins. They manage to evade the spines time and time again, but they can't outrun it forever. Getting frustrated with their constant weaving in between trees to throw him off, he flies up above the treetops and rains spines down from above. This time, they

realise they can't escape this shower. The twins hit the deck and put their hands over their helmets in a futile effort to protect themselves.

As the spines head towards their targets, a strange hissing noise can be heard from nearby. A sparking sound follows, before a large fireball flies out and strikes the spines, knocking them out of the sky and clattering harmlessly to the ground. The twins raise their heads up surprised. In doing so, they witness a green Zippleback burst forward from the trees, growling at the Screaming Death. They then shot three more fireballs, the white dragon swerving away from the first two, but the last and biggest one slammed into it, singeing but not significantly harming it. It then takes to the skies, dodging a group of spines and hitting it again with a fireball. While the Screaming Death was roaring from the blow, the Zippleback flew above and dived down, rolling over itself and igniting a constant gas breath, turning into a flaming wheel. It came from the sky and cannoned into Death, knocking it down a few feet. It roared in fury and enraged even more, rapid firing at the Zippleback when it flew back up. It managed to avoid the flaming onslaught and swirled around the massive dragon, releasing a lot of gas as it did. After several loops, the sparking head lit the gas, igniting and engulfing Death in a small inferno.

"Yes!" Tuffnut cheered. "Well done dragon!" (**spot the reference? ;)**)

But now there was trouble. Death has had enough. Amidst the flames, it unleashes its disorientating scream, muddling up the Zippleback in mid-flight. It then lashed out with its tail, slamming the Zippleback into the ground. Confused, the dragon shakes its heads and tries to gas again, only to find that it had run out of shots. Death gave a malicious toothy dragon grin and flung another round of spines at the now trio, followed up by another round of fireballs. The Zippleback spreads its body over the twins in order to protect them.

Suddenly, a powerful lightning blast shoots down the spines. Storm leaps forth and fires two plasma blasts, the strength of which colliding with the fireballs rendered a tie. Another spine and fireball combo was unleashed from Death. This time, Thorong leapt out of the trees, staff in hand, and spinning it around deflected the spines before bringing up an aura shield that dispersed the fireballs.

"THANATOS!" Thorong shouted at the Screaming Death, Storm roaring along with him.

The Screaming Death flew down to the ground, eyeing Thorong with an anger not aimed at him.

"_Stop this, Thanatos. They are not your enemies," _Storm growled at him.

"_They are Vikings! You know what they did to me!"_ Thanatos roared, unable to shake the dragon and rider's gaze.

"Not these ones," Thorong countered, "and not the others here."

"_You brought others?!"_ he shouted as Night ran into sight with

Lightning. She stopped short when she saw the Screaming Death, allowing the others to catch up. They then followed Night's example, stopping dead when they saw Thanatos.

"What in Thor's name is that?!" shouted Stoick.

"A Screaming Death" Guardian said.

"Thor what is a Screaming Death doing here?" Rider asked warily.

"Uh simply put, he's the protector of the citadel," Thorong answered.

"He's what?!" they all cried out.

"This is the protector? Odin's beard!" Gobber cried out.

"_You brought a Viking village here?!"_ Thanatos screamed, making them cover their ears. "_You know I can't stand them!"_

"Calm yourself. We brought Berk here, and we had no choice," _Storm replied.

"_What do you mean?"_

"He means that they were under attack," Thorong explained. "He's back, Thanatos. He's back and he's breaking free."

"_Well, well" _Thanatos hummed. "_Fine, they can stay. But keep them out of the forest!"_

With that, Thanatos, the Screaming Death and protector of the citadel, flew off, back to the cave in the clearing. That left everyone staring at Thorong and Storm.

"Why did it leave?" Wolf asked.

"First of all, that was Thanatos," Thorong said. "Secondly, he left because I made him understand that there wasn't much choice in bringing the Berkians here."

"What is it about us that he doesn't like?" Hiccup inquired.

"It's not so much about you as about all Vikings. He has a deep hatred for them due to his past."

"And what would that be?" Spitelout asked, trying to find the weak spot to dislodge the faith in the dragons.

"Let's just say it had something to do with his family," Thorong answered walking over to the twins.

"You see?" Mildew cried out to the Vikings. "With devils like that out there, how can we trust these ones?"

A murmured agreement coursed through some of the Vikings, but they were silenced when they heard the scratching of Elder Gothi's stick on the ground. Gobber walked over so that he could translate for her.

"Uh, huh â€¦ She says that dragons are very complex creatures. They will react in very similar ways to us as well. Not many would not carry a hatred for those that ruined their family," Gobber translated, Gothi nodding at the correct translation.

The Vikings "ahh'd" at her words â€¦ or illustrations â€¦ of wisdom, leaving Mildew to sputter over his words.

"Now you two," Thorong said, standing over the twins. "Remember when I said don't go into the forest?"

"Uh â€¦ maybe?" Ruff answered.

"Well that is why," he said, before sighing. "I think we should head back. We'll get the others at the citadel, and then we can return to the lair and finish off the movie."

"Hmm â€¦ that sounds fair to me," Stoick declared, turning around with nearly everyone else and heading back to the ruins.

"Wait? Don't we get to keep that dragon?" Tuff asked. "He was awesome!"

"No, I don't think that would be a good idea," Thorong answered.

"But â€¦ I think I know a dragon that wants to stay with you," Hiccup put in, looking at the Zippleback next to them. Both human heads looked up to the twin dragon heads, and a decisive decision was silently made.

On the way back to the citadel, Ruff and Tuff argued all the way back over who got what head, and what to name them. In the end, it got to the point where the heads separated the twins and they settled for the head that pulled them back. Tuff got the sparking head and called it Belch, while Ruff got the gassy head and called it Barf.

On arriving at the citadel, they rounded up the remaining Vikings and Archipelago dragons, getting everyone to meet in the main courtyard. When everyone was there, Thorong opened up portal leading back to the theatre room of the lair. Once there, they all took their respective seats on either side of the room, despite the hostilities between the species subsiding greatly. There was one change in seating plans, besides a slab having to be conjured up for John and his dragon Vieux.

Due to the dramatic change of emotions from Astrid and the pleading of both her and Hiccup, Astrid was allowed to sit with Hiccup for the remainder of the film. Upon receiving the good news, she almost squeals in delight as they rush over to the slab where Toothless is already laying on. They sit down at the same time, Hiccup leaning back on Toothless and Astrid laying her head on his shoulder, but not before giving him a quick peck on the cheek. Their hands were interlaced within each other as they could finally be together in peace.

Once everyone was down and comfortable, Night and Thorong stood up at the front.

"Okay, fair warning to you all," Thorong said. "This is what would've happened had you not had your minds attacked by a powerful entity. So, this is also all after when I picked you up, apart from two parts which I think you'll be able to tell which they are."

"Ok, so with that, is everybody ready?" Night asked, a resounding noise of affirmative roars and cheers giving her her answer. "Good, then let's go to where we all left off."

Thorong and Night sat back down with their dragons as the screen flickered back to life, back to Hiccup's announcement of leaving.

* * *

><p>AN: What? I had to throw some action in there somewhere ...**

So, I know I said I'd be doing songs in this chapter. However, I might leave that till the end when it is all done and dusted. Plus, Thanatos and Erthain will not be making another entrance in this fic. They may well do I others.

I also know that it isn't as elegant as I'd normally like, especially the ending. I know ... it was rather abrupt. However, I wanted to get this up for you all as you deserve it for waiting so patiently. I'll most likely fix it up later.

Now, I've got about a week left in my holidays, so this s how it's going to work. I'm going to try and get one chapter for one of my stories up each day. That way, I can get as many as I can done while I've got the time.

Also, one final thing, that staff I was using is another weapon of mine called _Vajradanda._ Details are on my profile.

You lot know the drill ... though it has been a while, hasn't it? Oh well, let me know what you thought. Review and fav if you haven't already. Constructive criticism is welcome, anonan's bull isn't.

Next chapter: Love is In the Air. (you guys must know what this means ... right?）

Keep an eye out for this and Dragonborn. Until next time ...

Adios amigos!

14. Love is in the Air

A/N: Hello everybody! And welcome back to another instalment of this story!

Okay, yes I said what I said last time ... but then I encountered some unforeseeable obstacles and by the time I was back at school, I had a lot of work to get through. Luckily, now I have a 6 or 7 week holiday so I can write a lot more.

**Speaking of writing, I'm going to try and get an upload a day until

Christmas Day! Now I know that I haven't really been able to keep to schedules with this story, but I'll try really hard to keep this one. You'll find out why later.**

Anyway ... 218 follows and 197 favs ... thank you all so much!

Now I realise that some people complained about the content of the last chapter. I warned you all a few times that that was what I was going to do. But to soothe any people that still may not be happy, I will say that except for a fair bit of the last chapter (which I'm hoping you can see why), the rest of this is mostly movie and reactions. Okay? Okay.

Also, I realise I forgot to mention what that small song part was in the last chapter. It was "Leader of the Pack" by The Shangri-Las. However, the version I went for with that was the Happy Feet one, in case anyone was wondering.

Finally, for now, I also have had to deal with a particular ... someone, and their friends trying to bring me down. I don't mean they're trying to get me off here, more like trying to crush my emotions. But, what are you going to do?

Anyway, I'll leave it at that for now. Enjoy the new chapter!

Disclaimer: I do not own How to Train Your Dragon, any of the characters in that franchise (they are owned by Dreamworks) or any characters in this story, apart from Storm, Thor/Thorong, Erthain and Thanatos.****

* * *

><p>Chapter 12: Love is in the Air.**

The screen flickers to the teens carrying Hiccup on his lap of honour after winning the chance to slay the Nightmare in front of everyone.

HICCUP: Yeah. Yes. I can't wait. I am so â€|

The image changes to the cove, Hiccup with a basket on his back and his riding gear on.

HICCUP (CON'T): â€| leaving! We're leaving.

Now everyone feels bad at that. They can now see the difficulty for Hiccup. How could he even step into that ring the next day with this weighing over him? Then again, how he did manage to falls into their mind. What made him stay?

Hiccup slowly trudges through the Cove, walking with his head towards the ground as he slightly readjusts the basket's position on his back.

HICCUP (CON'T): Let's pack up. Looks like you and me are taking a little vacation.

**Hiccup leans forward and looks from side to side for Toothless, but

seeing nothing turns to a large boulder lodged in the ground.**

HICCUP (CON'T): Forever.

"Forever?" Astrid asked sadly, looking at Hiccup.

"Didn't you hear that before?" She shook her head.

"No â€¦ I just heard your voice," she answered, holding tightly onto his arm.

"Please don't go â€¦" she whispered to him, Hiccup placing a hand on her head but unsure of what to say.

He slid the basket down off his back just in front of the boulder, kneeling down so he could easily access it. He lifted the lid off, looking and checking the contents inside before sighing as he grasped one of the straps on his riding gear.

HICCUP (CON'T): Oh, man.

Hiccup takes one of the items from within and uses it to tighten the strap in question, straightening as he did so. The movement acts as a cue for the newly positioned Astrid sitting on the boulder to run her whetting stone along her axe's blade, lying on her lap.

"Whoa, she is really sneaky," Tuff said as they all looked startled at her sudden appearance.

** Her face seemed impartial, an eyebrow rising in movement with her arm. The harsh sound of stone on metal, the screech as the blade sharpened, caught Hiccup's attention. Startled, he hastily took a few steps backwards before almost tripping up on a smaller, but still large, rock. Hiccup, catching himself, began recomposing himself somewhat and trying to act normal, patting his sides before placing his balled up hands on his hips.**

"Please don't do that to me again," Hiccup moaned.

"Let me think ..." Astrid pondered, an amused expression on her face.
"Hmm â€¦ no promises."

"Where's the fun in not doing it?" Kura and Sakura ask simultaneously, Kura giggling at the thought.

HICCUP (CON'T): What the â€¦?! Um, U-uh â€¦ What are you doing here?

Astrid, still looking at her axe, raised the head to the light to inspect the edge, casually throwing away her whetting stone at the same time. She looked at the head from sharpened edge to twin points at the end of the metal, still not giving Hiccup any eye contact.

ASTRID: I wanna know what's going on.

**She finally turns to face Hiccup, placing her empty hand next to her on the boulder. Her expression changed from impartial to anger as

she slammed the base of the handle into the stone, pushing herself up and off the large rock. Rising quickly, she walks after the retreat of the scared Hiccup, spinning and tossing her axe from one hand to the other in doing so.**

"Oh, you are in so much trouble," Snotlout said happily. "This is going to be glorious."

ASTRID (CON'T): No one just gets as good as you do. _Especially_ you. Start talking!

Hiccup began to stammer as he tried to think of a valid reason for his incredible improvement . Astrid doesn't relent in her pressuring, determined to wring every last bit of his secrets out as she transfers her axe back into her left hand.

ASTRID (CON'T): Are you training with someone?

HICCUP: Uh, training? I, um-

ASTRID: It better not involve this.

Astrid angrily grabs the projecting shoulder pad of Hiccup's riding suit, lifting him up a little bit. Hiccup in response raises his hands slightly, trying to get her to calm down and offer some sort of 'explanation'.

HICCUP: I-I know this looks really bad, but you see this is a â€¦

"I hate it when I get pressured like this," Hiccup groaned.

"Sorry, but I really wanted to know," Astrid explained.

Toothless looked at the two with wide eyes, like he'd never do that.

"Don't give me that. I'm almost certain you've done that before," Hiccup said. "And I'm sure you'll do it again."

Toothless gave a couple of sulky growls and lay his head facing away from the two.

"Must run in the family," Rider mused, receiving a slap from Speedstrike's tail for her trouble.

The sound of a thick tree branch creaking and groaning catches Astrid's attention as she reached back to bring Hiccup back in front of her. She gasps as she hears the mysterious noise, losing her grip on Hiccup's suit and dragging his unbalanced form to the ground with a yell. She steps on and over him as she walks towards the strange noise, Hiccup starting to panic.

HICCUP (CON'T): Uh â€¦ you're right. You're right. You're right.

He releases a very nervous chuckle as he gets to his feet, stammering as he tries to regain her attention and distract from the hidden being.

****HICCUP (CON'T):** I æ| I-I-I'm through with the lies. I've been making æ| outfits.**

"Okay, that is a shocking excuse, even for you," Delta said.

"I'm sorry, ok?" Hiccup replied.

"Take it easy on him. He was under more stress than usual," Guardian defended.

"Exactly," Hiccup said, grabbing on to Guardian's reasoning. "What she said."

****He** leans down as he grabs her arm, hoping to direct Astrid's away from the creaking noise. She doesn't detour, though. Instead she continues to walk forwards, peering towards the other side of the Cove.**

****HICCUP (CON'T):** So you got me. It's time everyone knew.**

****Hiccup** stands in front of Astrid, a hand on her shoulder pad, intending to block her way. Astrid, however, tries to lean left and right to see past the stammering boy. Hiccup then grabs her empty arm and places it on his chest, hoping that she buys his tale and grabs hold, dragging him back to the village.**

****HICCUP (CON'T):** Drag me back, go ahead. Here we go.**

****She** finally looks straight at him again, getting a hold of his hand and pulling it backwards. His arm cracked loudly as he gave a cry of pain, the motion sending him to the ground.**

****HICCUP (CON'T):** Why would you do that?**

All the Vikings cringe as the cracking sound rang out through the room.

"Stoick, remind me not to get the lass angry," Gobber whispered to the chief, Stoick nodding in reply.

"Just like her uncle," he whispered back.

****He** tries to get back up, but Astrid sweeps her leg up and into his mid-region, sending him back to the ground.**

****ASTRID:** That's for the lies. And _that's æ|_**

****She** then drops the base of her axe handle onto his gut, causing another cry from Hiccup. The axe bounces back up off his collapsed form neatly into her grasp.**

****ASTRID:** æ| for everything else.**

"But he didn't lie," Thorong responded. "He made an outfit, he just never said what it was for."

"And this is why I don't like your logic half the time," Rider said to him, getting an unconcerned shrug in response.

****A** draconic growl out from nearby startles Astrid. The Viking girl

tenses up quickly and Hiccup groans worryingly, knowing what â€| or rather _who_, made the noise. Astrid brought her axe up in front of her, ready to strike if needed. **

HICCUP: Oh man.

Toothless looks up from his resting spot in between the massive roots of a tree, his intense green eyes falling upon Astrid. His head rises, along with his ears, as his eyes widen with another growl. Astrid gives a frightened gasp and spins around, pinning Hiccup, who had just gotten back up to his feet, back down to the ground.

ASTRID: Get down!

Toothless roars as he springs forth, leaping onto a small boulder and pushing off with immense speed to attack Astrid. Astrid screams at Hiccup as she rolls over and gets to her feet.

ASTRID (CON'T): Run! Run!

Astrid brings her axe up, ready to swing. Though determined to hit, her expression shows fear and fright behind the commitment. Just as Toothless soars over the boulder between the Viking teens and the Night Fury, and as Astrid begins her arcing swing in an attempt to end the life of the legendary dragon, Hiccup springs in between the two and dives at Astrid's weapon.

HICCUP: No!

"Since when could you move so fast?" Snotlout asked with surprising interest.

"Since I had very little weight on me," Hiccup said matter-of-factly. "Perk of being small."

His action brings Astrid and her axe to the ground, making her miss her opportunity. However, he also pushes her out of the way of the angry dragon landing right where she was just before. Hiccup wrenches the axe out of her grip and flings it away before fluently turning and placing himself between the Astrid and a very angry Toothless, his teeth extracted and his eyes slits.

HICCUP: No! It's okay! It's okay!

He takes a step back as Toothless, wings raised to look even bigger, lunges forward again and again, but doesn't fight past Hiccup due to not being able to get at the girl without getting him as well. His first reassurance was to Toothless before looking at Astrid and giving her the second, holding out a hand to both to back one off and keep the other from moving. Astrid's eyes are wide open in shock and fear as Hiccup turns around again, both hands reaching out to Toothless.

Astrid plants a quick kiss on Hiccup's cheek.

"I never really thanked you for that, so thank you," she whispered to Hiccup.

"Um â€| no problem," Hiccup stammered, his cheek blushing

fiercely.

She quickly tries to scarper to her feet while his back is turned. Hiccup's voice is much more calm as he tries to settle down the Night Fury.

HICCUP (CON'T): She's a friend.

Toothless drops down to all fours and lowers his wings, but that doesn't stop him from growling at the Viking girl. He tries to push past his rider as he turned to face Astrid, still trying to get at the girl.

HICCUP (CON'T): You just scared him.

ASTRID: I scared him?!

"You scared a dragon? Can you teach me to do that?" Tuff asked excitedly.

"It's a dangerous thing, scaring a dragon," Check warned.

"No duh, that's why we want to do it," Ruff replied, a lot of exasperated sighs released upon this.

Astrid went to back away a couple more steps before freezing, realising what had been said.

ASTRID (CON'T): Who is "him"?

Hiccup looked unsure of what he should say, before straightening off Toothless and introducing the two. The Night Fury began to rise slowly with a fierce rage across his face.

HICCUP: Uh â€¦ Astrid, Toothless. Toothless, Astrid.

"Formal. Short and sweet," Thorong observed. "Not the best for that situation, mind."

Toothless leans forward slightly and snarls at Astrid. Astrid looks fearfully at the dragon before dropping her gaze to Hiccup. She gives him a small confused and betrayed shake of her head, then skipping back a couple of times and ran away from dragon and rider. She turned tail towards the exit, running back towards the village. Toothless pulled up in an unamused and indifferent face as they both watched her retreat.

HICCUP (CON'T): Da da da, we're dead.

Toothless rolled his fore joints and plopped back down on four feet, turning and walking off in the other direction. Hiccup turns around, annoyed, just in time to see Toothless walking off.

HICCUP (CON'T): Whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa, whoa. Where do you think you're going?

"I know that voice," Gobber recalled. "Just what are you going to do?"

****The image changes to Astrid sprinting through the forest, taking quick panicky breathes. She turns her body to look behind to the Cove before turning back and climbing the massive tree trunk fallen across her path. She pauses for a half-second, before springing off again. However, before she could land again as she was expecting to, a large black scaled paw grabbed her arm and lifted her off the ground with it. Her screams and cries grew as she was flown higher and higher off the ground and trees that she should be traveling through.****

"I â€¦ I don't remember this â€¦" Astrid muttered sheepishly.

"That's because this is the point that everything changes," Thorong explained.

****ASTRID: Oh, Great Odin's ghost! Oh, this is it!****

****Her nearly breathless words gathered into one large long scream as she gripped onto the paw that abducted her, desperate not to fall. Hiccup and Toothless carried her to a lone, tall tree without any treetops to leap down safely to, Toothless dropping her atop one of the highest branches. Her frightened cry as she briefly falls through the air is cut short when she catches herself on the live wooden support. But she is unable to rise up to her feet as she is thrown unbalanced when the pair of Viking and dragon land atop the tree, bending the tip over on its side, including the branch Astrid was hanging from. Looking down, Astrid could see the large stretch of water from the Cove far below her, but she tried to put on as brave a face and voice that she could.****

"I never thought Astrid could get so scared," Fishlegs said. "It just doesn't suit her."

A lot of murmuring and squawking, mostly agreeing, follow his comment.

"Um â€¦ I'm kinda glad this didn't happen," Hiccup muttered.

"Same here," Astrid replied quietly.

****ASTRID (CON'T): Hiccup! Get me down from here!****

****Toothless still looked down at her angrily, teeth bared and eyes narrowed.****

****HICCUP: You have to give me a chance to explain.****

****ASTRID: I am not listening to anything you have to say!****

****Astrid slowly began to shuffle over towards the trunk of the tree, in an attempt to further the chance for her to hold on.****

****HICCUP: Then I won't speak. Just let me show you. Please, Astrid.****

****Astrid took a glance down towards the ground before making her mind up. Straining as she did so, she pulled herself up onto the branch, letting out a huff to blow the bangs out from her eyes. As she raised a hand to pull herself onto Toothless, said dragon hissed at her causing her to retract her hand. ****

"Oh, why couldn't you be nicer to her?" Hiccup asked Toothless, the dragon giving him a big lick.

"Probably because of her reactions before," Midnight suggested, a hand across her chin.

She put her hand onto the connecting rod for Toothless' tail, steadying herself to keep balanced. Astrid then placed one foot on top of Toothless' paw, getting ready to hop on. She knocked back the hand Hiccup held out for her, before pulling herself up on the saddle sitting just behind Hiccup. Hiccup looked behind at Astrid with care and worry as she looks around anxiously. Her voice now has lost its brave, fierce edge and has become clouded with uncertainty and fear.

ASTRID: Now get me down.

HICCUP: Toothless, down. Gently.

Toothless shook his head around a bit and spread his wings, eyes wider than they were before.

HICCUP: See? Nothing to be afraid of.

**As Hiccup is reassuring Astrid, Toothless' eyes become narrowed again. His expression becomes grim and vengeful. **

"Oh, I don't like that look," Gobber, Astrid and Hiccup all say at the same time.

The large wings of the Night Fury rise up and push down with tremendous power, springing off the tree with speed. The force took both Vikings by surprise; Hiccup giving a jolted yell and Astrid screaming all the way up whilst trying desperately not to fall off the back of the saddle.

HICCUP (CON'T): Toothless! What is wrong with you?! Bad dragon!

Toothless finally levelled out his ascent to the clouds, looking a bit more relaxed. But only a bit. Astrid flailed her limbs around a bit, trying to find something to hold on. As it was, she ended up putting her arms loosely around Hiccup as she tried to catch her breath.

HICCUP (CON'T): He's not usually like this.

**Toothless then tucked his wings back in towards him and rolled over, lining them all up for a long dive. **

HICCUP (CON'T): Oh, no.

Astrid screamed again as she gripped tighter on to Hiccup, Toothless flipping upside down and hurtling down with his back towards the sea. He flipped back over right side up just as they splashed into the choppy sea, shooting back out and bouncing atop the waters twice more.

"You have quite a set of lungs on you, Astrid," John said

absentmindedly, Astrid blushing profusely from embarrassment.

****HICCUP (CON'T):** Toothless, what are you doing? We need her to like us!******

****Toothless** then pulled up and headed into another steep ascent, barrel rolling higher and higher, causing more cries of fear from Astrid as she clung on.******

****HICCUP (CON'T):** And now the spinning. Thank you for nothing, you useless reptile.******

The Vikings and dragons couldn't help but laugh at Hiccup's dry humour, even in the face of the repercussions that could result if he fails.

****Toothless** pulled out of the spiralling and dove down once again, this time spinning and twirling in every which way. Astrid looked around them scared before burying her head into Hiccup's back.******

****ASTRID:** Ok, I am sorry! I'm sorry. Just get me off of this thing.******

****Toothless**, hearing her scared apology slowed down his spinning before stretching out his wings, ending their quick descent. The sudden halt in speed and movement produced a final jolted cry from Astrid.******

****Now** Toothless has brought them up into a nice, steady glide, hardly moving his wings as he now happily soared through the skies. ******

"Is that really all you wanted?" Stoick asked stunned, like the other Vikings. "You just wanted an apology?"

"If that's what had happened, yes," Delta answered for the dragon.

"Why do you have to be so difficult?" Hiccup muttered, Toothless crooning at him.

****Hiccup** gave a quick cautious glance behind him at Astrid, who's eyes were still closed, as Toothless flew higher up ever so gently. Astrid opened her nearly teary eyes at the scene around her, before straightening and taking a much more disbelieving and wondered look at the rosy clouds at sunset. Toothless flew closer to one of the clouds, inviting Astrid to reach out a hand to 'touch' it. She took a small frightened look at Hiccup before extending one hand to the cloud. As it passed through, the feeling of it all began to bring a cheerful smile back to her face. ******

The Vikings were extremely surprised at this stage. Not only were the skies not how they thought they were, they were already captivated by the beauty of the heavens. They were also stunned by the pure happiness on Astrid's face, few remembering the last time they saw it.

****She** sent both hands passing through the clouds soon after, her face filled with happiness and bliss, just like Hiccup's was. Toothless

passed through a gap between the fluffy reaches of the heavens and looped up, breaking through and above the clouds to the starry night sky beyond. An aurora shone in the clear sky, taking Astrid's wonder overboard. She placed a hand on Hiccup's side, a happy glance from Hiccup showing his hidden joy inside. Toothless glided them gently through the heavenly shine of the aurora, bringing them closer to the mountainous region that is Berk. **

Lots of open and ecstatic faces had lit up on the Vikings faces, the dragons looking on the sight with a sense of remembrance and longing.

A break through the clouds revealed Berk at night, the many fires and torches twinkling warmly and bathing the village in a fiery glow. Astrid's face lit up at the sight like a young Viking child at Snoggletog. Toothless looked back at her in happiness, with an air of smugness, as she wrapped her arms around Hiccup's torso, placing her head down on his shoulders. Hiccup first froze at the contact, before relaxing and enjoying the moment. The sky, the wind, the touch of Astrid holding on to him, each and every part a piece to enjoy and treasure.

Toothless gently declined, gliding with the two down in front of the two large statues alit with fire in their mouths leading the way to Berk. They could all look upon Berk at night in all its splendour, before Toothless rose back up into the night sky. The wind blowing through both teens hair as they look around themselves. Astrid finally looks convinced at what Hiccup has been trying to show her.

ASTRID (CON'T): Alright, I admit it. This is pretty cool. It's â€| amazing. He's amazing.

"I can't believe I missed out on all that," Astrid declared breathlessly.

"Neither can I, to be honest," Hiccup agreed with her.

Astrid gave Toothless a gentle pat on the side, something the Night Fury was happy to accept now.

ASTRID (CON'T): So what now?

Hiccup gave a short sigh as Astrid realised what it meant for him going into tomorrow.

Realization slowly dawns upon the Vikings again as they realise what's in store for Hiccup the next day.

ASTRID (CON'T): Hiccup, your final exam is tomorrow. You know you'll have to kill a â€|

She looked down and stopped short of saying aloud what she was going to, instead whispering it to Hiccup. In the background, a soft buzzing call can be heard around them.

ASTRID (CON'T): â€| kill a dragon.

HICCUP: Don't remind me.

****Toothless' pupils turn to slits as the call takes hold of him, the Night Fury turning and dropping into a premeditated flight path. The sudden movement causes both teens to cry out in alarm for a second.****

****HICCUP (CON'T): Toothless, what's happening?****

****Toothless flaps quicker as his expression turns more wild than anything.****

****HICCUP (CON'T): What is it?****

The dragons all start hissing and squawking in alarm, trying to block out the noise of the buzz, the call.

"It's okay, it's okay," Thorong said, trying to calm them down. "It won't affect you here. It's not a direct noise. It can't take hold."

The Vikings watch on, some starting to get anxious.

"What's happening to them?" Fishlegs squealed, shrinking down as much as he could.

"You'll find out soon," Night answered grimly.

****Toothless roared in what might have been a response, before many more dragon roars and growls came from all around them. A Nightmare flew extremely close to them as they became encircled within the thick fog that is Helheim's Gate.****

****HICCUP (CON'T): Get down.****

****Both pressed themselves down onto the black scaly body of Toothless as the Nightmare passed, paying no attention to them at all. It looked dead straight in front of it, dangling a large fish caught in its talons. Soon a Nadder and another Nightmare came into view, both with creatures held in their claws and talons. Toothless slightly veered in the opposite direction for each one, avoiding contact with both. A multitude of different species of dragons poured forth from the fog, carrying their prey from what seems to have been a previous raid. ****

"So many dragons â€|" Stoick whispered to himself. "Wait â€|" could this mean â€|"

****Hiccup and Astrid spoke in hushed tongues to avoid being heard out by the large group of dragons.****

****ASTRID: What's going on?****

****HICCUP: I don't know. Toothless, you gotta get us out of here, bud.****

****Hiccup placed a hand on Toothless' head, but the Night Fury just shook it off and ignored Hiccup's voice. The two Vikings look fearfully around at the dragons surrounding them. One that they focus upon is a large Nightmare with a dead boar clutched in its talons.****

****HICCUP (CON'T):** It looks like they're hauling in their kill.**

****Astrid** tightened her grip around Hiccup's waist as she leant a little closer.**

****ASTRID:** Uh â€¦ what does that make us?**

The Vikings swallow nervously as they wonder the same thing.

"Stoick, they're going to be alright, right?" Gobber asked his friend, Stoick not acknowledging the question.

'_It must be,'_ Stoick thought. '_The nest â€¦'_

****The** constant croons and screeches call out from the dragons as the echoing buzz that has transfixed them sounds from all around. A yellow and red Zippleback notice the human pair and eye them with both heads, but do not more than that. Just in front of them due to the limited vision within the veiled fog, Hiccup and Astrid can see the dragons ahead dive down towards the water, which they soon take with Toothless. Both looking scared and with Astrid giving a frightened yell, they plunge down with Toothless weaving between sea stacks, following the same path as all the other dragons. As they duck under one sea stack, a large active volcano looms overhead, small streams of lava bleeding out from side vents and a point at the top. They only get a moment to take in the eerie environment before the vast amount of dragons close in around them, all heading towards the same entrance in the volcano. Both teens cry out as they enter the tunnel of the side vent, the only light other than the night sky behind them is the red warm glow of fire and lava ahead. They exit the tunnel into a large chamber, rocky stacks rising from the red mist below with ledges for the dragons to rest upon. Toothless peers around him with anticipation and wary, while the Vikings are wide-eyed with terror and curiosity.**

****HICCUP:** What my dad wouldn't give to find this.**

A clamour of voices erupts from the Vikings.

"That's the nest?!" Snotlout shouts.

"We can easily take that," Spitelout cheers. "They wouldn't stand a chance."

****As** the dragons soar over the large gaping void beneath them in the centre of the chamber, they drop all the food that they brought in with them down into the mist, vanishing as the fiery glow consumes them. Once they have finished their drop-off, they then fly off to one of the ledges available to lie down on and wait. Toothless veered off in the other direction to most of the group, taking refuge on one of the higher ledges and hiding behind the thick stone stack they reside upon, able to watch the whole proceedings.**

****HICCUP (CON'T):** It's satisfying to know that all of our food has been dumped down a hole.**

****ASTRID:** They're not eating any of it.**

"Storage, perhaps?" Gobber suggested, though not entirely convinced. Everyone else is wondering just why they don't eat it, while the dragons watch on fearfully.

****Their attention is caught by a lone Gronckle, buzzing as it flies somewhat disorientated towards the large gaping void that all the other dragons have since dropped their prey into. The Gronckle shakes around a bit before opening its mouth, regurgitating a small fish into the misty abyss. It then proceeds to scratch itself just behind the head as a low resonate growl emits from the warm haze below. The Gronckle stops scratching at the angry noise and slowly tries to fly away. Suddenly, a gargantuan dragon head lunges forth from the abyss and swallows the Gronckle whole as it growls feebly one last time. The titanic jaws snap close around the Gronckle, bringing an end to its life. The presence and appearance of such a creature stuns the two humans still inside the volcano.****

The dragons in the room all roar and shriek in terror, looking around paranoid and in pure fright. The chaos of it all results in the G.M.A.D. members throwing lots of dragon nip into their area. The pleasant smell and lure just enough to override the fear of the gargantuan beast and lulling them into a short nap. Just enough to make them miss the following events in the nest.

****ASTRID: What is that?***

The same question burns in the minds of the Vikings.

"Hey Fish, what is that?" Ruff asked the intelligent boy. "You must have seen it somewhere in that book."

"Nope," he answered shivering. "There's not a single mention of any dragon like that."

****All the dragons shy away from the edge as the Gronckle falls, desperate to not be seen and meet the same fate. The massive head withdraws back into the abyss, its throat vibrating as it growls on the way down. Hiccup and Astrid slowly back as the head comes back up, roaring and searching with its eyes for something.****

****HICCUP: Alright bud, we got to get out of here â€|****

****The large dragon head started sniffing the air, picking up on something it shouldn't.****

They all begin to stiffen, knowing what it was the dragon was trying to find.

****HICCUP (CON'T): â€| now.****

****Toothless takes off like lightning, barely avoiding the titanic jaws smashing down and consuming them all. The dragon snaps down on air as the trio join the flurry of dragons trying to escape the pit and consummation. The forelegs of the giant rise up as it climbs higher, taking another bite at the Night Fury and Vikings. Instead of bearing its teeth through all three, it picks up an unfortunate Zippleback that flies across just as the fangs crunch down. The giant rears back down into the abyss, dragging its prize down with it but unable to catch the ones it wanted most of all.****

The Vikings release a heavy sigh of relief. So they weren't meant to lose two of their young up-and-coming Vikings to the terror in the volcano. But still, what sort of a threat could such a creature possess.

* * *

><p>All three are brought back into the Cove under the cover of the night sky. Astrid is trying to make as much sense of how everything just panned out in front of their eyes.

ASTRID: No, it totally makes sense. It's like a giant beehive. They're the workers and that's their queen. It controls them.

"Are there other dragons like that?" asked Stoick, concerned for his people.

"Kind off," replied Midnight. "But they aren't close enough to do anything to you."

All the Vikings let out a sigh of relief at that statement. One of those is enough in their eyes.

As soon as they touch down, Toothless being back to his normal self, Astrid jumped out of the saddle and took a few steps towards the exit.

ASTRID (CON'T): Let's find your dad.

HICCUP: No! No.

Hiccup slid off the saddle and ran after Astrid, jumping in front of her to stop her.

HICCUP (CON'T): No, not yet. They'll kill Toothless. No â€| Astrid. We have to think this through carefully.

Toothless nuzzled his head against Hiccup, getting a laugh from the boy.

"Okay, bud. I love you too," he replied as he rubbed the dragon's head.

"Hey, what about me?" Astrid smirked at the pair, Hiccup responding by giving her a kiss.

"I love you too, Astrid," Hiccup chuckled as the smirk left her face.

Astrid spared a glance in Toothless' direction before looking back at Hiccup as he slowly walked with his back to her.

ASTRID: Hiccup, we just discovered the dragons' nest, the thing we've been after since Vikings first sailed here, and you want to keep it a secret? To protect your pet dragon? Are you serious?

Hiccup stopped and turned around to face her. His face was as serious as it's ever been as he gave her his answer.

****HICCUP: Yes.****

****Astrid's eyes widened in surprise at his response as she finally realized what he is, why he has done what he has. ****

All the Vikings also had their eyes opened at this. Okay, they had seen him train a dragon. They had seen the steely determination he needed to hold that. But this, this was more Stoick than anything. This was the representation of who his family was.

"If you had any doubts about if that boy was your son or not, that there puts them to rest," Gobber whispered to Stoick, the big chief silently nodding in agreement.

'_Maybe I was too quick to judge,_' Stoick contemplated. '_That's it â€¦ I've seen what they are capable of and I've seen enough reason for Hiccup's actions. I'll take him back as my son.'_

****Hiccup's eyes dropped from hers to the ground, agonisingly trying to think of what to do. Astrid's voice become much softer as she saw the person Hiccup was.****

****ASTRID: Ok. Then what do we do?****

****HICCUP: Just give me until tomorrow. I'll figure something out.****

****ASTRID: Ok.****

****Astrid looked down to the ground as well before side glancing at Hiccup. She put on an angry face as she swung at his arm, before returning neutral afterwards.****

****ASTRID (CON'T): That's for kidnapping me.****

"I don't care how good you are, Hiccup," Wolf chuckled. "You were never going to avoid that punch."

Astrid spun around to look at him, raising her fist. "Does that mean you'd like one too?"

"Uh â€¦ no thanks."

****Hiccup rubbed the spot that she punched him on. He turned around to Toothless who was drinking out of the lake, motioning that he didn't understand why she did that. The dragon just flicked his head at the boy and continued to drink. ****

"Way to show your understanding, bud." Hiccup said dryly, Toothless chortling at him.

****Hiccup turned back around again just as she nervously brushed the hair out from her eyes, before she grabbed the front of his suit. Hiccup cringed, expecting another hit. Instead, she brought him closer to him and planted a small kiss on his cheek, taking him by surprise.****

The action also stunned nearly every single person and dragon in the room. Okay, they had seen her kiss him out here, but the fact that she was going to anyway? That was what took them out of it.

"S-so â€¦ I was going to kiss him regardless?" Astrid asked, a little taken back.

"Of course you were!" Rider shouted happily. "Why wouldn't you?"

"I-I guess we kinda sorted it out ourselves â€¦" Hiccup stammered before Astrid hugged him and curled up closer.

"I guess we did," she whispered happily to him. "I'm just glad that this means this was supposed to happen.

Snotlout looked at the screen with his jaw hitting the floor. The twins saw this and snickered to each other.

"Looks like someone isn't happy with the way of things," Ruff sung, lifting herself out of her seat.

"Yeah, love has never looked kindly to this fine fellow," Tuff added, looking at his fingers in a high almighty fashion.

"This â€¦ this can't be what was supposed to happen!" Snotlout yelled. "She was supposed to be mine!"

"Face it, Snotty. She was never going to like you. Ever." John said, glaring at the boy. Snotlout crossed his arms and grumbled to himself, though still looking at the screen.

****ASTRID (CON'T): That's for â€¦ everything else.****

****She had a hand over her chest as she looked from side to side nervously, before turning and walking towards the exit. She took one final glance behind her at Hiccup before taking off at a jog, disappearing into the shadows and darkness of the forest. Hiccup watched her go, completely stunned by the fact that she just kissed him. His mouth drew up into a small smirk, before he looked at the ground with a content expression. Toothless came up behind him with his big green eyes and looked at where Astrid just disappeared to before looking and warbling at Hiccup.****

****HICCUP: U-Uh-W-W-What are you looking at?****

****They both turned their heads back to the last spot they saw Astrid as she disappeared into the forest, heading back towards the village.****

Stoick stood up and walked over to Night.

"Do you mind if we stop it here for a bit?" he asked her. "I have something I'd like to say."

Night nodded, Stoick straightening and walking to the front of the theatre.

"Can I have everyone's attention?" Stoick said loudly, drawing all the attention to him. His eyes dropped to where Hiccup, Astrid and Toothless were sitting in the audience.

"Hiccup, can you come up here for a second?" he asked quietly. Well,

quieter than usual.

Hiccup looked uncertainly at the G.M.A.D. members, each of them silently gesturing at him to go to Stoick. He slowly rose to his feet and walked towards the chief, one who was looking upon him with pride and warmth. As Hiccup reached the front, he stood with a bit of a gap between himself and Stoick, but the chief put out an arm and pulled him in front of him.

"Now I know this is a bit abrupt and all, and also that this is a choice I made myself," Stoick began, looking at everyone, "but I think that with what we've seen, there won't be too many objections. This boy, Hiccup, has done more than any of us would ever have deemed possible. He has managed to find some peace with these dragons, in a war that has lasted for three hundred years. He has shown us what world can be opened to us if we live side-by-side with one another. And he has also shown us what terrible fools we were."

A lot of murmuring agreements came from the audience. Hiccup, unsure of where this was going and unused to having this kind of attention on him, tried to shrink himself down. But Stoick, feeling this, gave him a warm pat on the shoulder and placed each hand on the shoulders of Hiccup. He waited until the murmuring finished before continuing.

"So I've decided to take back Hiccup as my son," he announced, getting quite a few different reactions. "Which means, if there are no objections from the council, that Hiccup will no longer be branded a traitor and an outcast. He will once again be a Viking of Berk!"

A calamity of cheers erupted from the Vikings as Hiccup looked up with surprise at Stoick.

"Are you serious, Stoick?"

"Yes I am, son," Stoick said as they walked back to their respective seats. "I was a fool. I was blinded by anger. But you have shown that you are a Haddock. You are my son, and you are one of us."

"Thanks â€¦ dad," Hiccup said before heading back to Toothless and Astrid, the latter happily holding him as soon as she can.

"Stoick!" Mildew shouts as he stands up, supported by his staff. "This is an outrage! The boy even knew about the nest and still didn't tell anyone!"

"But as you can see, Mildew, he kept it from us to protect us," Stoick replied forcefully. "Who knows what would've happened had we gone there instead?"

The G.M.A.D. members all look at each other, not sure how the next event will leave them all feeling after this.

* * *

><p>AN: So there you go, the beginning of the end.**

**I have the suspicion that some of this won't add up or connect well, but I'll deal with that another time. Really, I just want to get back into the swing of things as I haven't worked on this for a

while. I did also start the reactions from the end, so that also might explain some things.**

Now to business. There is something that I will be doing which I was suggested by a guest under the name "bearybeary". They asked a while back if I would be doing some chapters later on showing what would've happened had we not gotten there in time. I have decided that I will do this, but I need some help from you all. What I ask you is, do you want these bonus chapters to be on the end of this, or to be put in a new story? Again, I have a poll on my profile, but you can also say yes or no in the reviews if you can't.

As I mentioned earlier, I will try to upload a chapter a day until Christmas Day (or Eve depending on where in the world you are), and there is a reason for me doing so. I wonder who can guess why ...

As for the last chapter and those that weren't too impressed with it, I need to say this. I'm pretty sure that I did mention I was doing so, and that I was using some of the plot for a follow up story for the G.M.A.D. Obviously, it won't get posted up on here, but you get the idea.

Hopefully you guys remember the drill. Fav and/or follow if you haven't. Please comment your thoughts in the reviews, constructive criticism welcome, yadayadayada ...

Next chapter: Trial by Fire

Finally, I have a new story up and running as well. It's called "Dragon Knight, Flames of Starlight". Feel free to check it out if you're interested.

That's all for now. See you all tomorrow.

15. Trial by Fire

A/N: Next update, just as I said. Let's see just how long this lasts.

Two milestones achieved to tell you about. Firstly, 200 favs! Second, over 50,000 views! Thank you all so much!

Responding to united88's review (I would've PMed you, but it was disabled)(I probably would've said something regardless on here): As for the last chapter, yes the chapter did come up twice, as was pointed out by a few people. Don't ask me how it happened, I can only assume that it was a glitch with the website. I have fixed it up, so the however many people that saw it with double chapter can now just read the single thing. I said that badly, but oh well ...

Also, this chapter isn't going to be as heavily reaction filled as other chapters for two reasons. 1. I didn't get a lot of ideas that actually fitted with how I had set things up. 2. Unless I had done things from a different perspective, there wasn't going to be a bountiful source of options waiting for me regardless. Hopefully, you'll all be able to see what I was at least trying to do with what I have.

****Please fav and/or follow if you haven't, post your comments in the reviews or PM me if you desperately want to. Constructive criticism is welcome.****

****Here's the next chapter. Enjoy!****

****_Disclaimer: I do not own How to Train Your Dragon, any of the characters in that franchise (they are owned by Dreamworks) or any characters in this story, apart from Storm, Thor/Thorong, Erthain and Thanatos._****

*** * ***

<p>Chapter 13: Trial by Fire.

****The arena is surrounded by every single Viking present on Berk. Banners of red, orange, blue and green are hung up on large poles, all depicting Vikings slaying dragons in some way, shape or form. The day of the final exam is here, the day for Hiccup to slay the dragon and become equal in the eyes of all. The Vikings are cheering and chanting a miraculous racket, but they don't care. This is the most anticipated moment for a Viking teen, and for the whole village.****

The dragons have awoken from their induced slumber, some recognising the event and growling quietly, others still sleepy enough to not realise. The usual heightened spirits of the Vikings at such an occasion are dampened a bit due to the weight behind Hiccup. They could see now how it affected him, but how he chose to do what he did regardless of the hefty price either way.

****CROWD: Hiccup! Hiccup! Hiccup! Hiccup!****

****They all face the ledge overseeing the arena, statues and pillars out front as Stoick stands in the centre of it.****

****STOICK: Well I can show my face in public again!****

****He heartily laughs along with the cheering crowd before raising a hand out to ask for silence.****

****STOICK (CON'T): If someone had told me that in a few short weeks Hiccup would go from, well, being â€| ah â€| Hiccup, to placing first in dragon training, well I would have tied him to a mast and shipped him off, for fear he'd gone mad!****

"Looking back now, not the best thing to say," Gobber mentioned, Stoick nodding sadly.

****The crowd laughed and cheered at his comment, some hooting as he worked the crowd well in his speech.****

****STOICK (CON'T): And you know it!****

"Well â€| he works the crowd well at least," Wolf said.

"Yeah, not many can do that now," Delta added.

"Guys, not helping," Guardian whispered harshly.

****Stoick chuckled heartily along with the crowd as he straightens his helmet, the clamour dying down again.****

****STOICK (CON'T): But, here we are. And no one is more surprised or more proud than I am.****

****Hiccup is standing in the entrance tunnel into the arena, holding his helmet from his mother in his hands. Axes, bludgeons and swords hang from the wall, not picked for today's planned bloodshed. Listening to the heartfelt speech from his father, he feels the words as they hit. The meaning that they are meant to carry, the reason his father thinks he has become the way he has, they hit him like a brick wall. In his face, you can see that he feels like he has let his father down, by withholding his discovery and his knowledge up till now.****

"I never meant for it like that, son," Stoick said. "I was just proud of what I'd thought you'd achieved."

"I know, dad," Hiccup replied.

"But that doesn't mean I'm not proud of you now," Stoick added, almost fumbling on his words. "You've done more than anyone here could ever do."

"Thanks dad."

****STOICK (CON'T): Today, my boy becomes a Viking. Today, he becomes one of us!****

****Stoick's proud face shines more as the crowd cheer the end of his empowering speech. Inside the tunnel, Astrid walks in from the open gate and stops just behind Hiccup, running her hand along the stone wall. ****

****ASTRID: Be careful with that dragon.****

****Hiccup watches as the chief, his father, makes his way through the crowds towards his seat.****

****HICCUP: It's not the dragon I'm worried about.****

'_He was scared of his own father,'_ Stoick thought, a touch of sadness sweeping in with an edge of outer despair.

****ASTRID: What are you going to do?****

That was the one question burning in all their minds. Would he do the same as he did, or was there a new approach he was meant to take.

****She runs a hand through her bangs and down the side of her face absentmindedly as she too watches Stoick.****

****HICCUP: Put an end to this. I have to try.****

****Astrid's hand drops at Hiccup's words, her expression turning to worry and concern. Hiccup's turns a bit grave to as he turns to face his crush, the only other person he has shown his secret to.****

****HICCUP (CON'T):** Astrid, if something goes wrong, just make sure they don't find Toothless.**

****ASTRID:** I will. Just, promise me it won't go wrong.**

"It won't, will it?" Astrid asked, looking fearfully at everyone. No one wanted to say anything, lest they be wrong.

She looks anxiously at the G.M.A.D., neither of them wanting to say anything either. She then wrapped herself around the boy in question.

"It just can't," she whispered to herself.

"It won't, Astrid," Hiccup said as assuring as he could with the situation.

"You promise?"

"I hope so â€|"

****Her expression almost becomes desperate, wanting to hear the response she desires. Hiccup opens his mouth to reply, to give her his response, but is unable to as Gobber plonks around the corner and stops anything Hiccup was about to say.****

****GOBBER:** It's time, Hiccup. Knock 'em dead.**

****Hiccup takes one last glance at Astrid before facing the arena, a horn of his helmet in each hand. Breathing in and out, he slowly walks past his mentor and into the cheering crowd calling his name over and over. As he walks under the gate, he places the helmet on top of his head, the cheers of the crowd growing as he sets foot in the arena. Gobber steps inside the tunnel and closes the gate, snaring Hiccup inside with no way out. The rest of the teens, not including Astrid, are happily cheering and chanting from just outside the exit tunnel.****

****SNOTLOUT:** Yeah! Show 'em how it's done!**

****CROWD:** Hiccup! Hiccup! Hiccup! Hiccup!**

"It's sad," Kura mumbled.

"Yes. Either he must kill a dragon and go against himself, or refuse to and risk losing his people," Sakura furthered. "And now there's no way out."

****The crowd of Vikings continue to loudly chant Hiccup's name as he slowly walks to the centre of the ring, a board filled with various weapons and shields awaiting him. Looking around at the crowd as he walks, some Vikings have prompted to climbing part of the arena to get a better view. A multitude of fists rise and fall with each syllable chanted by the numerous bulky people. Stoick watches his son's approach with great interest, sat upon his great stone chair. On his right is Elder Gothi, a kind, frail smile spread along her face. To his left, only just arrived from before is Gobber, watching the young boy with excitement and anticipation.****

****When Hiccup reaches the weapons board, he reaches down and grabs a shield with Stoick's face side on, a red background behind it. For his weapon, he nervously grabbed a tiny dagger, one similar in size and shape to his own one. Both Stoick and Gobber find Hiccup's choice in weapon to be strange, as is shown in both their expressions.****

****STOICK: I would have gone for the hammer.****

"But the knife won't do any damage," complained Tuff.

"Why else do you think he chose it?" Fish asked the male twin, who looks around with some sort of a thoughtful expression before staring blankly at him.

"Ugh! Hiccup chose the knife because it wouldn't cause any damage," Fishlegs explained.

"He was never going to hurt the Nightmare," Midnight added.

"Oh," Tuff said, thinking about it for a second. "Where's the fun in that?"

****Hiccup looks at the ground for a moment, trying to gather his focus and mindset before taking a deep breath, being as prepared as he will ever be for the challenge ahead.****

****HICCUP: I'm ready.****

****A few Vikings begin pulling back a rope, pulling apart the beam holding the gate locked and the dragon inside. Hiccup jostles slightly and gulps, his nervousness clearly showing. As the beam creaks into its final spot, the metal gates slam open as the lit Nightmare burst through, roaring and screeching at all in its wake. Parts of the inside gate had already begun to liquidate from the tremendous heat from within, fuelled by the furious and blazing Monstrous Nightmare. It leapt from the arena floor to the wall, zigzagging up and down quickly as it ran before climbing to the bars and unleashing a stream of fire straight at the crowd. Those in the way parted sideways, the powerful shot passing through the gap and scorching the metal it struck. The Nightmare climbed higher up the arena, putting out the flames that coated its scales as it clung and traversed the chain roof above, pausing for a moment before elegantly dropping down in front of Hiccup, eying him with yellow slits for eyes. The crowd hushed and leant in, apart from a few Vikings, but it was clear that everyone was ecstatic.****

Now with what they had seen, the Vikings saw bloodlust. Yes, that's fine for Vikings, but not when between two that can be so much more.

****VIKING #1: Go on, Hiccup. Give it to him!****

****The Nightmare crawled slowly towards Hiccup, growling intimidatingly as it stared him down. Hiccup began to move back, dropping both dagger and shield to his side before raising both hands over the Nightmare's snout. Stoick watched his son's actions with confusion.****

****STIOCK: What is he doing?****

"So it was always going to be the same," Gobber deduced, looking around at everyone.

"Well, not quite," Check admonished.

The crowd looked on confused too, some saying their opinions to those around them.

VIKING #2: Madness.

Astrid, having not left the tunnel, tried peering in with concern at what Hiccup was doing, or trying to do. The Nightmare snarled again at Hiccup as he tried to calm it down even further.

HICCUP: Hey, it's okay. It's okay.

The Nightmare, constantly growling, took a look at Hiccup's head and narrowed its eyes again. Hiccup, following the dragon's eyes to the helmet, slowly placed his hands on the metal and took it off his head. He took a quick glance to the crowd and his father, before returning his attention to the Monstrous Nightmare.

HICCUP (CON'T): I'm not one of them.

"You don't have to be a dragon slayer to be a Viking," Hiccup said quietly. "So why now?"

Hiccup tossed his helmet to the arena floor beside the Nightmare, to the collective gasps of the Vikings. The Nightmare turned back to look at Hiccup, its eyes much more open and curious than before. Stoick slowly began to rise out of his chair at his son's actions. The gasps, combined with the startled and surprised comments from the crowd had a scared Astrid glancing every which way around the arena.

VIKING #3: What's he thinking?

Stoick had fully gotten out of his grand seat now, Gobber glancing between the chief and the arena.

STOICK: Stop the fight.

HICCUP: No. I need you all to see this.

Hiccup extended a hand out towards the Nightmare, which focused its attention on the hand and slowly moved towards the boy.

HICCUP (CON'T): They're not what we think they are.

His hand got closer and closer â€|

HICCUP (CON'T): We don't have to kill them.

The surprised and startled Vikings looked to their chief for guidance, who rose up and roared loudly.

STOICK: I said, stop the fight!

He brought his hammer down hard, bending the bar which it hit. The metallic clang did its job, though. It startled the Nightmare enough to send it back into its aggressive, defensive state again. Just centimetres from having contact with Hiccup, it instead tried to snap his arm off as the pupils turned back to slits. The Vikings shout as it opened its mouth, this time firing another stream of fire chasing after Hiccup, the boy yelling as he ran away from the inferno.

"So it's my fault the Nightmare attacked," Stoick said hoarsely.

"You acted like anyone else would've at the time, old friend," Gobber said, placing a hand on his shoulder. "It's nothing to be ashamed of."

Back in the Cove, a lying down Toothless perks up as this all happens, hearing and sensing Hiccup's distress and danger.

"Oh no â€|" Hiccup and Astrid said simultaneously.

The Nightmare continued to chase Hiccup around the ring as he stumbled over, arms flailing about as he runs with all he can. Nearly all the Vikings can only stand and watch. Stoick, however, decided to take matters into his own hands, pushing his way through the crowds.

STOICK (CON'T): Out of my way!

Astrid, still inside the tunnel, ran to the gate and pushed her head through, screaming for the boy trapped inside.

ASTRID: Hiccup!

She ran in the tunnel and grabbed one of the single sided axes off the wall, using it as a wedge to lift the gate up just enough for her to push herself underneath and into the arena.

"Why?" Hiccup whispered. "Why does she come in after me?"

"Do you really need to ask?" Astrid asked just as quietly. "I guess real me wasn't going to let you fight alone in there either."

Back in the Cove, Toothless is frantically trying to claw and scale his way up the rocky ledges encasing him. Pieces of rock chip off the stone as he leaps up higher and higher, roaring desperately to get out and go to Hiccup. One paw reaches the top of the Cove, the claws digging into the dirt and grass above.

"He sure is determined, isn't he?" Fishlegs admired.

"They had a really strong connection, even then," Night pointed out.

In the arena, Hiccup is still outrunning the Nightmare, ducking under another stream of dragonfire as he ran to the weapons board. He picked up a shield and tried to hold it above him, but the Nightmare barrelled through the board and shattered the shield as it charged down Hiccup.

**Running through the forest, Toothless is roaring in order to spur

on further, leaping off a fallen trunk and flapping his wings in order to get to his rider quicker. As he lands and runs again, sheer determination and anger has consumed his expression as he speeds through the wilderness.**

"No, no, no, no, no," Hiccup repeated to himself over and over as he watched, Astrid trying hard to calm him down. Kura got up and went over to them, trying to help Astrid in her self-appointed task.

Stoick has made it to the outer gate of the arena, wrenching it open with pure strength. The Nightmare still chases Hiccup around, but it seems to be catching up. Astrid can only stand inside and watch.

ASTRID: (CON'T): Hiccup!

She looks to the destroyed weapons board and rushes over to it, kicking up a hammer and catching it mid-spin. Using her momentum, she hurled the weapon at the Nightmare, the blunt object striking the Nightmare hard and bringing it to the ground momentarily. It allowed Hiccup to escape from the Nightmare, but now its targets were set on Astrid. Fear took hold as she sprinted away from the dragon, slipping just less than it was. Stoick got to the gate and wrenched it open, motioning for the teens to come to him.

STOICK: This way!

**Astrid slid as the Nightmare overshot with its next flame breath, Hiccup yelling as it fired. Both teens began to run towards the chief. Astrid made it first, Stoick taking her and putting her beside him. Holding out a hand for Hiccup, he came agonizingly close before the Nightmare sent an inferno after Hiccup, missing the boy but hitting the left side of the gate. **

The Vikings gasp and the dragons screech, both afraid that it may end worse than before.

Stoick brought his body in front of Astrid's to protect her from any of the blast, but all Hiccup could do was turn and run the other way, taking the Nightmare away from them. He tripped over as the Nightmare leapt off the wall after him, curling up and avoiding the large claws that pinned him down underneath the dragon. It lowered its head, ready to finish Hiccup off. Gobber watched on in shock, but was brought around as the ear-whistling of the most legendary dragon known to Vikings grew louder and louder, coming from behind. The Vikings try to turn around as Toothless leaps high off a flight of steps, shooting a plasma blast right onto the meat bars and blasting his way into the arena. The impact on the arena threw those nearby out of the way as Toothless dove in, the insides shrouded in smoke. The ones thrown back clamour to the arena's edge, trying to get a glimpse into what's happening.

**VIKING #4: Someone get in and help him! **

From within the smoke, the flapping of wings both great and small can be seen through the smoke. The sharp claws pinning Hiccup in place are lifted from him as the Nightmare is drawn out of the smoke by Toothless, who is finally revealed to them all in its tussle with the other dragon.

****GOBBER: Night Fury!****

Toothless flattens himself down, covering his face with his tail. He crooned sadly, not wanting to go through the event again.

****The two dragons fight tooth and claw as Toothless is thrown to the ground by the Nightmare, followed up by it trying to snap its jaws down on something of the Night Fury's. Toothless fends it off with his paws, eventually twisting the neck and kicking the larger reptile off him. Both hiss and roar at each other, the Nightmare trying to push around Toothless to get to Hiccup, but the Night Fury fending it off each time. The Viking teens watch stunned as Toothless gives one last roar to the Nightmare, the large dragon scampering off in defeat.****

"Hang on. Didn't you say that the Nightmare was better than the Night Fury?" Ruff asked Snotlout.

"Hmph, yeah I did," he snorts, crossing his arms over his chest.

"Then why did it lose again?" Tuff sneered as he pointed to the screen, getting no answer in response.

****Hiccup gets to his feet and runs to Toothless, trying to push him away and tell him to leave, though Toothless does not want to move.****

****HICCUP: Ok, Toothless, go. Get out of here.****

****The Vikings cry as they jump into the arena, weapons armed as they seek to engage the legendary dragon. Toothless eyes them all, eyes darting every time a new one enters the arena and ignoring Hiccup's pleas for the Night Fury to leave.****

****HICCUP (CON'T): Go, go!****

****Stoick looks to the weapons on the wall and grabs an axe, running in too.****

****ASTRID: Stoick, no!****

****HICCUP (CON'T): Dad, he won't hurt you!****

****Toothless' eyes zone in on the chief, focusing on him as the next target. Stoick growls, teeth bared, as he goes to charge down the Night Fury who, in kind, is running to attack the chief, tossing and swatting all other Vikings that get in front of him.****

"If he won't hurt Stoick, why did he charge at him?!" Mildew yelled from the back.

"Simple; Viking charging at you with a weapon. What do you think he's going to do?!" John shouts, glaring at Mildew.

"He was just protecting Hiccup," Thorong reasoned. "That's the main reason he did what he did."

****HICCUP: No, don't! You're only making it worse!****

Toothless pounces on Stoick as they tumble, Stoick on his back and his helmet knocked clean off. Toothless, pinning him down from on top, struggles against Stoick's attempts to get him off.

HICCUP (CON'T): Toothless, stop!

They continue to fight, Toothless rising up and hissing the familiar hiss of a shot about to be fired. Stoick's face changes from anger to fear as the Night Fury charges up, about to fire.

HICCUP (CON'T) No! No!

The green gas in Toothless mouth is swallowed as he turns around to the boy, sadly crooning at him.

VIKING #5: Get him!

A weapon is thrown at Toothless, striking him on the head and taking his weight off Stoick. Spitelout comes over and lifts up Toothless' head before pinning it closed on the arena floor, two more Vikings coming over and helping to hold the dragon down.

The Vikings all sigh in relief, having to face the prospect of nearly losing their chief again.

HICCUP (CON'T): No, no! Just please don't hurt him!

Hiccup tries to get to Toothless, but he is stopped by a worried and afraid Astrid, holding him back as Stoick gets to his feet.

HICCUP (CON'T): Please don't hurt him.

"This is when it all changed â€¦" Stoick realised. '_What did I do this time?'

Toothless growls sadly as Hiccup half-heartedly struggles against Astrid's hold. All the Vikings either watch on from above or inside the arena while Gobber leads the Nightmare back into its pen. An axe is offered to Stoick, who looks angrily at the Night Fury. Toothless, in kind, glares back at the chief who pushes the axe away.

STOICK: Put it with the others.

"At least there was no attempt to kill him afterwards this time," Gobber said, trying to look at the bright side. He convinced a few people, but not many.

* * *

><p>The door to the Great Hall is shoved open, the insides dark and cold instead of the warm, joyous nights when they all gather there. Hiccup is thrown through the door, followed in by a very, very angry Stoick.

STOICK: I should have known. I should have seen the signs.

"So someone else had done this before?" Astrid questioned, no one daring to answer her.

****The chief pulled back the door behind him, slowly boiling over as he walked past Hiccup.****

****HICCUP: Dad?****

****STOICK: We had a deal!****

****Hiccup looks more hurt than ever as he tries to at least explain to his father.****

****HICCUP: I know we did. But that â€¦ that was before I â€¦ Oh, it's all so messed up.****

"That's a bit of an understatement," John said bluntly before being shushed by Night.

****Hiccup runs his hands through his mop of hair, scared and afraid as the big hulking figure in front of him, his father, the chief, has his anger ignited.****

****STOICK: So everything in the arena, a trick? A lie?****

"Trick, perhaps," Thorong said. "Lie, no."

"Begging your pardon, but how is it not a lie?" Spitelout asked.

"Simple. No one asked how he got so good or what he was doing to do so," Thorong explained. "As such, he wasn't lying to anyone, as no one until Astrid attempted to do so tried to find out why."

"And then he told the truth," Rider added, smiling at the boy and girl.

****Stoick turned his back on Hiccup again as he tried to offer his side of the tale.****

****HICCUP: I screwed up. I should have told you before now. I just â€¦ y-y â€¦****

****Hiccup took a few steps towards Stoick before beginning his plea.****

****HICCUP: Take this out on me, be mad at me, but please, just don't hurt Toothless.****

****STOICK: The dragon?****

****Stoick turned around swiftly, his cape swinging out as he does so.****

****STOICK (CON'T): That's what you're worried about? Not the people you almost killed?****

"I don't know which of these I'd rather have happen," Gobber said.

"I'd rather none of this did," Stoick said sadly, most Vikings and dragons nodding in agreement.

****Stoick took some menacing steps towards Hiccup, staring down at him as he tried to defend his friend.****

****HICCUP: He was just protecting me! He-He's not dangerous.****

****STOICK: They've killed hundreds of us!****

****HICCUP: And we've killed thousands of them!****

"So some of the points are still the same?" Hiccup asked.

"Yes, you can't truly change every single detail, but you can affect the timeline greatly," Thorong explained.

****Stoick straightens and sighs irritatingly at the conversation. He begins to pace back and forth across Hiccup as he explains.****

****HICCUP: They defend themselves, that's all! They raid us because they have to. If they don't bring enough food back, they'll be eaten themselves. There's something else on their island, dad. It's â€| It's a dragon like you've â€|****

****Stoick's eyes light up at the mention of an island, realization slamming into him like a ten tonne Gronckle.****

****STOICK: Their island? So you've been to the nest?****

"Oh no â€| why do I have to say too much?!" Hiccup yelled, jolting the nearby Vikings.

****Hiccup and Stoick slowly step towards the exit, Hiccup nervously realising the point his father's menacing presence has driven him to say.****

****HICCUP: Did I say nest?****

****STOICK: How did you find it?****

****HICCUP: What? No, I didn't. Toothless did. Only a dragon can find the island.****

"Why can't I deal with the pressure?" Hiccup moaned.

****Stoick's eyes widened as it came to him, what they'd have to do to reach the nest and take it out. Hiccup grew desperate as he saw his father tactically making his plan, the Viking plan, of how to take out the nest.****

****HICCUP (CON'T): No, no, no. No, Dad. No, please, it's not what you think. You don't know what you're up against. It's like nothing you've ever seen.****

****Stoick grunts as he shoves his way past Hiccup, pushing him aside as he walks to go outside and give the orders.****

****HICCUP (CON'T):** Dad, please. I promise you, you can't win this one!******

"We're actually going after that thing?!" some of the Vikings cry out, the dragons looking really worried.

"Remember, Stoick didn't know about the queen," Sakura reminded. "There's no way he could have counted on it being there."

****Stoick ignores his son's words as he keeps walking, Hiccup growing more afraid and desperate.****

****HICCUP (CON'T):** No, Dad. No.******

****Hiccup began to chase after his father, desperate for him to listen and stay away from the hell in that nest.****

****HICCUP (CON'T):** For once in your life, would you please just listen to me?!******

****Hiccup grabs onto Stoick's arm in a feeble attempt to hold him back, only to be flung to the ground for his troubles. Hiccup stared frightened as the chief stands in the doorway looking back at him.****

****STOICK:** You've thrown your lot in with them. You're not a Viking â€|******

A look of horror begins to cross Hiccup and Stoick's faces.

'_Don't tell me I â€|'_ Stoick thought to himself.

****Hiccup takes a few heavy breathes as he waits for his father to finish.****

****STOICK (CON'T):** â€| You're not my son.******

****Stoick spins around and walks to the doors, leaving a shocked and stunned Hiccup on the ground in the hall. ****

Nearly everyone in the room gasped at Stoick's words on screen. Hiccup felt like he did all over again, curling up into a ball. Astrid, shocked, wrapped her arms around him to comfort the boy, trying hard not to cry herself.

"So after all that, I still disown him anyway â€|" Stoick spoke, his voice drained from the sentence.

'_OF COURSE YOU DID! DID YOU REALLY EXPECT ANYTHING ELSE?_' came from the depths of his conscious, the same grim, evil voice from before.

'_Get out. I'm not in the mood to deal with you now,_' Stoick sighed in his mind, the shadow parting with a deep ominous laughter.

****He grabs hold of one of the handles as he bellows his orders.****

****STOICK (CON'T)** Ready the ships!******

****Stoick slams the door behind him, leaving Hiccup slumped in defeat inside. The chief takes a few steps outside looking back on what was said before his face lights up in anguish, the weight of what he had said and done hitting him fully. However, he suppressed those feelings and took on his stoic composure as he left to load the ships.****

"So we really are facing that monstrosity â€|" the Vikings murmur, their hearts no longer with their spirit.

* * *

><p>Dragon head shaped battering rams are lead through the gate and pushed down the long descending ramp to the port.

****VIKING #1: This way.****

****They are given a fair bit of room apart as they slowly traverse the ramp to war. Group of Vikings walk up and down the ramp, the port incredibly busy as items, baskets, rams and weapons are transferred on and between ships. Some of the fleet had already sailed off from the ports, anchoring just out of the way so that other ships could be loaded up. The ships already docked off where full to the brim with Vikings, weapons and the like. Vikings were tossing bunches of weapons to each other and onto ships, while others were helping to encase Toothless in a barred and chained system, a wooden ring placed around his neck to reduce movement and the chance to escape and a leather strap around his mouth, muzzling the Night Fury. Toothless tugged hard on the chains and ropes, trying to pull free, but the bars around his body prevented him from moving up far. From above on the ramps and platforms, Viking children and elderly watch the proceedings, children scared and Elder Gothi worried.****

The young Viking children hold on to their family, afraid to lose them to the beast in the nest. The parents cling on tightly, afraid that they may not return from the voyage.

****Toothless struggled continuously as his platform is hoisted up into the air, watched on from afar by Hiccup. He looks on sadly as his best friend is deposited against his will on a ship, roaring and growling for freedom. As soon as his platform touches the ground, Stoick jumps onto the ship, giving orders once again.****

****STOICK: Set sail! We head for Helheim's Gate.****

****The ships begin to pull out as Stoick looks up and sees Hiccup standing alone on the highest platform in the docks. He looks gruffly at his former son and turns around, heading to the front of his ship. As he passes Toothless, the two glare at each other angrily.****

****STOICK (CON'T): Lead us home, devil.****

****With that, Stoick stands at the hull while Toothless finally sags down, defeated. Hiccup watches as the fleet pulls out of Berk, heading for desolation and fire within Helheim's Gate. ****

The faces of all the Vikings in the room are either grim or scared, the devil residing in the nest falling into all minds. Suddenly Gobber, a thought dawning upon him, stood up and addressed the

audience.

"What's wrong with the lot of you?"

Everyone looked stunned as they turn to face him.

"Why should we care if we won't come back or not? We're Vikings!" he shouts, raising his hook into the air. "And whether against the wall or not, we've always wanted to fight. Am I right people?!"

A loud cheer erupts from the Viking half, his words ringing true to their fiery spirit.

"And even if we've been down and out, we'd still fight with our all until the end! An attack is an attack! So why should we back down now?!"

A thunderous eruption bellows out from the Vikings, their cheers almost blowing the roof off the theatre. The dragons roar their approval as well, the determination and fighting spirit of the Vikings enough to give them hope that maybe the queen can be defeated after all, freeing them from enslavement. Night leans next to Rider as the members watch on amused.

"Remind me not to take him into a war," she whispered to Rider.

"No promises," Rider laughed. "He rallies the troops well, at the very least."

The seas morph from all the ships sailing towards the gap of two sea stacks to emptiness, Hiccup standing in exactly the same place. He looks depressed and miserable as he thinks more and more of what they have entered. An equally miserable Astrid, though also worried for Hiccup, walks up behind hand stands next to him. Hiccup turns away from her, avoiding eye contact with the Viking girl. They both stand there looking out at the calm seas, until one finally talks.

The heightened spirits of the room are suppressed for the moment as the more solemn and emotional scene sets in.

ASTRID: It's a mess. You must feel horrible. You've lost everything: your father, your tribe, your best friend.

HICCUP: Thank you for summing that up.

"You people really need to work on your pep talks," Guardian sighed.

"I'm not good at this sort of thing," Astrid said. "I just hope that I have better later."

Astrid stops as his sarcasm carries more this time. Pain, sadness and loss come out as well, lowering what was left of Astrid's spirits.

HICCUP (CON'T): Why couldn't I have killed that dragon when I found him in the woods? Would have been better for everyone.

**ASTRID: Yep. The rest of us would've done it. So why didn't

you?**

They seem to have some idea as to why, Gobber's words earlier on speaking out now.

Astrid looks at the boy, firstly with sad curiosity. But after seeing that there is something behind it, her expression becomes more yearning.

ASTRID (CON'T): Why didn't you?

HICCUP: I don't know. I couldn't.

Hiccup turns away again from Astrid, but she keeps pressing for the answer.

ASTRID: That's not an answer.

HICCUP: Why is this so important to you all of a sudden?

ASTRID: Because I want to remember what you say right now.

"I really do," Astrid confirmed. "I want to remember everything that you do from now till the end."

She places a kiss on his lips, warming his spirit a bit. Hiccup pushed back briefly before they broke apart.

A strangeness mixes in with her curiosity as Hiccup's anger starts to show. Anger over every single thing that has happened over the last however many days.

HICCUP: Oh for the love of æ| I was a coward. I was weak. I wouldn't kill a dragon.

Astrid latched onto the different use of word, seeing it as maybe a sign. A crack in his defence.

ASTRID: You said "wouldn't" that time.

HICCUP: Whatever! I wouldn't! Three hundred years and I'm the first Viking who wouldn't kill a dragon.

"Where on earth did I get that from?" Hiccup asked.

"Maybe a gift from the gods?" Gobber suggested.

"Or maybe just who you've been all along," Astrid said, smiling lovingly as she nestled her head into his chest.

The slight movement of Astrid's eyebrow shows that she isn't entirely convinced with Hiccup's irritated logic as he turns around once more, hurt and miserable.

ASTRID: First to ride one, though.

Hiccup's face shot up as she said that. The piece, that single fact, that could change the whole perspective of things.

****ASTRID (CON'T): So?****

****Hiccup bounced his head a bit, finally deciding to give in to Astrid.****

****HICCUP: I wouldn't kill him because he looked as frightened as I was. I looked at him and I saw myself.****

"Just like you said before, Gobber," Stoick said, placing a hand on the blacksmith's shoulder.

****Astrid was taken aback by the reason behind Hiccup's inability to slay a dragon. Their eyes met before he became downcast again, though contemplating things a lot more.****

****ASTRID: I bet he's really frightened now.****

Toothless crooned sadly, still holding his tailfin in front of his face. Hiccup put one hand under the fin and lifted it up, revealing the Night Fury's face.

"Come on, bud," Hiccup spoke softly. "It's not the end of the world. We can still get you back."

Toothless leaned forward and rubbed his head against Hiccup, the boy laughing as he scratched the dragon on the head.

"There's my dragon," he laughed, Toothless crooning happily at him.

****What are you going to do about it?****

****She looks more expectantly at him than anything as he tries to think. He shrugs and gives a vague idea.****

****HICCUP: Eh, probably something stupid.****

"You've already done that," Astrid smirked, Hiccup laughing at her.

****ASTRID: Good, but you've already done that.****

The others laugh along too as she said exactly what she would've. They also thought it was a bit true, but in a good way instead of bad. So they were all laughing with one another, not at one.

****Hiccup becomes more like his old self as it hits him. What he needs to do.****

****HICCUP: Then something crazy.****

****He points a finger at Astrid, showing that he knows what needs to be done, before turning and running off towards the main parts of the village.****

****ASTRID: That's more like it.****

****She turns into a happier, determined person as she runs off after Hiccup, willing to help him whatever he does.****

"That's my dragon rider," Astrid said, kissing Hiccup again. The boy pushed back again, this time lasting longer than before.

"And you're my brave Valkyrie," Hiccup stated as they broke apart, Astrid blushing at the compliment.

* * *

><p>AN: Two out of five done. Three more in the run up to Christmas!**

Hope you all liked that. There was, as I said before, some difficulty with the reactions, but we got there in the end.

Also guys and girls, I need your answers for the poll! Answer on my profile or in the reviews if you can't. Question is, Do you want the bonus chapters for WTM in a separate story, or with the fic? Let me know your preference.

As per usual, fav and/or follow if you haven't and you like. Reviews are most welcome, and so are PM's. Constructive criticism is welcome.

Next chapter: If This is to End in Fire ...

See you all soon!

16. If This is to End in Fire

A/N: Yeah ... sorry. This chapter's reactions gave me a bit of trouble. That and I'm upset with what's been happening with someone ...

***shakes head* Anyway, Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year. Yes, I know it's late, but still ... This is another shorter than I'd like chapter, but you'll understand why at the end.**

Also, in response to the guest that asked about me doing a watching fic for Sleeping Beauty and the like: It is an interesting idea, but I'm afraid it doesn't necessarily appeal to me at the moment. I'll keep it in mind though. An also thank you to everyone else who reviewed.

And time for another milestone. Passed 100,000 words. I'm actually quite surprised it's gotten to such length. And still more to go. But I'll let you inspect this chapter first.

Please fav and/or follow if you haven't and you like this. Also post our thoughts in the reviews. Constructive criticism is most welcome.

Enjoy!

Disclaimer: I do not own How to Train Your Dragon, any of the characters in that franchise (they are owned by Dreamworks) or any characters in this story, apart from Storm, Thor/Thorong, Erthain and Thanatos.

* * *

><p>Chapter 14: If This is to End in Fire
â€|**

The Viking-full fleet from Berk have already reached the thick wall of fog, the edge of Helheim's Gate. Entering one after another, they slowly sail through the visibly restricted realm, carefully avoiding the low and tall sea stacks capable of shipwrecking multiple ships in the hazardous path. Stoick's ship leads the fleet, Stoick standing at the hull with Gobber.

STOICK: Sound your positions. Stay within earshot.

In the room, the Vikings tense up in anticipation, anxious to see just how the war will end. A dragons watch on in caution, recognising that the two big possibilities for the end of the war makes for a lose-lose situation. Either they lose the nest and are hunted down, or the Vikings are slain and they still have to serve and suffer under that tyrant.

The Vikings on his ship pass on the message, organising their distances and placement.

VIKING #1: Here!

VIKING #2: One length to your stern.

While the whispering and talking happened behind them, Gobber looked over at Stoick as the chief peered through the haze.

GOBBER: Listen, Stoick, I was overhearing some of the men just know and, well, some of them are wondering what it is we're up to here. Not-not me, of course. I-I know you're always the man with the plan. But some, not me, are wondering if there is in fact a plan at all and what it might be.

"Oh, yes. Well done, Gobber," Stoick congratulated sarcastically. "You were incredibly inconspicuous and subtle with that. Everyone would believe that you meant that."

"So I guess my sarcasm does run in the family," Hiccup observed.

"Most things do," Rider said.

"Well, I'd say that depends â€|" Thorong remarked, looking at Rider who huffed in response.

Gobber takes his hand off his hammer hand questioningly, Stoick with a slow fury burning within.

STOICK: Find the nest and take it.

Stoick's jaw dropped as some of the Vikings chuckled heartily.

"Of course, Stoick," Gobber replied, patting Stoick on the back. "That's why you answered my rambling."

****GOBBER: Ah. Of course. Send them running.****

****Stoick turns to look at Toothless imprisoned whilst Gobber continues his ramblings.****

****GOBBER (CON'T): The old Viking fallback. Nice and simple.****

****Stoick hushed his blacksmith friend and leaned closer to Toothless, the slow ebb of the buzzing reaching out to him. His ears extend out, vibrating at every click of the call, the sound of the nest. ****

The dragons shake their heads, attempting to be rid of the controlling call forever.

****His eyes slowly widen, pupils already slits as he searches for the call. Stoick gets up and walks towards the helm, lightly shoving a couple of grunting Vikings on his way.****

****STOICK: Step aside.****

****The Viking at the rudder steps down, allowing Stoick to take control. Just as he grabs hold and Gobber reaches the helm, Toothless head shoots up, pointing towards the right. Stoick veers the ship to starboard, guiding it and the fleet through the labyrinth of sea stacks. Toothless then looks to the left, Stoick changing and veering to port. Men at the hull of the following ship stand by waiting for instructions.****

****VIKING #3: Bear to port.****

****The directions are passed down through the line as the fleet progressively makes its way through Helheim's Gate.****

"I'm wondering why we never thought of that sooner," Spitelout said, scratching his beard.

"Yeah â€¦ it seems so obvious now," Gobber added, stroking his moustache.

"Actually, it would've been harder to do," Fishlegs pointed out. "Out of all the dragons we had, the only one that could've easily been transported along with the numbers and weapons would've been the Terrible Terror. And, as far as I'm aware, we don't have anything that would've been able to cage the Terror without limiting its directorial ability."

"Do you mind if we don't talk about dragon enslavement?" Guardian asked, looking at the dragons sincerely. The three close their mouths, returning their attention to the screen.

* * *

><p>Hiccup is standing inside the arena, looking at the thick locked doors of the Monstrous Nightmare pen. He turns around at the unexpected noise of company.

****FISHLEGS: If you're planning on getting eaten, I'd definitely go with the Gronckle.****

**Fishlegs stands with his hands on his hips. Ruffnut, Snotlout and Astrid have their arms crossed, while Tuffnut is flexing. **

"Hey! Stop flexing!" Snotlout complained. "I'm the muscle here!"

"Well as you can plainly see, we can hit with a tonne of wallop," Tuff said, pointing at his twin sister who attacks him from the side. Ruff throws Tuff to the ground and stands triumphantly on top of him.

"Yeah, and I'm the one who hits like a boy," Ruff gloated, getting off her brother who stood back up.

"Yeah â€| well, you look like a boy," Tuff retorted, snickering at Ruff's angry face.

Hiccup is unable to hide his shock at the group standing before him. Tuff shoulders past Ruff as he walks towards Hiccup.

TUFFNUT: You were wise to seek help from the world's most deadly weapon.

He waves his hand mysteriously between them both as Hiccup is stumped by his statement.

TUFFNUT (CON'T): It's me.

"You see that this fine fellow agrees with me," Tuff smirked, holding himself high.

"You realise that that is you?" Fishlegs inquired.

Tuff turned around, looking at the screen.

"Oh yeah â€| wait, how am I in two places at once?"

Snotlout palms Tuff off as he stands before Hiccup, pumped up.

SNOTLOUT: I love this plan.

HICCUP: I didn't â€|

"Finally! A plan!" Fishlegs cheered as he stood up, before nervously sitting back down under the strange looks shot by the Vikings.

"Why can't we just go in with weapons swinging?" Snotlout moaned.

"You'll see why shortly," Delta answered.

Ruff socks him in the jaw as she stands in front of Hiccup, an accusing expression plastered upon her.

RUFFNUT: You're crazy.

She glances back before letting her face go dreamy.

****RUFFNUT (CON'T): I like that.****

"No! You cannot have!" Rider yelled, jumping to her feet. "Cannot have! Cannot have!"

The other girls and John got up and chanted along with her. Thorong, Check, Delta and Wolf all just look at each other amused at the boy and girls' actions.

****Astrid flings her away as Hiccup sighs out in relief at the rescue.****

****ASTRID: So, what is the plan?****

"When did I get so popular?" Hiccup asked surprised.

"Is it such a bad thing to be?" Astrid asked, pretending to be hurt.

"Not when it's like that," Hiccup answered happily, both teens smiling warmly at each other.

****Hiccup looks at the group gratefully before smiling thankfully at Astrid at bringing them.****

* * *

><p>The fleet continue to navigate their way through Helheim's Gate, each ship following in single file. An old shipwrecked Viking ship looms into view, hanging from and resting upon a large sea stack. Concerned whispers meet the sight, the fallen brethren from previous journeys springing to mind.

****VIKING #1: That's not really encouraging.****

Everyone looks at the wrecked ship grimly, a stark reminder of what awaits them in the gates of Hel. The shadows of the figures seem to flicker, but return to their assumed forms.

****Stoick and Gobber look on from the helm as they drift along slowly.****

****GOBBER: Oh â€| he â€| I was wondering where that went.****

****The creaking and groaning of old wood echoes around them, the battered ship an ominous sign for what awaits them at the nest. It is followed by the solid whack as the mast hit the dragon's head of the broken ship. ****

"May Odin protect us all," Stoick muttered, only Gobber hearing him. The belief of the Vikings now lost to sight as the build-up and anticipation for the fight takes hold. But in their hearts and their fighting spirits, they still believe they can come out on top.

****Toothless still directing the ship imprisoned, head raised as he looks from left to right due to the ships movement. Stoick pulls hard on the rudder, jerking the ship suddenly to starboard and avoiding an impact with a rocky structure. The buzzing draws ever louder as they edge closer and closer to their target. Suddenly, Toothless starts**

thrashing, his head going every which way, chains and metal clanking and banging. Gobber and Stoick tense up, ready for the upcoming battle.**

The Archipelago dragons cringe as the buzzing gets louder and louder, but do not get taken over due to the transmissive alteration.

STOICK: Stay low and ready your weapons.

Gobber nods an affirmative just before they run aground, much to the annoyance of the initially disgruntled Vikings. Stoick and Gobber move from the stern to the hull, Toothless thrashing and pawing inside his captivity due to the call of the nest. Looking up the rugged, rough, volcanic mountainside, a red tail is spied draped over one of the ledges before quickly slithering away. The ghost of a triumphant smile breaks through Stoick's beard as he concludes the analysis.

STOICK (CON'T): We're here.

Stoick vaults over the ship, landing crouched on the pebble and stone ground, the scattered sound ending the buzz and click of the nest. Stoick looks both sides, smiling in anticipation as the rest of the fleet pull up behind him.

* * *

><p>Hiccup's hand holds just over the coal red scales of the Monstrous Nightmare. The dragon sniffs the air delectably as Hiccup slowly leads it out of the pen, calm and entranced instead of blazing and furious. All the teens watch on with giddiness and awe, except for Snotlout who is getting anxious and nervous the closer the Nightmare comes.

The Vikings weren't completely surprised that he was able to tame the Nightmare, but they still looked on awestruck that it could be done. But then again, this is the kid that tamed a Night Fury.

"I'm sorry I ruined your chance to tame him the first time," Stoick said.

"It's okay dad, really," Hiccup replied.

**Twitching and fiddling, he bends down and scoops up the spearhead on the arena floor, old Viking habits coming as he slowly rises with weapon in hand. He is stopped by a slap from Astrid, gently berating him and making him place the spearhead back down on the arena floor. **

"We need to make sure that place is clear of weapons next time," Hiccup muttered.

Hiccup backs up to the group, Nightmare following suit as he reaches back for Snotlout's arm, the boy making nervous noises and coming close to freaking out.

**SNOTLOUT: Wait! What are you â€|? **

**HICCUP: Relax â€| **

A snort from the Nightmare causes Snotlout to jerk back, Hiccup grabbing his arm again.

HICCUP (CON'T): It's okay. It's okay.

**Hiccup moves Snotlout's trembling hand over the top of his and takes his hand away, putting Snotlout's around the horn of the Nightmare's nose. It began purring affectionately as soon as contact was made, Snotlout looking all the more excited and amazed. **

"I still can't believe a dragon would want to go with him," Fishlegs said.

"Come on, who wouldn't want to be with me?" Snotlout said, raising his eyes in a flirting matter at Astrid, who just turns her head away.

He laughed stunned for a moment before Hiccup walked to the wall of the arena.

SNOTLOUT: Where are you going?

HICCUP: You're gonna need something to help you hold on.

Hiccup pulls up a coil of rope as the rest of the group turn to see the Nadder, Gronckle and Zippleback looking at all of them.

"Wait, I have the feeling we've met them before," Tuff said, squinting at the screen.

"Uh, duh. We saw them in the arena," Ruff replied.

"Oh yeah," Tuff said, pleased and sitting normally before something else comes to his mind. "Wait, no. More recent than that."

"Actually, you're right," Fishlegs said looking closer at the dragons.

"Aren't they the same dragons you all got in the ruins?" Gobber asked.

"Hey yeah â€| so does that mean we get the same dragons?" Astrid asked, brightening up. "Do I get Stormfly?"

Stormfly chirped happily, looking at Astrid who was looking back at her.

"You'll have to wait to find out," Wolf said evilly.

"So we're flying? Of course we're flying," Hiccup deduced.

"Flying?!" exclaimed the twins. "Yeah!"

* * *

><p>Vikings sharpen the points of sticks, thrusting them into

the ground to use as wooden stakes to prevent dragons swooping down from above. Catapults are rolled into position and loaded as armed Vikings march up to the volcanic wall.

The battle preparations and formation arrangements bring the Vikings into a tempered flame. Nearly all of them lean forwards in their chairs, one palm clenching over the other hand in a fist and grim determination alight in their eyes. The dragons eye the proceedings curiously, intrigued as to how Vikings handle their fighting strategies.

****Drawn in the ash covered ground with a sword is the Vikings plan of attack. A triple pronged rush with catapults shooting overhead, all aiming to break through the wall.****

****STOICK: When we crack this mountain open, all hell is going to break loose.****

****GOBBER: In my undies. Good thing I brought extras.****

Everyone in the room apart from Gobber and the young children groan at the statement, some even gagging. The little Vikings children giggle and laugh, while Gobber looks bamboozled

"That's gonna stay with me for a long time," Wolf moaned.

"Well â€¦ I'm feeling sick now," Check groaned.

"Gobber, can you stop talking about your undies? It's not a good subject," Midnight asks.

"Why? I feel comfortable about it," Gobber answered, the Vikings shaking their heads in irritation.

****Spitelout and the other leading Viking shake their heads in exasperation, Stoick taking no notice of the statement.****

****STOICK: No matter how this ends, it ends today.****

'_But just how does it end?_' the Vikings can't help but wonder.

****Rows upon rows of Vikings stand, waiting for the orders of the chief. He holds a big meaty hand up, open palm and facing the wall. As soon as he clenches his fist, the catapults fire, flinging the big boulders at the mountain wall. Boulder after boulder strikes the wall, chipping away fragments and cracking the outside. One finally manages to break through, the impacted wall crumbling away into rubble. ****

The dragons flinch as their home opens up, the walls breaking apart. The place they lived in, even under terror and despair, still their home.

****Stoick walks up to the opening as the Vikings cheer, his shield up and hammer in hand. A lust for battle masks his face as he stares into the dark void beyond. The hammer face opens up to the invading Vikings, a smirk on Stoick's face as he rolls it forward. A tweed and rope covered boulder is struck alight and flung into the void, illuminating the insides for the attackers. Thousands upon thousands**

of dragons line all around the walls, some screeching and flapping as the fireball flies through the tunnel.**

"So many dragons, even in such a small area," Gobber said, gobsmacked.

"I wouldn't call it small just yet," John murmured.

Stoick bellows out a war cry as he charges headlong into the mountain, swinging wildly at anything that moved. A surge of frightened screaming and flapping met him as all the dragons fly out of the mountain into the skies before them. The Vikings outside swing, stab and attempt to bash the dragons, but succeed as Stoick did in missing every single target out there. Stoick watches from within as the last of the dragons exit the mountain, flying out over the Berkians and the fleet, fleeing the mountain and Helheim's Gate. Toothless watches the escape from the ship, warbling with fear as he shrunk down, the squawking and screeching dragons flying away in terror in any given direction.

GOBBER: Is that it?

He and some other Vikings look on confused, before he gives a big shrug and walks back down from the opening. Stoick strides out into the open as a voice shouts out from the force.

VIKING #4: We've done it!

The Vikings in the room can't help but cheer in the face of the victory, even if the foes no longer seem like enemies.

An eruption of victorious and triumphant cheers bellow out from the Vikings, all bar Stoick raising their weapons in celebration.

Most of the Vikings can't help but cheer along, a victory still being a victory no matter who it's up against. They don't seem to notice the dragons shrinking down, afraid of the demon within the mountain.

"Wait. What about that thing in there?" Spitelout asked, not convinced.

The cheering dies down, the Vikings now looking uncertainly at each other. Stoick looks on, his face grim as his grip tightens on his hand.

Stoick nods satisfyingly at the fleeing dragons before gazing out at the ships, hearing Toothless' frightened growling. The Night Fury is desperately trying to break free, thrashing and pushing in terror. Stoick realises what this means.

STOICK: This isn't over! Form your ranks! Hold together!

"Here it comes!" they shout out, subconsciously gripping their seats tightly. The children embrace their parents, some really young ones crying into them.

**The Vikings cheering stops as the ground begins to shake. Stoick turns to face this new foe, only for the inside of the mountain to crack and crumble. A powerful roar blasts out from within, the

strength of the wind dropping most Vikings to a crouch and rocking the ships out on the water. Chunks fall down as Gobber looks around in confusion. Stoick's eyes widen as the floor of the mountain rushes up to the opening. He motions for those just outside to get away before jumping out himself. The thick, shielded silhouette of the queen just visible as it buries its way towards the Berkians. **

The dragons and Vikings nearly freeze up in fear. The young cower in fright while the adults tense, none aware of the shadows growing slightly, the room dimming in light.

STOICK: Get clear!

The fierce faces of the Vikings turn to fear as the mountain falls apart around them. They run away as the wall comes down behind them, the head of the gargantuan queen smashing her way through the mountain. The once attacking force now turns to fleeing themselves, running around in disarray. Stoick and Gobber both look up shocked at the titanic dragon.

GOBBER: Beard of Thor! What is that?!

"The Queen," the Vikings cry.

"The Red Death," Night identifies, speaking her name. The edge of the name sends shivers down some spines, spirits faltering as the dragon rams her way out of the volcano.

Another piece of the wall bursts forth as the body begins to shove its way through, giant rubble and rock tossed like skipping stones. Stoick has fear in his eyes, their possible demise upon them.

STOICK: Odin help us.

Fear begins to settle and strike at the spirits and hearts of the Vikings, faces aghast and bodies trembling. The strong hearted dragons watch on, all else hitting the floor and bringing their wings above their heads, occasionally peeking through the leathery skin making their wings.

The Red Death roars in anger, her giant footsteps making the ground shudder with each fall.

STOICK (CON'T): Catapults!

"They'll be useless now!" Gobber announced dramatically. "Big Bertha can't stop that thing!"

**The catapults unleash their now puny looking ammunition towards the behemoth, most of the boulders bouncing harmlessly off her scales. One strikes close to one of her nostrils, the Red Death roaring and rising as it crunches through the catapult that fired it. **

The jaws of the Vikings go slack, dropping as their catapults are snapped apart like twigs, becoming as useful to their cause as kindling. The torches in the room flicker and dim again, the room growing darker and darker.

**Her giant foot crushing another as she stepped again. The Vikings

cry and shout as they scramble away from the monstrosity.**

****VIKING #5: Get to the ships!****

****STOICK: No! No!****

****Stoick throws his arms up to get them to stop as the Red Death inhales, gas building in its throat. It unleashes an inferno upon the ships, setting them ablaze. Vikings on the ships vault overboard just before the fires of hell consume them, weapons also falling into the illuminated water. ****

The Vikings cry out in alarm and terror. Their only hope for escape was now burning over the water, unusable and unstoppable. Fear was winning out, their sprits flailing uselessly against the onslaught. Eerie shadows take the place of the Viking and dragon ones, turning more frightening and scary as the darkness begins to manifest. The G.M.A.D. members notice the changes, the entity growing stronger.

"Night â€| what should we do?" Kura asked, placing a hand on her sword; Sakura, Midnight and Wolf following suit. Check held on to his blade staff of shadows, while John gripped his sonic sword.

"Get ready to use your attacks," Night said, notching her bow. "We'll strike out before it can consume us all."

"Wait," Thorong said, a hand on Nova. "You don't want to do that."

"Why not?" questioned John.

"All you would do is scar the room, while he hides away again in all the Vikings," Thorong explained. "The only way for the entity to be relinquished is if they force him out, or he leaves freely. If he feels he has enough strength, then he will appear before us all. That's when you need to strike."

They all look uncertainly at one another, before looking to Night for her decision.

"Fine," she answered, "I trust you."

****Pieces of burning wood and sails are thrown off into the distance. Toothless, still on the flagship, looks around him frightened as the wood burns, trying harder than ever to escape the hell that has been opened.****

"No!" Hiccup cries out, "No! No! No!"

Hiccup tries to run forward, but Astrid grabs hold of him, Toothless then dragging them into him and wrapping his tail around them all.

"Hiccup, he's here!" Astrid shouted, gripping tightly onto the heir. "Toothless is here. He's safe."

Toothless croons with some sadness at them both. Hiccup looks up and into the wide questioning eyes of his best friend, rubbing his snout and looking a little bit glad.

"Thank Odin you're safe," Hiccup whispered.

Gobber and Stoick both walk over the land, trying to figure out what to do.

GOBBER: Smart, that one.

"Bit of an understatement there," Sakura said.

STOICK: I was a fool.

Stoick walks over to Spitelout and gives him an order.

STOICK (CON'T): (to Spitelout) Lead the men to the far side of the island!

SPITELOUT: Right! Everyone!

STOICK: Gobber, go with the men!

"Fat chance of that," Gobber muttered to himself.

Stoick runs off, looking at the Red Death and with Gobber hobbling after him. Spitelout directs traffic behind them, following the chief's orders.

GOBBER: I think I'll stay, just in case you're thinking of doing something crazy.

STOICK: I can buy them a few minutes if I give that thing something to hunt!

"Dad? You're going to sacrifice yourself?" Hiccup asked, shocked and scared.

"A chief always looks out for his people," Stoick responded emotionless. "No matter what the cost."

Stoick is about to run off, but Gobber grabs his arm, wrapping his hand around it.

GOBBER: Then I can double that time.

"Friends to the bitter end," Guardian murmured.

"Gobber â€|" Hiccup whispered, Astrid gripping his hand when she heard him.

Stoick smiles at his old friend as they both begin to yell loudly at the Red Death, drawing as much attention to themselves as they can.

STOICK: Here!

GOBBER: Oh, no! Here!

**A Viking is picked up by the teeth of the Red Death and flung into the air, just dropping out of the way before the jaws snap close around him, swallowing the Berkian. He drops to the ground with a

thud before quickly scarpering off. Stoick runs and picks up one of the wooden stakes, throwing it like a javelin at the head. The growls of the queen are cut short as the stake strikes, narrowly missing her left eye. **

The faint hope of something that could stop such a dragon faded away as the stake missed the eye. They knew if it hit, lots of damage could have been dealt to the beast. But now, the darkness grows more as the terror and fear builds up more, the entity feeding off of the negativity. The room is nearly completely consumed in shadow, all save for the glow of the torches and the illumination of the screen, and even then the flames flicker strangely as if possessed.

'_That's that, then,_' Stoick thought glumly.

A faint whisper, almost too faint to be heard by anyone, hisses out from the shadows. However, it is unable to be heard as the fear and chaos blinds the other senses.

"_Ah â€¦ this is good. This is very good. The terror â€¦ the chaos â€¦ it's electrifying. A river of this would never quench my thirst. The power feels good â€¦" _

She leans down, growling furiously at the two bold Vikings.

"_Feed â€¦" _

GOBBER: Come on! Fight me!

STOICK: No! Me!

_"â€¦ Me â€¦" _

She growls and rises up, building up for the strike â€¦

_"â€¦ MORE!" _

* * *

><p>AN: You really didn't think he was gone, did you?**

Poll's still up if you want to vote, on my profile. Also, I've set up a Facebook page for my works and updates, plus for anything new in the future. The link to that is also on my profile.

I'll try to get the next chapter up as soon as I can. Don't worry about that.

Please fav follow if you **haven't and you like this. Also post our thoughts in the reviews. Constructive criticism is most welcome.**

Next chapter: ... Then We Shall All Burn Together. (who can out two and two together?）

Until next time.

17. AN: Please be patient!

****A/N:** Okay, I know a lot of you are really wanting me to update. In fact, you probably wanted me to update ages ago. I'm almost ready to, don't worry. So if you don't mind me asking, can you all please just be a bit more patient. The reason its taking so long is because I want the last two chapters to be done before I upload them, so that it can be done in one shot. So, in fact, you've all been waiting for two chapters. If you'll be so kind as to stay patient a bit longer, then that will help.**

****Also,** I should mention that today is my birthday. I am now 16, yet I can't help but say that this was a disappointing day. Mainly because there are so many people here that cannot truly see what it is they do. Yet as soon as someone points out the truth to them, they can't seem to accept it.**

****Finally,** I may or may not have Dragonborn uploaded later tonight. Why upload that, you may be asking? Well, that's because I feel like I need to upload at least something, otherwise people start to become restless. I also have soccer starting up again, plus school is a pain, so that will also impact on story uploads.**

****Please keep calm and be patient.** There will be a proper upload real soon. Just hang on and hope for the best. Okay? Okay ...**

****Adios amigos, until next time.****

End
file.